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THE

WILD YOUTH:

Jason W A *Play*

COMEDY FOR DIGESTION.

IN *Sept. 19. 1823*

THREE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

KOTZEBUE,

BY

CHARLES SMITH.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES SMITH AND S. STEPHENS.

1800.

*or of age to. morrow
a Farce*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FREDERICK BARON WELLINGHORST.

FELIX, *his Tutor,*

BARON PIFFELBURG.

JOHN MOLKUS, *an Invalid with a wooden leg.*

HAIR-DRESSER.

BARONESS BRUMBACH.

NANNETTE, *her Daughter.*

LISETTE, *her Chambermaid.*

SCENE—A Hall in an Inn, with a middle door, and several side doors, which are numbered.

THE
WILD YOUTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

FREDERICK *standing with folded arms before a door, and looking at the number.*

NUMBER three—an ominous number—one is tempted to become a Pythagorean—but I shall not stir from this place, till I know who lives here———a female figure, as beautiful as if *Angelica Kaufman** had been breathing her upon canvass——wife or maiden?——Oh, a maiden I am sure! at church she never turns her eye from the preacher: and when I meet her eye, her cheeks begin to glow like apple blossoms——In the end it's all the same——Frederick! Frederick! you lie (*pointing to his heart*) Here is something moving: May she be a girl!—a girl unengaged and free!

SCENE II.

LISETTE *comes to the door and calls,*

Molkus!

Molk. (*behind the scene*) Here!

Lif. Bring coffee!

(*goes off again.*)

Molk. Directly.

Fred. A pert thing. The chambermaid I suppose: I must throw a handful of money in her pocket.

* An unrivalled German female painter.

Molk. (*brings coffee*).

Fred. Where art thou going?

Molk. Thou? ——— I have not drank fellowship with any one.

Fred. Do not take it amiss, where are you carrying the coffee?

Molk. To number three.

Fred. Who lives in number three?

Molk. To-day such a one, to-morrow another, as it happens at inns.

Fred. Fool! I will know——

Molk. Sir! if one man knows something, and another wants to know it, he must pay for it.

Fred. Just enough. There are three florins——

Molk. Well! a reasonable question deserves an answer. In number three there live three ladies.

Fred. Who are they? what are their names? where are they going to? how long will they stay here?

Molk. I don't know: I don't know: I don't know.

Fred. Don't you know their names?

Molk. Their names? yes, they are written in the town clerk's list.*

Fred. Well?

Molk. The name of the old woman is Baronefs Brumbach.†

Fred. The name augurs nothing good.

Molk. The name of the little wild girl is Lisette, her chambermaid.

Fred. And that round angel's head?

Molk. What angel's head?

* Every stranger that enters the gates of any town in Germany, is registered.

† Brumbach: the first syllable of this name signifies a growling or peevish person.

Fred. That Grecian girl, with the beautiful swan's neck, and the lily bosom?

Molk. I do not understand you.

Fred. Blockhead, who is the third lady?

Molk. Blockhead? (*he looks at the money in his hand*) three florins—the blockhead may pass.

Fred. Well.

Molk. The third lady is the young Baronefs.

Fred. And her name?

Molk. Well, her name is undoubtedly the same as her mothers.

Fred. Miss Brumbach? fy, that can't be her name.

Molk. Give her another name then.

Fred. So I will, by God! I will——Do you know any thing more?

Molk. Nothing more, but that the coffee is getting cold.

(*he goes into the room.*)

Fred. Miss Brumbach, then?——fy! the name makes me shiver——but how can this beautiful girl help her hateful name? is it not in my power, to-day or to-morrow, to rebaptize her?——Baronefs Wellinghorst that sounds better. If I knew only how to get acquainted with her? (*he looks through the key-hole*) I see a green sofa, but no one sits upon it——On the right hand a looking-glass, but no one is reflected by it——I must lurk a little——(*as soon as he puts his eye to the key-hole, Lisette opens the door, and almost upsets him.*)

SCENE III.

FREDERICK and LISETTE.

Lis. (*surprised*) Oho! what's that?

Fred. A formal siege, my pretty girl; but you make a fally, and the enemy retreats.

Lif. Have I hurt you, Sir ?

Fred. Yes, with your black eyes.

Lif. May I ask with whom you wish to speak ?

Fred. With you, my dear girl.

Lif. With me ? well, I am here.

Fred. Tell me in whose service you are ?

Lif. In Lady Brumbach's.

Fred. Who is Lady Brumbach ?

Lif. Dear Sir, you ask me what I can't answer. I am with her but three weeks, and of my predecessor I could learn nothing, for she only staid a fortnight with her.

Fred. And you three weeks already ? that does you credit.

Lif. My patience has already become as thin as a piece of thread, and if it was not for the dear miss——

Fred. The dear miss ! true ! the dearest miss !

Lif. Do you know her ?

Fred. I know but her, I have all my life time known nothing else.

Lif. Where have you seen her then ?

Fred. Yesterday at church.

Lif. Never before ?

Lif. (*smiling*) The acquaintance is short indeed.

Fred. I am young, and the lady is young too, and in short, I am mortally in love with her.

Lif. Aye, we don't know a word of that.

Fred. But I know it by heart.

Lif. Have you often such attacks ?

Fred. I must tell you, Lisette, that ever since my eighth year, I have been constantly in love, and I hope to be in love till my eightieth.

Lif. The last object of your love will be to be envied.

Fred. The last is your young mistress, I shall eternally love her.

Lif. Eternally ?

Fred. Not an hour less.

Lif. Well enough. Eternity is a fine little thing, especially in the mouth of a young gentleman of twenty.

Fred. Twenty-one, if you please.

Lif. Twenty-one ! I beg your pardon sir. But may I not know the name of the knight-errand whom my young lady has made her slave ?

Fred. Baron Willinghorst. I am rich, have neither father nor mother : to-morrow I shall be of age, and can do as I please.

Lif. So, so, if only the young lady could do as she pleased.

Fred. Think you she would be willing ?

Lif. Why not ? here an old scolding mother, there a young friendly gentleman, here a draught of rhubarb, there a glass of lemonade——

Fred. You enrapture me ! I must kiss you.

Lif. (*opposing him*) Are you always accustomed to kiss the chambermaid of your beloved, when you are enraptured ?

Fred. Always, always, that's my way.

Lif. The young sparks kiss, and the old ones pay.

Fred. Oh ! on that subject I am a Methusalem. (*he gives her a purse full of money*) There little rogue.

Lif. (*with feigned resistance*) No, no,——it was'nt meant so——indeed you are irresistible.

Fred. Would to God your young lady was of the same opinion.

Lif. Who knows——

Fred. Tell her that I am languishing like Siegwart, and raving like Werter——

Lif. And love like Tom Jones.

Fred. That I am bashful and modest——

Lif. That you spout sparks like a sky-rocket.

Fred. Which at last dissolve in balls of fire.

Lif. But the balls of fire extinguish.

Fred. Dear child, we must not talk too long in families——
Let us speak of my gratitude, which is as eternal as my love.

Lif. I am contented with four weeks.

Fred. Jest aside, you might put me in a grateful furor (*he takes a letter from his pocket, which he turns about in his hands*) If, for instance, you would——look at this letter.

Lif. Willingly (*she looks at it*) it's a letter without a direction.

Fred. It is from me, addressed through you to my future bride.

Lif. A bride without a name? I may then give it to whom I please.

Fred. Only not to the old lady Brumbach, keep it yourself rather.

Lif. No my dear sir of one and twenty years, we do not proceed in love as a letter does by post.

Fred. The God of love is drawn by pigeons, and pigeons fly. As soon as he puts snails to his chariot I'll walk slower too.

Lif. My young lady does not know even that you exist, and is to enter in correspondence with you. That's dangerous.

Fred. She has to read only.

Lif. The letter is copied from your eyes, I suppose?

Fred. Verbatim.

Lif. Then I know it by heart already.

Fred. But an ambassador without credentials.—

Lif. Patience! patience!

Fred. This word is not in my dictionary.

Lif. Then write it in it. Keep your tender letter. I shall tell her, that a handsome young gentleman, with a pair of large wild eyes, has resolved to love her eternally. Not so?

Fred. The very thing.

Lif. That he is a rich Baron, of age to-morrow.

Fred. Quite right.

Lif. And that he would marry her the day after to-morrow.

Fred. Why not to-morrow evening?

Lif. If but mamma is not too sparing with her maternal blessing.

Fred. Chance has made me a Baron, chance has given me two lordly estates: what can she have against me?

Lif. She will say, that children must not marry.

Fred. In a few years she may tell that to our children.

Lif. A mother does not like to share the myrtle crown with her daughter.

Fred. What ! is the old one going to marry a second time ?

Lif. A third time.

Fred. Bravo.

Lif. Her first husband she plagued to death, the second is run away, but the third she'll lock up more carefully.

Fred. Indeed ? yet she carries her young daughter about with her ? she wants to sell cucumbers and has melons in her basket.

Lif. We imagine the melons are not yet ripe, we call miss Nannette only the little girl, the child.

Fred. Miss Nannette ? is her name Nannette ?

Lif. Yes.

Fred. A lovely name. I am enraptured at the very name ! I must kiss you.

Lif. Again ?

Fred. If your young lady has half a dozen such pretty names, I kiss you six times more.

Lif. Be quiet, sir ! if we should be overheard, they will think you are in love with me.

Fred. Why not ? I am in love with you. I have been at one time, in love with eight girls

Lif. A pretty recommendation !

Fred. I was but young then.

Lif. To be sure, constancy comes but with age.

Fred. But if you think a divided heart burns weaker, the fire of my kisses shall prove to you —————

Lif. (*opposing him*) Baron ! Baron !

Felix. (*standing at the door*) Frederick ! Frederick !

Lif. (*screams and runs off.*)

SCENE IV.

FELIX (*in his night-gown*) FREDERICK.

Fred. Are you got up already, dear Mr. Felix.

Felix. I might ask you that. You are always asleep some hours longer than I.

Fred. Ah! love robs me of sleep.

Fel. Again? three miles from here it was the same case.

Fred. Three miles? just three? that's ominous.

Fel. How so?

Fred. Look at number three at the door there.

Fel. Well.

Fred. There lives my beloved.

Fel. What! she who just now went away?

Fred. That's the chambermaid only. A star of the sixth rank to the sun.

Fel. I am used to your funs and angels.

Fred. Dear Mr. Felix, if *Mahomet* could put the moon in his sleeves, I shall be able to marry the sun.

Fel. You will burn your wings.

Fred. You jest, but I am perfectly in earnest.

Fel. God forbid.

Fred. Why?

Fel. Because we find of twenty marriages scarcely one that's tolerable, and of an hundred but one that is happy.

Fred. You are a woman hater.

Fel. A burnt child dreads the fire, but a youth will throw himself into the flames.

Fred. What a sweetness there is in burning.

Fel. I know it, and have paid dear enough for my experience.

Fred. Only think, her name is Nannette.

Fel. And if her name was Angelica——a name does not make an angel.

Fred. She is scarcely sixteen.

Fel. The longer she will torment you.

Fred. She is beautiful like a rose.

Fel. The more admirers will surround her.

Fred. She is mild like a pigeon.

Fel. Women are all so, but out of the house only.

Fred. Well then we ride out all day.

Fel. My young friend, you make a jest of the most serious occurrence of your life.

Fred. Just the contrary ; I think it to be the most pleasant. To love a beautiful girl, to be beloved by her, to marry her ; what more pleasant can there be ?

Fel. It's enough that I know you, and that I know how quick your sparks extinguish.

Fred. Because they were sparks : but now it is a Trojan fire.

Fel. Dear Frederick, leave off these romances. You know the world, you have at my side travelled through all Europe, and have seen something more than inns.

Fred. Yes, dear Mr. Felix, I have to thank you for my knowledge of man.

Fel. You know men, and don't know yourself.

Fred. The seven sages of Greece were not a breadth of hair the better off.

Fel. And if you have possessed your Nannette a twelve-month——

Fred. Then I have passed three hundred and sixty-five happy days.

Fel. And in the second year-----

Fred. A day more, if it is a leap-year.

Fel. May my own terrible example serve you as a warning. I was also married, and am perhaps still.

Fred. Perhaps ? There is not much of tenderness in this perhaps ?

Fel. I played a romance with my wife. I gazed with her at

the moon, instead of looking into her heart ; and at the sunshine of reason I found that I was most egregiously mistaken.

Fred. Then you opened your Zenophon, and read the life of Socrates.

Fel. My Xantippe daily offered me the cup of poison. Vanity, obstinacy, and the damnable scandal at last drove me out of my house into the wide world.

Fred. You left her then.

Fel. It was wrong. I confess to you my weaknesses, to prevent you from falling into the same. I left her all my property, and my daughter ; took nothing with me, but the little knowledge I have acquired.

Fred. Particularly knowledge of women.

Fel. My adopted name Felix protected me from all enquiry, and so, I came to your father's house, when you were but an infant.

Fred. Poor man ! why have you not called yourself *Infelix* ?

Fel. Your father's friendship, your genius, and the goodness of your heart, have these twelve years eased my grief.

Fred. My father died and left to me the duty of indemnifying you for his friendship.

Fel. You can do it if you please.

Fred. We must always remain together.

Fel. If my age will not be troublesome to you,

Fred. I could never be quite happy without your company.

Fel. I love you as my son, and warn you as my son. Your father's last words sound still in my ears.

Fred. Follow this man, he said to me, and my blessing will be upon you.

Fel. You will be of age to-morrow, and I have no more command over you. You are master of your fortune and your person. A friend dare only request and caution.

Fred. A friend ? you make me proud of this title---but my dear Mr. Felix ! why should I be unhappy in my marriage because you was so in yours ?

Fel. I don't say so. Many a one has drawn the highest prize ; but let that romantic fire once be vanished.

Fred. That may last long. I have lately been at the theatre, when *Island's Bachelor* was performed, and poor *Reinhold* moved me so that I resolved at once to marry.

Fel. You are much too young.

Fred. Youth can be contented easier.

Fel. And easier be satisfied.

Fred. Whoever chooses forty years, does not always choose well.

Fel. You do not know the object of your love. You have seen a book in English binding, and do not know its contents.

Fred. Should God have given to a bad book so fine a binding ?

Fel. An hour of reflection is better than a year of repentance.

Fred. Right, dear Mr. Felix, I will put *Nannette* to the proof with all the caution of a lover.

Fel. (*smiling*) That's all, to be sure, that a lover can promise.

Fred. In the first place, I have wrote her this letter, in which I tell her I adore her.

Fel. The best manner to acquire knowledge of her.

Fred. If I but knew how to get the letter into her hands.

Fel. In time we gather roses.

Fred. But when the roses are once in blossom there is no time to be lost.

Fel. You have called me your friend. Well, make use of my eyes. Love has put spectacles on my nose.

Fred. Is love then a dealer in spectacles ; or is it better to borrow a microscope from a hypocondriac ? he that breaks the spectacles of any man, deserves very little thanks——But, patience ! you shall see *Nannette*, and be bewitched by her yourself. Her soft blue eyes, her modest graces, her amiable bashfulness, her attractive innocence-----formed like a Grecian, blooming like a Circassian, the bosom of a Turkish, and the teeth of a Moorish beauty-----(*A servant girl, with a bunch of keys, passes over*

the stage : Frederick perceives her) Halt ! halt ! what a neat creature !-----hear, dear little one, do'n't run so fast ! Little satan ! can you not wait ?

(*He runs after her.*)

Fel. There we have it ! each white apron puts him in flames. Thoughtless youth ! you mistake youthful flames for love ; woe to the poor girl that throws her myrtle garland into such straw flames.

[*He retires to his room.*]

SCENE V.

Lady Brumbach's Room.

LISETTE. (*soon after*) NANNETTE.

Lisette. (*counting the money which Frederick gave her*) eight dollars and a piece of gold. This young gentleman pleases me. He is as brisk as a cornet, and as generous as a prince. Let us see what a reasonable chambermaid has to do in such a case. Here burns the fire and there lays the straw. She has but to move the straw a little nearer the fire, and to blow a little into it, then the business is finished.

Nannette (*appears*) Has mamma got up ?

Lif. O yes, she is just combing her lap-dog.

Nannette. (*Gaping*) What day is to-day ?

Lif. Monday.

Nan. I am sorry.

Lif. How so ?

Nan. Because we are so far from Sunday.

Lif. Has the last sermon pleased you so much ?

Nan. The sermon ? Oh no ? but at church we see people. The whole week we dare not think of going out.

Lif. We see and are seen.

Nan. Who would look on my indifferent hat, and my plain white gown ? Indeed, I am ashamed. Mamma gives me nothing better.

Lif. Mamma Nature has been the more generous to you.

Nan. When I set among the fine dressed ladies, I feel, that Mamma is in the right.

Lif. In what ?

Nan. She always calls me a stupid ugly thing.

Lif. There are people, who would swear to the contrary.

Lif. Yes, Baron Piffelburg told me once that I was handsome, but mamma grew angry, and then he retracted.

Lif. I know a young gentleman who would not retract, if mamma was to become ten times as angry.

Nan. Do you know him ? how happy you are ! you know so many people.

Lif. I know him since half an hour only, but he prattled so much of you, that I could talk six months of it.

Nan. Of me ? tell me dear Lifette, tell.

Lif. He is young, well made, ardent in love-----

Nan. In love ? with whom ?

Lif. With Miss Nannette.

Nan. With me ! Oh my God ! how you frightened me !

Lif. With what ?

Nan. We must immediately acquaint mamma of it.

Lif. Aye, indeed !

Nan. You jest with me.

Lif. Not at all, he wants to marry you.

Nan. Marry me ? I fall in a swoon.

Lif. No matter for that.

Nan. Tell me, can I then indeed be married already ?

Lif. Why not ? if you meet with a good match ?

Nan. You make me laugh.

Lif. He is rich, and besides a nobleman :

Nan. Are then noblemen so amiable ?

Lif. Not always, but I lay a wager this one will please you.

Nan. If he loves me, you win the wager.

Lif. When I told him that your name was Nannette, he became so enraptured, that he embraced me.

Nan. Was that a token of his love too ?

Lif. Yes, indeed.

Nan. Very singular ; I do not like that.

Lif. He desired of me to carry a letter to you.

Nan. Quick, quick, where is it ?

Lif. Aye, aye, would that be becoming ? I have scolded him well for it.

Nan. Fy, that was stupid of you. No one has ever wrote to me yet ?

Lif. We must first know him better.

Nan. Now the poor young man will be grieved.

Lif. No danger ; grief does not seem to be his business.

Nan. But what will be the end of it ?

Lif. Time brings advice. Mamma will stay here for some time yet, for the romance with Baron Piffelburg begins to become serious. An opportunity will present itself to see and converse with each other.

Nan. To see and converse ? What do you think ? I could not lift an eye, nor speak a word.

Lif. That's his look out. Who knows what may happen. He has fine estates, and if you become Baroness Wellinghorst, I accompany you and marry his steward.

Nan. Yes, but——then he shall not embrace you any more.

Lif. Silence ! Mamma is coming.

SCENE VI.

Enter, Lady BRUMBACH.

Nan. (*kissing her hand*) Good morning, dear mamma.

Brumb. Good morning little thing. My God ! how you look again this morning : Well and blooming like a maid servant.

Nan. I slept very well.

Brum. But you are not to sleep well. It is not becoming a young girl of quality to sleep all night like a mountain rat.

Nan. After supper I can never keep my eyes open.

Brum. That's a rustic custom, (*sitting down at the table.*) A lady of education knows how to be sick becomingly, and I have thank God, not had a healthy hour all my life time.

Lif. A certain languishing softness has, thereby, spread itself over your whole frame.——

Brum. Men are tyrants. How could we so often trample under our feet the rights of the stronger, if we did not know how to render our weakness interesting. Weak nerves, cramps, Pyrmont water in the summer, and Baldrian pills in the winter, has converted many a boisterous husband into a pleasant companion.—— However, these maternal advices are too soon for you. Go, child, go to my cabinet; read the morning prayers and take Mops on your lap. I have to speak to Lifette. (*Exit Nannette.*)

Brum. The poor fellow! inquietude would not let him rest? What do you think, Lifette, shall I marry him.

Lif. This question, my lady, you must direct to your heart.

Brum. God forbid! I am glad the times are passed, in which the heart plays the master, and throws dust in the eyes of reason. Love is a good slave, but a bad master. Marrying is a bad custom, which one must comply with like the Siesta in Spain. But woe to the fool that bends her neck, when she is born to command.

Lif. With Baron Piffelburg——

Brum. Is not that running a risk? but even that is in his favor. A woman cannot appear in the world with decency, if she does not always carry an animal in man's cloath with her, and this Piffelburg may do as well as any other. His estate, to be sure, is involved, but he is of an old family and a very honest fellow. A certain polish, a certain fine feeling, we miss in him; so much the better! nature! nature! nothing excels nature!——Lifette, where are my teeth?

Lif. They lay in your apartment.

Brum. This man seems really attached to me. However, I shall put his obedience to the test.——

Lif. And if he answers the test?

Brum. I am tired of roving alone about in the world. I want a husband who can keep my accounts and quarrel with postillions and innkeepers. Besides, I have to provide for a little child——

Lif. Have you got a little child yet?

Brum. My God, have you forgot Nannette?

Lif. Miss Nannette——

Brum. What Miss! she is a child that scarcely knows the right hand from the left. I hope you are not putting stuff into her head——

Lif. God forbid! she hardly knows that she has a head.

Brum. There we have it. A mother's care is a very heavy care. Besides, there is Mops, the Canary birds—nothing can be trusted to you domestics. My future husband will have his hands full.

Lif. You might easily get rid of the care of Miss Nannette.

Brum. How so?

Lif. Give her a husband, the first the best.

Brum. Are you crazy? hah! hah! hah! this child a husband! We do not marry our girls as the Russians do their boys.

Lif. But if one could be found, who would take her——

Brum. Hold your tongue! Early marriage, late repentance. When the daughters *feel* the mother's must *think*. Hymen led by the god of love, is a Moloch, to whom I shall never sacrifice my child.

Lif. I should pity poor Mops, for he is so much attached to Miss Nannette.

Brum. For that very reason. No, as long as poor Mops is alive, Nannette dare not think of marrying.

A Servant (enters) Baron Piffelburg wishes to be admitted.

Brum. He is welcome.——Go, Lisette, let us be alone.

Lif. (aside). The shepherd's hour is at hand.

SCENE VII.

Lady BRUMBACH. Baron PIFFELBURG in a hunting habit.

Piff. Good luck to you. Lady! a fresh morning. I have been wetting my feet in the dew.

Brumb. You speak as pathetic as if you had read Kleist or Thompson.

Piff. Kleist? my cousin serves in that regiment. Thompson is the miller's name on my estate. The rascal is a deer stealer.

Brumb. Have you a good hunting ground?

Piff. The best in the country. Marry me, and you shall see a hunting match or a fox chase——You are old, madam, but I'll be shot if you have seen any thing like it, all your life time.

Brumb. It seems, Baron, as if you understood as much of a woman's age as of the Chinese language.

Piff. You are right, I speak German.

Brumb. Quite massive German.

Piff. The age of a horse I can determine to a hair, I have to look at the teeth only.

Brumb. Won't you go down into the stable?

Piff. What am I to do there? the inn-keeper has a pair of the age of twenty——

Brumb. Your language will be better understood there.

Piff. Have I again been guilty of a stupid action? D'ont take it amiss, I am plain and straight, but I mean it as honest as my pointer.

Brumb. Indeed, if one is not acquainted with your language——

Piff. What matters language, if but the heart has its charge? make once an end of it, madam, give me your hand. To-morrow shall be our wedding, and the next day the fox-chase.

Brumb. What are you thinking? at my age——

Piff. For that very reason, neither of us has any time to lose. I am an old boy too!

Brumb. My God! how old do you take me to be?

Piff. Have you not told me that your second husband was killed in the seven years war ?

Brumb. Why not at the Trojan conflagration ?

Piff. What of war ! of conflagration, I love peace, and would marry you, even if you had gone to school with Methusalem : Well, then, madam, make no difficulties. Come with me to Piffelburg. My pastor shall publish the bans from the pulpit, and then in the name of God : be fruitful and multiply.

Brumb. Not so rash, Mr. huntsman,. To kill a partridge, and to gain a woman, are two different things.

Piff. Have I not long enough watched for the game ; I think it is time to chase it.

Brumb. (*aside*) Stop, I'll sound my power, and heat your head a little. (*loud*) There is nothing more unsufferable than to conclude a marriage like a bargain of merchandize ; where nothing of juvenile thoughtlessness is intermixed either by duel or suicide, either by night or elopement.

Piff. But, hang it, with whom am I to fight then ? whom shall I elope with ?

Brumb. Our romance shall not end so tragical, but thousand other things are to be considered—

Piff. Thousand ? that's a great deal. Begin then.

Brumb. And thousand little manners to be observed——

Piff. Upon my soul ! in this I am a novice.

Brumb. We must be alone.

Piff. Who interrupts us then ?

Brumb. Can we not every moment be surprised by my daughter or my chambermaid ?

Piff. Well, then we send them back.

Brumb. That is against decency. Do you know what ? yonder door leads into the garden. Here is the key to it. At midnight, the hour of ghosts, I expect you here.

Piff. At midnight ! pshaw ! the wild huntsman* riots then.—

* Alluding to a German story, of the ghost of a dead huntsman rioting in the forests.

Brumb. I hope you are not afraid ?

Piff. No, no, but I may oversleep myself.

(She gives him the key.)

Brumb. Then you may to-morrow seek for a sweetheart in the dew.

Piff. But why am I to come jnst through the garden ? this house is a hotel, it is open all night, nobody prevents me from coming in.

Brumb. Will you expose my name ? ——— and then the garden, the fresh air, the song of the nightingales ———

Piff. The nightingales d'ont sing now.

Brumb. In short, sir, through the garden is the way to my heart.

Piff. Well, well, I didn't know that your heart was a garden house.

Brumb. Go, the comparison is not a bad one ; a garden-house, an arbour, faintly brightened by the light of the moon ———

Piff. The moon does not shine now.

Brumb. We pass in the cool through the tufty walks ———

Piff. We shall catch cold.

Brumb. A lover must not shun a consumption even ———

Piff. If I loose my usual night's rest, I am not worth a shot of powder the whole day.

Brumb. So much the better. There is no merit without a sacrifice.

Piff. I think, madam, we should leave such triflings to young people. If we add your age and mine together, the product will exceed a century ———

Brumb. This man will make a Cybela of me.

Piff. We both have the gout.

Brumb. Your mind is terribly deranged.

Piff. I am plagued with the hip, and you are sometimes short-breathed. ———

Brumb. My God ! ——— how am I — I am falling in a swoon ———

Piff. There we have it ! and yet she wants to walk about at night.

Brumb. Nannette !—Lifette !—I die——

Piff. No danger. Swallow a handful of gun-powder.

Brumb. Nannette !—Lifette !—help ! help !

SCENE VIII.

Enter NANNETTE. LISETTE, the former.

Lif. What is it ?

Nan. What's the matter with you, dear mamma ?

Brumb. My falts——give me my falts.

Lif. (*holds it to her nose*) I am sure the young Baron Piffelburg has taken liberties.

Piff. What young Baron Piffelburg ! I am an old man (*half aside*) and she is too changing into wisdom, as the Russian hares in the winter season do into whiteness.

Brumb. Get out of my sight !

Piff. (*aside*) Rot it, she is getting angry. (*loud*) Dear creature, I did'nt mean to offend you.

Brumb. Away with you, I say !

Piff. Remember the beautiful Duet in the *Cosa rara*. Let us make peace——

Brumb. A charming *Lubino* !

Piff. I'll send an excellent hog into your kitchen.

Brumb. Go to the devil with your hog.

Piff. upon my soul, it is becoming serious !

Lif. Don't you hear ? you are to go.

Piff. Yes, yes, but may I not come again ?

Brumb. Never, no more !

Piff. Well, well, I know what I have to do, and if that fails, I found a retreat, and couple the hounds. [*Exit.*]

Brumb. Is he gone indeed ? without throwing himself at my feet ?

Lif. You will excuse him, he is a little stiff.

Brumb. Ah ! how much have we to excuse in men !

Nan. Dear mamma, do the Russian hares get white in the winter ?

Brumb. You are a goose.

Nan. If my lover was to tell me such things, I would give him up instantly.

Brumb. Is it possible ! what do I hear ! the infants in the cradle will soon babble to each other : I love you ! each puppet will be an *amor*, and each sugar cake a love letter. Miss Pertness ! Do you then know the beings, who are called lovers ?

Nan. Not yet so exactly.

Brumb. Let us hear what conception you have of them ?

Nan. A lover is a creature——which I like very well.

Lif. Right miss, one cannot define it.

Brumb. Beware, child, of a lover, more than of the spring
n : The one only spoils the skin, the other the heart.

Lif. And if he don't spoil it, he takes it away.

Nan. One might swear that it was made for that.

Brumb. A lover is a cunning being, which will take advantage
of your weakness.

Nan. Are we then weak when we have a lover ?

Lif. That happens sometimes.

Brumb. Like a slave he will lay at your feet. Let him lay.

Nan. The poor creature !

Brumb. If you raise him up, he is your tyrant.

Lif. The rogue !

Brumb. A lover is a second Proteus, he will insinuate himself
in all kinds of shape.

SCENE IX.

FREDERICK, (*dressed like a hair-dresser, with a powder-bag under his arm, puts his head into the door.*)

Fred. I-beg pardon, do I come right here ?

Lif. (*laughing*) Indeed in all manner of shape.

Brumb. Whom are you looking for, my friend ?

Fred. I am looking for the amiable Baronefs Brumbach.

Brumb. I am the same, but speak with reverence.

Fred. In my country, love and reverence are inseparable.

Lif. (*aside to Nannette*) Miss, this is the young Baron.

Nan. (*cries*) Ah !

Brumb. What ails you ?

Nan. Nothing, dear mamma.

Lif. You frightened her so much about the lovers.

Nan. Must I then run away when I see one ?

Brumb. Yes, if I am not present.

Fred. In this country children become knowing very early.

Brumb. 'Tis so, my friend, but what's your desire ?

Fred. I wish to have the honor to put your filken locks into curls.

Brumb. You have taken this trouble in vain : I have a hair-dresser.

Fred. Quite right, he is my employer : he has been taken sick, and sends me instead of him.

Brumb. So, so, what ails him then ?

Fred. He———has broke his leg.

Brumb. Poor man : how did that happen ?

Fred. He went up the steeple of St. Ann's Church, on his return he glided and fell down seventy-seven feet.

Brumb. Yes, yes, he that climbs high falls low———Lisette give me my dressing-gown.

Lif. (*bringing the dressing-gown.*) My friend, have you been a long while at this trade ?

Fred. I hope soon to be master——(*begins dressing*)

Lif. Then you'll marry, I suppose?

Fred. (*looking stealingly at Nannette*) O yes, if my love is not rejected.

Brumb. What countryman are you?

Fred. I am an emigrant from Alsace, if I am found out I am lost.

Brumb. You must take care.

Fred. I take all possible pains to deceive all those who want to be deceived.

Brumb. You are right. Have you many customers in this city?

Fred. I forget them all when I am with you, Baroness.

Brumb. You are a droll. Do you dress the Baroness Hengstburg?——

Fred. Baroness Hengstburg? O yes

Brumb. How old do you think that lady may be?

Fred. Baroness Hengstburg?——how old?——

You, my lady, might be her daughter.

Brumb. (*smiling*) Not so old. She is a few years younger than I.

Fred. Is it possible! (*he shows Nannette his letter—Lisette takes it and gives it to her.*)

Brumb. But it is natural that she looks so old. Irregular living.

Fred. If I was her husband, I would keep her short.

Brumb. She is a widow.

Fred. True, she is a widow.

Brumb. No, they are separated.

Fred. Or separated, the same thing.

Nan. (*is going away with the letter,*)

Brumb. Where are you going?

Nann. To my room.

Brumb. Stay, you have nothing to do there.

(*Nannette opens the letter slyly.*)

Brumb. Has the revolution driven you from your country ?

Fred. To my sorrow ! they wanted to force liberty upon me, and (*casting a glance on Nannette*) I love servitude so much—

Brumb. Hair-dressers are the slaves of luxury.

Fred. I intended to fly to England, but since Pitt has laid a tax upon hair-powder, not much is to be gained there.

Brumb. Lisette give me—(*turning her head she perceives Nannette reading*) he—mifs, what have you got there ?

Nan. (*frightened*) Nothing, dear mamma.

Brumb. Nothing ? I will see it : Here with it !

Nan. It is——it is——

Lif. It is a paper——

Brumb. Will you obey ?

Fred. Ah ! most likely the letter I had in my powder-bag.

Brumb. What letter ?

Fred. Your roguish chambermaid, I dare say, has stole it out of the bag.

Lif. You might have chosen a more civil expression.

Brumb. Shall I soon be informed of the thing in question ?

Fred. Between us, madam, but you must not betray me, it is a letter to the Baroness Hengslberg.

Brumb. To that lady ? Let me see it.

Fred. When I dressed her hair this morning I found it upon her toilet.

Brumb. How imprudent !

Fred. And in that instant it was in my bag. With your permission I'll read it to you.

Brumb. Read my friend. Go to your room, Nannette.

Fred. Why ? the young mifs will not understand any thing of it.

Brumb. Children should not hear such things. Yet you may stay to draw good advice from it.

Fred. (*reads, throwing glances at Nannette*) " My dear amiable creature ! "

Brumb. Very fine ! she has grey eyes, and freckles in her face.

Fred. (reads) "I saw you but once, but my heart is yours forever."

Brumb. The fool ! what is his name ?

Fred. The letter has no signature.

Brumb. Read on.

Fred. (reads) "When you came from church yesterday"—

Brumb. From church ! that woman never goes to church.

Fred. (reads) "at the side of your ugly old mother."——

Brumb. True, her mother is an ugly old woman, and as malicious as a cat.

Lif. And as vain as a peacock.

Fred. And as stupid as a goose.

Brumb. Malicious, vain and stupid, an excellent picture—
ha ! ha ! ha !

Fred. and Lif. ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Brumb. Proceed.

Fred. (reads) "I am young, rich, and in love with you."

Brumb. Three fine things.

Fred. (reads) "I love you inexpressibly."

Brumb. My God ! it becomes quite flat.

Fred. (reads) "Give your hand to a young man, who means it honest."

Brumb. A lover's honesty is suspicious.

Fred. (reads) "Whose birth is equal to yours, and who will deliver you from your mother's tyranny."

Brumb. I don't know that. The mother complies with every thing, her daughter wants.

Fred. "Let us try to deceive your mother."

Brumb. That's not very difficult.

Fred. "And if all is in vain, then you fly to the arms of him who adores you."

Brumb. Even an elopement ? This was yet wanting ?——
How I shall laugh at the old woman ! ——Is that tender pallaver at an end ?

Fred. Not a syllable more.

Lis. But I think the young gentleman has been very explicit.

Nan. Very explicit.

Brumb. He has, indeed, if even you have understood it.

Lis. What would you say, miss Nannette, if such a letter was written to you?

Nan. I would not suffer my mother to be made a jest of.

Lis. Then you would reject the ardent youth.

Nan. Not just that.

Brumb. How can you put the poor child in such a confusion?

Nan. I am confused indeed, dear mamma.

Brumb. And so Baroness Hengstburg entertains a secret correspondence with a young unknown one.

Fred. I know who he is.

Brumb. Well? quick!

Fred. A certain Baron Wellinghorst.

Brumb. Baron Wellinghorst? aye! aye! at our tea-party this evening, I must communicate it to four of my most intimate friends.

SCENE X.

Enter a Hair-Dresser.

Hair-Dresser. Madam, your most humble servant.

Brumb. My God, sir, have you not broke your leg?

Hairdr. Broke my leg?

Lis. Did you not get upon the steeple of St. Ann's church?

Hairdr. Upon St. Ann's steeple?

Nan. And fell down seven and seventy feet?

Fred. But you might have broke your leg?

Hairdr. Might have broke my leg?

Fred. This time he got off with a bruise.

Hairdr. With a bruise? I do not understand a word of all that.

Brumb. Why then have you sent your journeyman to me ?

Fred. (*winking to him*) My dear master have you not ordered me to dress this lady ?

Hairdr. Not at all ! as long as I have a sound pair of legs I can serve my customers myself.

Fred. But you do not dress hair with your legs——

Hairdr. This fellow is an impostor.

Fred. (*tries to put some money in his hands*) You do not understand me right.

Hairdr. There is nothing to understand. I see you are a stupid fellow, where are your customers ?

Fred. (*endeavors again to put money into his hands*)——
Here, here.

Hairdr. Nothing here ! I have a few sixpences yet to drink a pot of beer with.

Nan. (*aside*) I am frightened to death !

Brumb. He is then not in your employ ?

Hairdr. No more than your Mops. He is an impostor, a vagrant.

Brumb. Young fellow ! what has put it into your head, to intrude yourself into my house ?

Fred. (*collecting himself*) Well, I will confess it : I am an unfortunate youth——I saw you, madam !——I saw you !——is not that saying all ?

Brumb. And what is that to signify ?

Fred. If love is a crime, then may he pardon me who made my heart so feeling and you so charming !——I was seized with the most violent passion, yet I did not lose sight of modesty. The only wish I had was to see you, to be near you. I meditated on the means, and fell upon this innocent disguise ; But my lips would never have uttered, what forever may drive me from your presence. (*he kneels down*) Punish me now ! punish in me the power of your attractions !

Brumb. My friend, you either tell a lie, or you are a fool. Get up, I pardon you.

Fred. (rises) Ah ! I must be gone ! (*with a glance at Nanette*) but my heart remains behind !

Brumb. Who tells you that you are to go ? You are a young good for nothing fellow, who might be mended by reasonable correction——You see, dear Mr. Hairdresser, that nothing can be done with this young man.

Hairdr. Nothing be done ? he must go to Bridewell.

Brumb. If I excuse his boldness you may do the same.

Hairdr. Your ladyship does not lose a single cent by it, but he quacks into my business.

Brumb. In short, master, there is your money. I have a right to be dressed by whom I please ; I take this young man into my service, as valet de chambre.

Fred. (kisses her hand with extacy) You restore me to life again.

Hairdr. But he does not understand hairdressing. Only see how he towzed your hair.

Brumb. That's nothing to you. Be off !

Hairdr. Take care, young fellow, I shall complain to the police of you.

Lif. D'ont you hear ? you are to go.

Hairdr. I shall get you drummed out of town.

Brumb. Drum my valet de chambre out of the city ?——you ruffian !

Lif. He is a fool !

Nan. An unpolished fellow !

Fred. An envious rascal !

Hairdr. You are a bread thief ! a good-for-nothing rogue !

Fred. and Lif. (pushing him towards the door) Go ! go ! out with you !

SCENE XI.

In that moment Piffelburg enters, behind him a huntsman with half a dozen hares. Frederick and Lisette throw the hairdresser upon Piffelburg, who pushes him upon the huntsman, and the latter throws him out of the door.)

Hairdresser. (crying out) A cheat! a cheat!

Piff. What is the fellow talking? are these not fresh hares, killed this morning?

Brumb. You return already, sir?

Piff. Yes, madam, and what am I bringing with me? he? —
—half a dozen hares, as peace-makers between you and me.

Brumb. Your price of peace is slender indeed.

Piff. I think six hares——

Fred. And a Bear into the bargain.

Piff. There are no bears in this country.

Brumb. If I knew that true repentance had led you to my feet.

Piff. To be sure, my dearest, here they all lay at your feet.

Fred. The most repentant hares in the world.

Brumb. My God! the animals sink!

Piff. How can they sink, they have only been shot this morning? ———ha! ha! ha!

Fred. And the gentleman has been shot too.

Brumb. Young man, you take a little too much liberty for a valet de chambre.

Piff. A valet de chambre? (*he looks at him attentively*) hail and lightning! are you not the young Baron, in whose company I was last evening at the coffee-house?

Brumb. A Baron?

Fred. I at the coffee-house? ah! my God! I am sometimes glad if I can get a drink of small beer.

Piff. I am damn'd if it isn't you! Did we not drink three bowls of punch together?

Fred. You are mistaken, sir.

Piff. Have we not been very merry together?

Fred. God knows who made himself merry with you.

Piff. Did you not say, that a beautiful young lady lived here in this inn, who had an ugly old mother ? Did you not call the mother an old beast ? Did you not drink the young lady's health ?

Brumb. Heavens ! could it be possible ?

Lif. (*aside*) Now we are in a pretty pickle !

Nan. (*aside*) I die !

Fred. You are blind, sir.

Piff. I blind ? I have even this morning shot four hares ?

Fred. Blind ! blind ! I tell you ! blind ! blind ! blind ! (*he powders his whole face full and runs away.*)

Piff. (*shaking himself*) hell and damnation ! ——— Baron ! I am a nobleman ——— a huntsman ——— We must see each other with pistols !

Brumb. How am I ? ——— my eyes become open ——— Such an affront to me ——— I fall in a swoon ! ———

Piff. The fellow is a deer-stealer, he wanted to hunt upon strange ground.

Brumb. I die ! ——— Where is my faithful friend ? ———

Piff. Here ! here !

Brumb. The only one who never deceived me ! ——— My Mops ——— My last consolation ? ——— (*she goes slowly towards her apartment*)

Piff. May I accompany you ?

Brumb. (*weak and faintly*) Go to the devil ! (*Exit.*)

Piff. Then I must go with you.

Nan. Well, sir, I shall tell my mother of that.

Piff. So miss, and who is the cause of all this chase ? a sprightly young huntsman has traced your scent, and follows you through bush and wood ———

Lif. And an old hunter cries halloo ! that the game runs off. Is that right ?

Piff. No, that's not right.

Lif. Well, then, young lady, we leave this gentleman in good company, (*she points to the hares and goes off with Nannette.*)

Molk. I can.

Lif. Do but hear, how the lovely young lady flatters you.

Molk. And the lovely mother growls.

Lif. Is it then all in vain?

Molk. All.

Lif. But you must be hungry? There are some almond cakes.

Molk. I eat ammunition bread.

Lif. Well, then come down into the kitchen, to have a bit of roast beef with it.

Molk. It's too soon yet.

Lif. It grows dark already.

Molk. Do you know where that comes from?

Lif. Well?

Molk. Because the evening is approaching.

Lif. And do you know, why you are a blockhead?

Molk. No.

Lif. Because you are all darkness, night in your head, and midnight in your heart.

Molk. So?

Lif. What is to be done with the blockhead?

Molk. Nothing.

Nann. (*flattering him*) You are an honest fellow, dear Molkus.

Molk. To your sorrow. Is it not so?

Lif. Then we may converse without compliments.

Molk. Without compliments.

Lif. Tell me then, do you relish your pipe?

Molk. O yes.

Lif. But do you know, where we properly ought to smoke?

Molk. Where we relish it.

Lif. No, in the guard room. (*She knocks his pipe from his mouth*)

Molk. (*takes it up again coolly*) If you do that again—

Lif. Well, and what then?

Molk. Then I pick it up again.

Lif. Dear, damnable Molkus! Pray get a little in a passion at least.

Molk. Anger is hurtful.

Lif. Nothing hurts you, my iron Molkus: you may get angry without danger, my wooden-door-post. Place yourself in the cornfield, my dear straw-man, and drive the birds away.

Molk. That's what I am just doing.

Lif. You remain faithful to your post, like a painted soldier over a door. You have the spirit of a lump of lead, and the heart of a chained dog.

Molk. And you are witty like a chambermaid.

Lif. Tell me, in how many battles you ran away?

Molk. Ran away?

Lif. It can't be otherwise; you must have run away, for all your sensibility was in your leg. When it was shot away, the blockish stump remained motionless on the ground, but, I am sure, the leg was long convulsed like that of a spider.

Molk. You are a poisonous spider.

Lif. Immoveable blockhead! do you think we are sultanesses? And you suffer yourself to be placed as a miserable Harem's guard?

Molk. I know which part of your body cannot be wounded.

Lif. Well?

Molk. Your lungs.

Lif. It is not worth while to speak to you.

Molk. Then let me alone.

Lif. You neither hear nor see, neither taste nor feel; you can only smell your stinking tobacco.

Molk. The tobacco is not bad.

Lif. Come Miss, let us leave this unpolished fellow. He is worse than an oyster, that has even not two senses.

(knocking at the door.)

Molk. I have two senses, for I just hear the knocking at the door.

Lif. Then get up, and go out. (*the knocking is repeated.*)

Molk. Get up? Yes—but to go out? No. (*he gets up and puts his head through the door*) Who is there?

A rough voice on the outside. A friend!

Molk. What friend?

The voice. An old invalid wants to speak to the honest John Molkus.

Molk. An Invalid?—Stop comrad! Young lady and miss march to your apartment!

Lif. With all my heart. Do you think we shall stay here in your tobacco society and suffer ourselves to be smoked.

Nann. Come, let us see how mops does.

Lif. Unluckily, fate has destined us, not to see any but dogs faces. [Exit.

Molk. (*opens the door*) Walk in comrad.

SCENE IV.

Enter FREDERICK as an invalid, with a wooden leg and several scars on his face.

Fred. Welcome old boy! Do you know me yet?

Molk. No.

Fred. Dont you know George Frolich, of the regiment of Steinacker.

Molk. George Frolich? h'm! have quite forgot him.

Fred. Do you recollect our encampment before Prague, in the year 1757?

Molk. Before Prague? Oh that I know very well. Our regiment was encamped on the Ties Kaberg.

Fred. When the Austrians made an attack on the batteries of Strohnhof.

Molk. And Prince Ferdinand of Prussia repulsed them.

Fred. And when they afterwards made a trial on the side of Wisherad.

Molk. And how our grape shot took them in flank.

Fred. How the Prince of Lorraine endeavored to surprise us with 4000 men.

Molk. And how we sent them back with bloody noses.

Fred. It was a pity that the weather became so bad.

Molk. And that the Moldau swelled to such a height.

Fred. To carry all our bridges away.

Molk. Right brother! I find that you have been there.

Fred. I not there? upon my soul! I was with our battalion when we attacked the Austrians at the windmill of Segeshuk. So we stood, and so we marched towards them, (*he marches straight towards the young lady's room*) hark there! halloo! where is the enemy! Come out of your holes!

Molk. Gently, gently brother! this is not a windmill.—Some women live there.

Fred. God forbid! I would rather attack a party of Croats.

Molk. That's just my way of thinking.

Fred. When I hear of women, I run like the French at Rosback.

Molk. You just think as I do.

Fred. I would rather loose my other leg too.

Molk. Where have you lost your leg.

Fred. At Collin.

Molk. Just the place where I lost mine.

Fred. They may possibly lay together in one grave. The deuce fetch the legs! if the heart is but fresh. Come brother, let us drink together. (*draws a bottle out of his pocket.*)

Molk. With all my heart. The health of old Frederic!

Fred. Long live Frederic. (*he drinks and gives Molkus the bottle.*)

Molk. At Collin, under General Hulsen, I helped to attack the burying ground.

Fred. I was in the brigade of Manstein.

Molk. Then you had to do with the Pandors.

Fred. Do you see the scar on my cheek?

Molk. May the Pandors perish. (*he continues drinking.*)

Fred. At Sweidnitz I was present at the assault of the water fort.

Molk. At Olmutz I fought in the trenches.

Fred. At Gibau we were attacked by Laudon when we convoyed a train of transports.

Molk. In the defiles of Krenau we sweated bravely.

Fred. What of Krenau! at Leuthen, there we had warm work.

Molk. But brother, you seem to be young yet, and have been in the whole seven years war?

Fred. Brother, I am an old boy, but the wine kept me young. Drink, brother, drink! he that wants to remain young, must drink.

Molk. Yes, yes, must drink. (*drinks.*)

Fred. No women, and plenty of wine, that makes fresh blood.

Molk. Yes, yes, plenty of wine. (*drinks.*)

Fred. How do you come into this house among the women? I would rather live in the barracks.

Molk. How I come among these women?—I stand here sentry.

Fred. For shame, Comrade!—You stood often sentry at the General's tent, and now over women?

Molk. What's to be done comrad?—We must put up with the times. In the field we want two legs, but in winter quarters, one will do.

Fred. (*feigning to be drunk*) Think you so?—No brother, he that meddles with women, must have two legs at least,

Molk. (*beginning to feel the power of the wine*) Two tongues would be better for him.

Fred. A man with a sound pair of arms, must fight. For that reason I entered into the Hessian service.

Molk. Among the Hessians?—

Fred. And went to America.

Molk. With one leg!

Fred. See now, brother—I calculated that I had but one leg to loose—

Molk. Why then?

Fred. Because the other was already buried at Collin.

Molk. Upon my soul! You are a sensible fellow—Long life to you!—*(drinks)*

Fred. But I would rather gain three battles on land, than to perish once at sea.

Molk. The sea must be terrible wet.

Fred. And always drunk—always drunk—

Molk. The sea!—

Fred. Yes, brother, what am I telling you—For instance, we want to sail this way, but the sea won't—and we are thrown that way—*(he staggers towards Nanette's room)* Now we want to get upon this tack—but there comes a wave, and throws us straight upon a rock! *(he runs against the door with such violence that it cracks open.)*

Molk. He! he! he! he!—Take care, comrad, you are running on a sand bank.

Fred. I think I am fast already.—Heigh! Here! Help! help!

Molk. Ha!—Ho!—Ha!—I tell you, this coast is inhabited but by women—

Fred. Let them come. When I have a glass too much, I never fear them.

Molk. I can bear them when wine makes me merry—

Fred. I shall fire alarm guns—Piff! Paff! Puff!

Molk. Ha! ha! ha! Piff! Paff! Puff!

SCENE V.

Enter LISETTE. Soon after, NANNETTE.

Lif. My God, what a riot! You drunken fellows, do you think here is a sutlers tent?

Fred. (secretly) Lisette! Lisette! I am Baron Willinghorst.

Lif. (cries) Oh!

Molk. Right, Lisette! You are a pretty sutler's girl.

Lif. Miss, come here as quick as possible.

Nann. (enters) What is the matter?

Lif. Here is a drunken man, whom you are to make sober.

Fred. Dearest Nannette, love plays a comedy.

Nann. Ah! Is it possible!

Lif. (approaches Molkus) Well Molkus, how is it.

Molk. Always upon two legs, my lovely child.

Fred. Our minutes are precious. I love you beyond expression.

Lif. Is this an old brother soldier?

Molk. We lay before Prague together.

Fred. May I flatter myself with hopes?

Nann. Ah!

Fred. May I explain that sigh to my advantage?

Nann. Can I prevent that?

Lif. You had hot work there!

Molk. Piff! puff! puff! here Pandors there Croats.

Fred. Will you marry me?

Nann. My mother will never give her consent.

Lif. I have never seen a Pandor in my life.

Molk. The devil possesses these fellows.

Fred. Fly to my arms.

Nann. Against my mother's will? never!

Molk. But when a Pandor sees a pretty girl, for instance you, Lisette.

Lif. Well?

Molk. Then he becomes tame like a lamb.

Lif. Aye!

Fred. To-morrow we will throw ourselves at your mother's feet and obtain forgiveness.

Nann. Those that ask for forgiveness must have transgressed first.

Molk. Upon my soul, you are a fine damsel.

Lif. Indeed.

Fred. If you would love me.

Molk. If you loved me.

Nann. Has not my heart betrayed me?

Lif. (*stroking his beard*) Do you think then I hate you?

Fred. Then flee this night, and to-morrow you are mine forever!

Molk. You hate me not, little rogue?

Nann. I am guarded by thousand eyes.

Lif. Who could see the valiant Molkus, and remain indifferent?

Fred. Love will enchant them all into blindness.

Molk. If that's true, then give me a kiss.

Lif. If you promise to marry me.

Fred. May I make a trial this night, to elope with you?

Molk. To marry? Ha! ha! ha! have never married in my life.

Nann. How will you force yourself through locks and doors?

Fred. That's my care.

Lif. Try only, we shall live together like doves.

Molk. Like doves! ha! ha! ha!

Fred. Have I your consent?

Nann. I trust to you my innocence.

Molk. But the kiss—the kiss.

Lif. (*kissing him*) There you have it.

Fred. (*embracing Nannette*) Heavenly girl.

Molk. (*seeing it*) Aye! aye! comrade!

Fred. What is it brother?

Molk. You are attacking Sweidnitz.

Fred. The fort is ours!

Molk. Victory! let us fire victory! Piff! paff! puff!

Lady Brumbach (*without*) Unharness the horses.

Lif. My god, the old one is coming!

Nann. Ah, my mother!

Fred. Where can I fly to?

Lif. She is at the door.

Molk. Victory! the old one comes!

Fred. Is the window high?

Lif. But one story. It leads into the garden.

Fred. Adieu, dear Nannette! I shall see you again. (*he jumps upon a chair, and thence through the window.*)

Nann. Ah! if he but does not hurt himself.

Molk. Haigh Comrade! Where are you going?

SCENE VI.

Enter LADY BRUMBACH.

Brumb. What riot is this! When the cat is out of the way, the mice jump upon tables and benches.

Lif. (*aside*) She forgot the chairs.

Molk. Victory! The old cat is arrived.

Brumb. Molkus, are you drunk?

Molk. The fellow has but one leg and leaps like a wild goat.

Brumb. Who gave him to drink?

Nann. Not I.

Lif. Nor I neither.

Brumb. Go block-head! go to sleep.

Molk. (*to Lifette*) Come then, little bride, let us go to sleep.

Brumb. Are you crazy?

Lif. To-morrow, dear Molkus, to-morrow.

Molk. To-morrow, the regimental priest shall come——

“ John Molkus! Will you have this girl?”——Yes.——

“ Lisette Pertness, will you marry John Molkus?”

Lif. No.

Molk. Yes.——Good night, children, good night, sleep well!
(*he reels to the window.*)

Brumb. Where are you going?

Molk. I am going to look for my comrade.

Brumb. Your comrade?

Molk. (*calling out of the window*) Hollico! George Frolich! Where are you?

Lif. (*drawing him from the window*) you are mistaken, there is the door.

Molk. I can't leave my comrade in the lurch.

Brumb. What is all this?

Nann. He is drunk.

Molk. Drunk or not drunk! he stormed the Water Fort at Sweidnitz, consequently——

Lif. (*dragging him to the door*) Consequently you must go to sleep.

Molk. We must first fire victory.

Lif. Fire without, as much as you please. (*She forces him out of doors.*)

Molk. (*without*) Piff! Paff! Puff!

Brumb. Has any body been here?

Nann. Not a soul.

Brumb. Look at me (*Nannette raises her eyes timorously*) can you swear?

Nann. Lisette, can I swear?

Lif. Why not? I should like to know, how any body could have entered here? Has not this drunken fellow been constantly sitting at the door? Has he not smoked us with

his tobacco and brandy, it stinks here just like a guard-room.

Brumb. Why did you not remain in your room?

Lif. We were going to meet you, when we heard the carriage.

Brumb. How is Mops?

Lif. He is in a sweet slumber.

Brumb. It is late, children, go to bed.

Lif. Shall I not undress you first, Madam?

Brumb. No.

Nann. Shall I read the evening prayers to you, Mama?

Brumb. No. You shall go to bed. I intend to set up. There is a fine star light night, I have some knowledge of Astronomy, I know the great Bear, and the Orion.

Lif. (aside) Alas! Where is our Sattelite of Venus!

Nann. (kissing her mother's hand) Good night, dear Mama.

Brumb. Go my child, endeavour not to sleep so much. Think of the affront you have met with to-day, and you have cause enough for a sleepless night.

Nann. An affront? To me?

Brumb. Have you already forgot that impudent fellow and his powder bag?

Nann. Ah! I did not know that a girl can be affronted by an offer of marriage.

Brumb. He marry you? a boy just from school, and a girl hardly bigger than her doll?

Nann. I am sure Mama, he wants to marry me.

Brumb. Indeed? and how do you know that?

Nann. I—I suppose so——

Brumb. I suppose that you are a fool.

Lif. To marry? What are you thinking, Miss? They come, they gaze; they love; they burn; first a flame, then coals, then cinders. Woe to the girl, that makes a cinder barrel of her heart.

Brumb. Right Lisette, explain that chapter a little to her before you go to sleep, away to bed!

Lis. To bed! to bed!

(*Exeunt Nannette and Lisette.*)

SCENE VII.

LADY BRUMBACH *alone.*

The hour of trial is approaching. Obedience, Mr. Piffelburg, submission—he that shuns a cold, will he, as husband fetch the Physician at night, when I am taken ill? *Accommodating* to me he shall be, but not *accommodated*. In short, if I have given him the garden key in vain, then door and heart shall be shut against him. He that mounts a galley the third time to be chained to the oar; does not deserve compassion.—I'll put out the lights, that I may perhaps over-hear his talking to himself, (*she extinguishes the lights.*) Confess it only, Salomeh, you wish a good termination of the Romance, for the disagreeable circumstance of your being already forty-eight—hush!—in the name of God. I hope I am not overheard! alas! old age has traitors enough, without the help of the tongue.—What is that? Why this rustling of the trees, near the window?—Methinks I hear the creaking of the window.—Indeed! I feel by the drawft, that it opens more and more.—Should Piffelburg—to give me a token of his obedience—endeavour to creep through the window?—that would be charming—hush? hush!—I must see the end of that.

SCENE VIII.

FRED. (*Opens the window, and puts his head through it.*)

Fred. Hush! hush!—all is quiet—all darkness—I may venture—(*he creeps through the window, the wooden leg is left behind.*) Here I am again. But what more?—

It is so dark that one can't see the land before ones face.—
On the right hand is the door, (*he fumbles about*) hush!
hush!

Brumb. (*in the back ground*) hush! hush!

Fred. He answers—(*in a low voice*) is any body here?

Brumb. (*with a dissembled voice*) I am here.

Fred. My beloved?

Brumb. Yes.

Fred. O hasten to my arms.

Brumb. Here! here!

Fred. Where? where? (*he runs towards the voice and at last embraces Madame Brumbach.*) I hold you in my arms and no power of earth shall tear me from you again!

Brumb. (*crying*) Ah! this is not Piffelburg.

Fred. (*leaving her*) Damnation! this is not Nannette.

Brumb. Help! help! thieves! robbers!

Fred. This will become a funny affair.

SCENE IX.

Enter JOHN MOLKUS, (with a light.)

Molk. What is the matter here, is it the witches' holyday?

Fred. By heavens! it is the old one.

Molk. But comrade, how do you come by this sound leg?

Fred. Who are you sir? what is your business here?

Fred. (*in consternation*)—I have long since wished for the honor of your acquaintance.

Brumb. And therefore you had to come through the window?

Fred. If I durst tell you every thing—If I could be so fortunate, to speak to you a few minutes in private.

Brumb. (*to Molkus*) Set your candle down and be off with you.

Molk. Do but tell me comrade, where you got this leg from? procure me mine too.

Brumb. Go to sleep, I command you.

Molk. The fellow is a sorcerer.—(*he puts down the candle, and goes off.*)

SCENE X.

FRED. LADY BRUMBACH.

Brumb. Now sir, we are alone.

Fred. (*aside*) What shall I say?

Brumb. I am anxious to know, how it happens, that you appear here, at the very hour in which I expect Baron Piffelburg? and that in so strange a manner.

Fred. Baron Piffelburg?—for that very reason, Madame—because I know that the power of your attractions, extend themselves even to a man, to whom I am in the nearest relation.

Brumb. Nearly related to you? how is that?

Fred. Ah! Madame! you see in me a ball of fate, an unfortunate child of love.

Brumb. A bastard.

Fred. Baron Piffelburg is my father.

Brumb. Your father?

Fred. My mother was his housekeeper, and something more. After her beauty faded away, he turned her off, the cruel man; she went into the wide world, and maintained her and me by begging.

Brumb. This is the consequence when we leave the path of virtue.

Fred. I grew up and entered into military service.—I have fought in Russia against the Turks, and in Flanders against the French—The scars on my face are proofs of my valour.

Brumb. Was not your father moved by that?

Fred. I have wrote to him many lamentable letters, but never received the least support.

Brumb. (aside) the poor young fellow, I pity him.

Fred. Chance at last brought me to this city—I learned, that my father met with the fate of all who see you, Madame; that he loved you, *that he* adored you.

Brumb. A little less poetry, I beg.

Fred. I heard at the same time, that you were the most amiable, and beneficent Lady, that ever was formed by the maternal hand of Nature. A ray of hopes raised itself in my heart, and I resolved to direct myself to you.

Brumb. But why just through the window? and did you not, in the darkness, speak of a beloved?

Fred. Will you pardon me, that, deprived of all hopes, ever to be allowed to approach you, I directed myself to Lisette, your chambermaid? and that I intended this night to consult with her on the means, to gain your feeling heart in favour of a wretch who wishes to have to thank you for the alleviation of his miseries?

Brumb. Then it was Lisette whom you expected?

Fred. Whom else, Madame? It is Lisette that painted to me in heavenly colours the amiable picture of your virtues; it is she who inspired me with hopes, that you would use the power you have over my father, in favour of a youth, who feels himself less miserable, since he is so near you.

Brumb. (aside) The young man speaks well. *(loud)* I promise you, to do something for you.

Fred. (kisses her hand) Rejoice, poor Frederic! the beautiful Baroness Brumbach takes your part.

Brumb. I expect your father every moment. You shall be witness——

Fred. No! no! I will ascribe it all to your power, and nothing to the impulse of nature. Permit me to take my leave.

Brumb. No, no, you shall stay.

Fred. My father might——at the first sight of me——

Brumb. I engage to put his head to rights.

Fred. I know him——he is headstrong.

Brumb. Don't you know, that love can lead lions by a silken thread?

SCENE XI.

Enter PIFFELBURG.

Piff. Here I am. Hail and lightning! this is a cold night.

Fred. (aside) Now, impudence, assit me?

Brumb. Welcome, Sir. You are a fine bird. You never told me that you had children?

Piff. I? Children?

Brumb. That a son of yours ranges about in the world, a prey to misery?

Piff. A son? of mine?

Brumb. Indeed, a fine young man, well deserving to be taken notice of.

Piff. Are you jesting with me?

Brumb. Be ashamed! do you know this youth?

Piff. I have never seen him in my life.

Fred. (at his feet) Yes, my father! Do not deny the voice of nature! recognize in me your son, your unfortunate Frederick!

Piff. What the devil! are we playing a comedy?

Fred. Ah! till now it has been a tragedy, it is to you to convert it into a comedy! take me into your paternal arms! let the tears of parental love trickle upon my cheeks.

Piff. Young man, are you mad?

Fred. Your cruelty will deprive me of reason.

Brumb. Will you continue to shut up your heart against nature's tender feelings?

Piff. The fellow is a fool, and makes a fool of me.

Fred. Do you hear it, Madame ? he disowns me ! Me, the son of his housekeeper, who loved him faithfully, and took disinterested care of his linen and kitchen. He desires my misery ! He desires my death ! Cruel father ! to-morrow my bloody corpse will be found in the river ! to-morrow the cry of woe will fall upon you !——Ha ! I already see the devil's claws stretched out to take hold of my poor soul——Away, away with you to hell ! (*aside*). Stop a little, I'll plague you more yet.

[*Exit.*

Brumb. And you let him go ?

Piff. He may go to the devil ! The fellow is out of his mind. Why does the police not confine such vagabonds ?

Brumb. Out of his mind ? No, Sir, he spoke very reasonable.

Piff. But, hail and lightning ! there is as little reason in this as in an air gun. He that has no housekeeper can have no son, and he that has no son cannot be a father, how ?

Brumb. You deceive me. It is very probable that he belongs to you.

Piff. Why then ? perhaps because he is a fine fellow ?

Brumb. What reason can he have to pretend to be your son ?

Piff. St. Hubertus may know that.

Brumb. In the first place you are not rich.

Piff. Alas ! no.

Brumb. In the second you are hard hearted.

Piff. By all the elements ! Must we then erect a foundling house, to gain the name of being tender hearted ? I cannot bear the hearts, on which every flower makes an impression, and every tear digs a hole.

Brumb. What advantage then can he expect by such a deception ?

Piff. I declare it once more, that St. Hubertus may know that better than I. He is a pretty fellow indeed, he has made fine progress in villainy. Who can know what he is aiming at.

Brumb. But if he throws himself into the water?

Piff. No danger of that.

Brumb. And is dead to-morrow?

Piff. Then I will be condemned, to shoot sparrows and to dig moles all my life time.

Brumb. I observe, sir, that you possess more cunning than I expected of you.

Piff. The devil take me, if I have more cunning than a shot of gunpowder.

Brumb. Do you know that my chambermaid is acquainted with the young man?

Piff. That I believe. Chambermaids have many acquaintances.

Brumb. And consequently is able to unmask your hypocrisy.

Piff. My conscience is as blank as my fowling piece.

Brumb. We shall soon hear that. (*she opens the door of her apartment*;) Lisette? are you in your bed?

Lis. (*behind the scene*) No, Madame.

Brumb. Then come here for a moment.

SCENE XII.

Enter LISETTE.

Lis. Here I am. What are your commands?

Brumb. You are a pretty creature, you have nightly rendezvous.

Lis. I, Madame?

Brumb. You let young fellows come in through the window.

Lis. (*aside*) Oh Lord! Lord!

Brumb. But, this time I'll excuse you, if you will openly confess: Where have you made acquaintance with that young man?

Lis. Here in this house—he was so friendly—so com-
plaisant—

Brumb. And how do you know him to be the son of Baron Piffelberg?

Lif. (*is confused.*)

Piff. Out with it! I will know all. In short, I will not suffer that such a gallows bird shall declare himself to be my son.

Lif. Has he then confessed it himself—that this gentleman is his father?

Brumb. He has. He has solicited my protection and called you as a witness.

Lif. Well, if he has disclosed the secret himself, I must confess, that he has indeed the honor to be very nearly related to Baron Piffelburg.

Piff. To the devil, but not to me!

Brumb. There we have it. Have you evidence Lisette?

Lif. O yes—for—one dare not tell every thing.

Piff. Out of the bush!

Brumb. Perhaps you know his mother?

Lif. His mother?—yes—she is a distant relation of mine.

Brumb. Now, Baron Piffelburg.

Piff. Caltrops! fox draps! wolf's ditches! I'll be shot with peas, if there is a single word of truth in all this gibberish.

Brumb. A penitent confession might perhaps have gained my forgiveness. But now——what am I to think? There are undoubtedly more such boys running about in the world—who knows, how many poor deceived damsels are sitting behind their spinning wheels, wetting the flax with their tears for your faithlessness.

Piff. I'll be hanged, Madame, if my conscience is not so pure, that I might find a hidden treasure.

Lif. But I should not like to stand in the circle.

SCENE XIII.

Enter FREDERIC (dressed in women's clothes, with a veil over his face.)

Fred. (to Piffelburg) Have I found you at last, faithless man? Have I at last discovered your clandestine practices?

Brumb. What is that?

Lif. A new scene indeed.

Fred. Is this the reward for my fidelity and constancy? Is this the way you fulfil your vows?

Piff. Thunder and lightning! have I then entered a mad-house?

Brumb. Who are you, Madame? What do you want?

Ered. Pardon, Madame, an unfortunate woman, who has been cruelly deceived. Thousand times has this gentleman vowed to me eternal love, thousand times has he promised to marry me. This ring he gave me as a pledge of his faith.

(he weeps.)

Brumb. Is it possible!

Piff. Woman! are you possessed with the devil?

Fred. So? now I am possessed with the devil? but when you lay at my feet, and coaxed me out of my innocence, then I was an angel.

Piff. Satan's angel!

Fred. (weeping) And now you throw me from you, now, when I carry the pledge of love under my heart——

Piff. Sirrah! another child!

Brumb. I am petrified.

Fred. Long since I have heard, that you walk on uneven ground, but I would not believe it; I took the trouble of watching you, and when you at midnight stole out of the house like a thief, I followed you.

Piff. Woman! I'll tear your scandalous tongue out of your throat!

Brumb. Stop, Sir! I take her under my protection.

Fred. Dear Madame! you are generous and beautiful, your sight alone can serve the traitor as an excuse.

Piff. Satan! come but out doors, I break your neck, and put you in Bridewell.

Fred. There you hear it.—Even his own flesh and blood he wo'nt spare. Ah! poor me! what shall I do! I dare not go from here, he will murder me!

Piff. Yes, you hawk! that I will! you crows' face! you night-hawk!

Brumb. Be tranquil, Madame, you shall be protected. Go meanwhile to my daughter, there you are perfectly secure.

Fred. Ah! Madame! fame does not say too much of you, when it describes you as the most generous lady.

Brumb. Conduct her in Lisette, (*secretly*) and let her out of the back door, here is the key.

Lif. (*stifling a laugh*) Very well, follow me Madame.

Fred. (*to Piffelburg*) Farewell, you tyrant! ah! you still beloved traitor! (*Goes with Lisette into the apartment.*)

SCENE XIV.

LADY BRUMBACH. PIFFELBURG.

Piff. So it goes, when one does not remain quietly in one's bed at midnight.—'Tis all witchcraft. Satan has let loose seven evil spirits.

Brumb. You want to persuade me that the devil is the father of your bastards?

Piff. The devil suffocate me on the first cross road, if I ever have seen that woman in all my life, no more than that villain, who with all the powers of hell, wants to be my son!

Brumb. In short sir, all is over between us.

Piff. Do but examine first.

Brumb. What is there to examine? here a son and there a mistress.

Piff. The one deserves the gallows, and the other the wheel.

Brumb. Then, to be sure, their maintainance would not cost you any thing.

SCENE XV.

Enter LISETTE.

Lif. Ah! Madame! what a misfortune!

Brumb. What is it?

Lif. Ah! I can say no more!

Brumb. Is the woman in a fit?

Lif. She has run away.

Brumb. So much the better.

Lif. And has taken the young lady with her.

Piff. Now we are paid for all.

Brumb. What? speak!

Lif. When I opened the back-door—as you ordered—she all at once threw away her cloak and veil—and then I saw she was a young gentleman—and then I saw him take Miss Nannette in his arms, and like lightening ran off with her.

Piff. And the young gentleman was with child, ha! ha! ha!

Brumb. Couldn't you cry then?

Lif. I was going to cry—but he drew a dagger—and held it to my breast—and said my death should be the consequence, if I made the least noise.

Brumb. Oh! what an unfortunate mother am I! What shall I do! My child! my only child!

Piff. Have I not told you before? it's all deceit.

Brumb. Ah my dearest Baron Piffelburg! if you love me—hasten! fly!—in pursuit of the robber!

Piff. So! I thought it was all over between us?

Brumb. I have wronged you, forgive an unfortunate deceived mother.

Piff. Will you marry me then, if I fetch him back again?

Brumb. Yes! yes!

Piff. Done! I'll see whether I can scent the hare—he will take a round-about course, but I will follow him to the bed, where he jumped out from. *(Exit.)*

Brumb. Away Lisette! call Molkus! he also shall go on the high road, and you too! take the patrol with you! get the gates shut! run! run!—ah! I could tear the hairs from off my head! *(runs to her apartment)*

Lis. Yes, if she had any to tear out. *(Exit laughing.)*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

(THE COMMON HALL IN THE INN. *Night.*)

NANNETTE comes running from Frederic's chamber. FREDERIC follows her.

Nann. **N**O, I wo'nt stay in your room.

Fred. Why not?

Nann. I don't know why, but my feeling tells me, that it is unbecoming.

Fred. Is it then more becoming here?

Nann. In an open hall, where people pass every moment there is no danger.

Fred. What danger then is there in my room?

Nann. I don't know, but when I am alone with you there, my heart beats. It beats here too but not so much.

Fred. Well? and is the heart-beating a sin then?

Nann. I don't know, but I had a governess, who used to say; shun every thing that makes your heart beat and drives the blood to your face.

Fred. She most likely, had a faded heart and not a drop of blood.

Nann. Pray, fetch a light.

Fred. Are you afraid of ghosts?

Nann. Sometimes, but not when you are with me.

Fred. Why then shall I fetch a light?

Nann. Why! why! you continue asking why? and I do not know it. But there is something within me that whispers: beg him, to fetch a light.

Fred. But what says that something, if I refuse it you?

Nann. Then it becomes uneasy.

Fred. Your bright eyes, give light enough for me.

Nann. Whoever seeks darkness, wants to do wrong.

Fred. Can we do nothing wrong at candle light.

Nann. No, we are ashamed of ourselves.

Fred. Consider only, dear Nannette, if we had a light—three steps from here lives your Mama, how soon we might be surprised and betrayed.

Nann. Ah my God, I almost wish to be betrayed.

Fred. You don't love me then?

Nann. O yes, I am heartily attached to you; but that we are so alone together, is certainly not right.

Fred. Have you not promised to become my wife? and may not husband and wife be alone together.

Nann. Yes, husband and wife may, but we are not husband and wife yet.

Fred. A few hours only, and we shall be so, as soon as daylight appears.

Nann. Ah! I wish it would appear!

Fred. Your impatience will spoil all. We shall be surprised, you will be torn away, and lost to me forever.

Nann. I shall remain faithful to you, indeed I shall.

Fred. Have compassion on my impatience, come to my room.

Nann. Rather into the street, or the market.

Fred. Singular girl! If a girl runs away with a man, she may as well go to his room too.

Nann. Have I then run away with you ? ah ! that was stupid of me.

Fred. Do you repent that step ?

Nann. Almost. What will you think of me ? You must believe me to be very thoughtless ; indeed it is the first time I have run away with a man.

Fred. (smiling) I willingly believe you.

Nann. You have surprized me so, that I know not how it happened.

Fred. All disquietude will be gone to morrow. Just now something comes into my head, which will obviate your delicacy. I will lead you to my tutor's apartment.

Nann. To the apartment of a man ?

Fred. Of a man of fifty.

Nann. Whom I know not.

Fred. I shall stay with you.

Nann. But he will sleep, and we shall still be alone.

Fred. Droll girl ; he has a night lamp before his bed.

Nann. And if he wakes ?

Fred. Then I present to him my bride.

Nann. It would be better he did not sleep at all.

Fred. (smiling) Agreed. I will wake him.

Nann. Go then.

Fred. Accompany me.

Nann. No, you must wake him first, and then he must fetch me.

Fred. Even that—but I do not like to leave you here alone—yet it is done in two minutes. Do not move, and if any one pass the hall, keep your breath. *(he enters the room.)*

Nann. (alone) Have I then any breath left ? It is to me as-if I could not repose at all—I tremble like a leaf—Why did my governess say ; The wicked only tremble ?—But my heart tells me, that love is nothing bad.

SCENE II.

LADY BRUMBACH (*comes softly out of her room.*) Methinks I heard somebody talk, (*listening*) No, all is quiet—My God! how much anxiety and grief this wicked girl of mine, causes me!—Let me only get her again, I will soon confine her in a Convent. (*re-enters her room.*)

Nann. In a Convent?—Ah! then I'll rather go to the Baron's apartment.

SCENE III.

Enter FREDERIC, and FELIX in his night gown.

Fred. Here, dear Mr. Felix, here is the dear bashful girl.

Fel. Frederic! Frederic! What have you done?

Fred. Ask rather, what *will* you do? I will marry her.

Fel. After such an action, you *must* indeed.

Fred. My God, I do not desire it otherwise. Do but turn your lamp and look at her face.

Nann. Dear strange sir, have pity on my innocence! be my father!

Fel. A father, my child, is easier deceived than a mother.

Nann. (*to Frederic*) Do you hear it? he reproaches me. Ah? it goes through my heart? I will return to my mother. She will confine me in a Convent—there I shall constantly weep—but here I can't be happy either.

Fred. Dear Mr. Felix! listen to the voice of the purest innocence! if ever you have loved me, assist me!

Fel. I pity your weakness, still more the inexperience of this good girl. I will assist you, but on one condition.

Fred. I agree to any.

Fel. You must at day-break throw yourself at her mother's feet, and beg for her blessing.

Fred. Willingly ! willingly !

Fel. Till then this young lady remains under my protection.

Nann. Ah, now I become easier.

Fel. Will you trust yourself to me ?

Nann. With joy ! you appear to be so good, so honest, I have confidence in you.

Fel. Go then, dear child, into this room, I follow you immediately.

Fred. Go Nannette, and slumber if you can.

Nann. I slumber ? feel how my heart beats. I felt so but once in my life, when I had the small-pox, and then I could not sleep at all.

(Exit.)

Fred. Do not leave the poor timorous girl alone.

Fel. But one word more, young man——Maiden's honour is like polished steel—a breath, and it looses its lustre.

Fred. Not by the breath of love.

Fel. Just by that the soonest. This girl seems to be a spotless lamb. If this should be one of your love intrigues ; if you were capable, to sacrifice her after three days to a fancy——

Fred. Never !

Fel. I hope it not, for I know your heart——But I must declare to you, that in such a case, I would immediately quit you, and call your father's curse upon you !

Fred. To-morrow she is my wife !

Fel. As soon as the mother consents, she is your wife.

SCENE IV.

LADY BRUMBACH (*comes once more to the door.*)

It still seems to me——My God ! a ghost ! (*shuts the door behind her.*)

Fred. This was the old one.

Fel. How am I—Methinks I know the voice.

Fred. Have you ever heard the crocking of the crows.

Fel. Now I'll go to the poor timorous creature. You stay meanwhile, where you can, and do not appear before me till you have gained the maternal consent. *(Exit.)*

Fred. That will be a difficult matter. Yet I must make the experiment.—When a powerful prince has an appetite to a province, he begins, by taking possession of it, and the treaty of peace follows of course. Nannette is in my power, that's the main point:—And if Lady Brumbach was the devil's grandmother, her claws shall never tear her from me again.—But what shall I do with myself just now? To my bride I dare not go, sleep, I cannot, and pray, I will not. Nothing is so tedious, as the languor of a lover.—The hour creeps, we follow it, we pass it, we wink—all in vain! It creeps the pace of snails.—We want to carry it forwards—Ah! it is as heavy as lead. We put wishes to the carriage, they won't draw; whip it with the nettles of impatience, it won't proceed. Accompanied by prayers and curses, it at last arrives at its destination. The lover embraces his bride—and then the next hour runs as if it was mad.—No cry of halt can stop it, no wish overtake it! it runs along! along into eternity!—and sometimes it takes love away with it.

SCENE V.

LISETTE *(comes timidously through the middle door.)*

Fred. Is there not something moving? *(he coughs.)*

Lis. H'm! h'm!

Fred. That's a woman's cough. *(in a low voice)* from what beautiful breast does this h'm proceed?—No answer?—Hush? hush!

Lis. Hush! hush!

Fred. What beautiful lips does this hush come from?

Lif. Is it you, Baron?

Fred. Baron? there are many Barons, which of them do you mean?

Lif. Baron Wellinghorst.

Fred. You have hit it. And you?

Lif. I am Lisette.

Fred. Ah Lisette! is it you? come, let me embrace you. You come quite apropos, to help me passing my time.

Lif. Where is my young Lady?

Fred. Secure enough with my Tutor. But where are you driving about, at midnight?

Lif. Lady Brumback has sent me out to search for you.

Fred. Have you found me then?

Lif. Do not jest. I know not what to do.

Fred. Stay with me.

Lif. Bring me to my young lady.

Fred. That won't do.

Lif. Why not?

Fred. She is with my tutor, an old peevish man.

Lif. My God! Shall I then return to lady Brumback?

Fred. Who compels you then?

Lif. She will scold, bawl, grumble, and heaven protect me, if she finds out that I have favoured your roguery.

Fred. Be tranquil. I declare you, in this solemn hour, by virtue of my matrimonial power, as the well advised chambermaid of my wife, from this hour to all eternity, and as a token of my sincerity, I give you this kiss as earnest money.

Lif. (*opposing him*) This is stolen money; it belongs to your bride.

Fred. Take it, I recoin this piece of money every minute.

Lif. It is good for nothing, where love does not make the impression. Jest aside, Baron, I enter into your service. 'Tis but just, for you have brought me into this dilemma.

Ferd. Well then, I will get you out of it.

Lif. That is not the question. But where can I go to now? now, this moment? On the right hand is hell, (*pointing to Lady Brumbach's room*) and on the left Satan. (*pointing to Frederic.*)

Fred. How would that be, if you was to go to purgatory till morning?

Lif. How is that?

Fred. See, there in the wardrode, I use to get my hair dressed. Some old cloaks are hanging there. In one corner stands an umbrella, and in the other a lantern. Will you stay there till morning?

Lif. Rather than with the old witch.

Fred. Come then, I'll carry in a chair, and at daybreak Nanette shall relieve you.

Lif. A fine opportunity to reflections of penitence.

Fred. As long only as one is alone.

(*he leads her to the wardrobe*)

Lif. My God, it is as dark here as in a grave.

Fred. Your black eyes will give you light.

Lif. I am not a cat, Sir.

Fred. There, sit down upon this chair, and be as quiet as a mouse.—Good night my pretty Lisette. (*he closes the door*) Now I'll creep about the house, like a ghost. I will hear every mouse behind the paper hangings, and every worm in the wainscoat.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter MOLKUS, coming through the middle door.

Molk. I would rather pursue a hare than a lover who runs away with his girl. A race horse has but four legs, but such a fellow has wings.—I have been running about half the night

in wind and rain. My sound leg is tired, and the wooden one covered with mud. I can do no more. For me they may run to the Arabian deserts, and eat Locusts, like St. John.—If I go to the old dragon and make my report, I shall jump out of the flying pan into the fire. I'll rather encamp here for the night, no matter how it goes. *(he sits down upon an arm chair)* Hang it! it is as soft as if it had been made for a gouty man.—Thank God, I can have the gout but in one leg—Ah! now I feel again comfortable and warm — *(gaps)* and powerful sleep is creeping on. — It an't a bed, to be sure, — but after such a fatigue — When in the seven years war, — I stood on an out-post — there sometimes I would — lay on my musket — and nod — nod — *(he murmurs a few more unintelligible words, and then falls asleep.)*

SCENE VII.

Enter PIFFELBURG. MOLKUS, sleeping.

Piff. All my greyhounds wo'nt overtake this hare. That's an old fox, who has often been at it. We must encircle him and hunt him up, or he will get off clear, and eat the chicken up, without mercy. A whole hour I have been upon the trot through thick and thin. What have I gained by it? wet feet, pain in my ears, and the gout in my arms.—Shall I let the old one wash my head into the bargain? No, no, I'll stay here till daylight, and attempt to sleep a little on one of the chairs. *(He fumbles about, and touches the chair on which Molkus sleeps.)* Aye, aye, here is a chair. Now let us try whether an old huntsman, after such a fatigue, can fall asleep without rocking. *(He sits upon Molkus's lap.)*

Molk. *(wakes)* Heigh, there! The night-mare has got hold of me!

Piff. Thunder and lightning! what's that?

Molk. (encircles him with both his arms) I have him! I have him!

Piff. Satan, let me go!

Molk. The robber is caught!

Piff. All good spirits, praise our Lord!

Molk. Bring light! light!

Piff. You are the prince of darkness!

Molk. I shan't let you go; where is the young lady?

Piff. Satan's claws, leave me!

SCENE VIII.

Enter FREDERIC, (dressed as a butler, humpbacked, stuttering, with a plaster over one eye, and a candle in his hand.)

Fred. What noise is this? Gentlemen, what are you about?

Piff. Ah, Molkus! is it you?

Molk. Ah, Baron Piffelburg! is it you? I thought you were that robber.

Piff. I thought, you were the devil.

Molk. Why did you sit down on my lap?

Piff. I would rather be on Abram's lap than sit again on yours. I am so terrified that all my limbs tremble!

Fred. I am only employed in this house since yesterday, but if it be every night so noisy, the devil take such employ! what do you want here at so late an hour?

Molk. I was running after the eloped young lady.

Fred. Hopping after her you meant to say.

Piff. I did the same.

Fred. Have you caught her then?

Piff. Ask me rather whether I could outrun a hare?

Molk. Who knows in what ambush she has fortified herself?

Fred. But if I should know it?

Piff. You?

Molk. You?

Fred. You must not betray me.

Piff. By no means.

Molk. Let us hear then.

Fred. The young people are still here in this house.

Piff. and Molk. Where? Where?

Fred. Do you see the dining room?

Piff. Well?

Fred. There they are not.

Piff. Proceed, proceed.

Fred. And there is the wardrobe——

Molk. Well?

Fred. There they are neither.

Piff. Scoundrel, do we want to know where they are not?

Fred. Patience! patience! if they are not yet there, they may come to it.

Piff. Think you then, they will——

Fred. I heard whispering. When all is quiet in the house, the young gentleman intends to put her into the wardrobe.

Molk. Into the wardrobe? a fine ambush.

Fred. But the young lady objects to it. She says it was too dark there, too solitary.

Piff. Where then does she mean to stay?

Fred. In the dining room.

Piff. Then we must be in ambush there.

Fred. But the young gentleman insisted on the wardrobe.

Molk. Then we must take our post there.

Fred. But the young lady insisted on the dining room. No, said he, no, said she, yes, no, yes.

Piff. Thunder and lightning! who then carried the point at last?

Fred. See now, I think so: be attentive. If you both go into the wardrobe, and the young lady does *not* come there——

Molk. Then we wait in vain.

Fred. Quite right. But if you both go to the dining room, and the young lady goes to the wardrobe——

Piff. Then we are hum'd.

Fred. You have guessed it. But if one of you hides himself *here*, and the other *there*, then she cannot escape you.

Piff. Bravo! it is to me as if I had caught her already.

Fred. Only keep her fast.

Piff. Be not concerned.

Molk. I will take post in the dining room.

Piff. Do so, and at the first noise I'll come to your assistance.

Molk. That's right. The allied army forms a line.

(He goes to the dining room.)

Fred. Off with you to the wardrobe.

Piff. Give me the light.

Fred. God forbid! If a light was seen, nobody would enter.

Piff. It is not haunted, I hope?

Fred. Ha! ha! ha! By fine girls sometimes.

Piff. Fine girls are not always good spirits. *(He goes to the wardrobe.)*

Fred. So. Now you may sit there till broad day-light. *(looks at his watch)* Three o'clock. Creep, creep, creep, you leaden hours! But a time will come, in which I will dance with you through the world!

SCENE IX.

Enter LADY BRUMBACH.

Brumb. *(coming timorously out of the door)* Thank God! there is light. Tell me, my good friend, is not this house haunted?

Fred. How so?

Brumb. I have heard a strange noise.

Fred. The cats.

Brumb. I have seen a figure, a hideous ghost.

Fred. (aside) She most likely was before her looking glass.

Brumb. I have sent out all my people; be so kind to stay with me.

Fred. Cheerfully, Madame, what company could be more agreeable than yours?

Brumb. Have you heard any thing of my daughter?

Fred. Of your daughter?—Well—

Brumb. You shrug your shoulders? speak!

Fred. I know very well—

Brumb. What do you know?

Fred. That she has run away.

Brumb. That I know too.

Fred. I met them on the stairs.

Brumb. And have not stopped them?

Fred. If I was to stop every one I meet on the stairs—

Brumb. But my God! you well saw—

Fred. What have I seen? a young lady with a young gentleman. Nothing new, I am sure, in an inn.

Brumb. Where are they gone then?

Fred. Between us, I believe, they are in this house yet.

Brumb. In this house? My good friend, I'll reward you, if you assist me in catching them.

Fred. I do it willingly without reward. Please to go to the dining room.

Brumb. Well?

Fred. There on the left hand you will find a door, leading to a long passage, where a lamp is burning.

Brumb. Proceed.

Fred. You then go to the end of the passage, where you will find a small stairs.

Brumb. There I step up?

Fred. No, no, you step down, and then you are all at once in the yard.

Brumb. And what shall I do there?

Fred. What you please.

Brumb. Blockhead! but where shall I find my daughter?

Fred. You cross the yard, and leave the cow stable at your left.

Brumb. If I wanted an ox, I had not far to look for it.

Fred. At the farther end you will see the laundry.

Brumb. Is she there?

Fred. God forbid!—but at the side of the laundry——

Brumb. Well? at the side of the laundry?

Fred. Is a Mangle-house.

Brumb. There she has hid herself?

Fred. Perhaps so.

Brumb. At last! I will put on my cloak. My friend, you shall go with me.

Fred. Willingly.

(Lady Brumbach goes to her room.)

Fred. (alone) I accompany you, old dragon? No, I am not inclined to wade with you in the dung puddle. I have disposed of all my good friends, now they may find the way themselves.

(he puts the candle on the table, and runs off.)

Brumb. (returns in a fur cloak) Here I am again—— Now? Where is the fellow?——Indeed, he left me and his reward. No matter, since I know where to find my runaway daughter. Dining room, passage, stairs, yard, cow stable, laundry, Mangle-house,—right!—shall I take the candle with me, or leave it here? In the dining room it's dark, but in the passage burns a lamp. Better I creep in the dark, and appear suddenly among them, like Peter the great among the conspirators, if only I do not meet the ghost.

(She goes into the dining room.)

Soon after Molkus is heard crying.)

Molk. I have her! I have her!

Brumb. Help! Help!

Molk. What help! Mama will help soon enough. Out of the hole!

SCENE X.

MOLKUS (holding Lady Brumbach in his arms, throws the door open with his foot, and cries whilst he carries her out.)

I have her! I have her!

Brumb. (recognizing Molkus) Molkus, what possesses you?

Molk. (looks at his prize, lets her go in consternation, and remains standing before her with staring eyes.)

Brumb. Are you drunk again?

Molk. It seems so; bewitched at least.

Piff. (within) I have her! I have her!

Lif. Help! Help!

Brumb. What's that?

Molk. He has got hold of her, if the devil does not play him a trick too.

Piff. (within) Resist as much as you please, I shall hold you fast.

SCENE XI.

PIFFELBURG. (holding Lifette in his arms, pushes the door open with his foot, and cries, bringing her out)

I have her! I have her!

Brumb. Baron Piffelburg, what does that mean? What are you doing with my chambermaid?

Piff. (Looks at his prize, drops Lifette, and stands staring.)

Brumb. On what chace have you been?

Piff. Seemingly on the witch chace.

Brumb. I am quite petrified. All three of you I have sent

out, and now find you at home? My pretty Baron Piffelburg, what business have you in the wardrobe?

Piff. I was on the look out.

Brumb. And you, Molkus, what had you to do in the dining room?

Molk. I lay in ambush.

Brumb. And you, impudent girl?

Lis. I—I wanted to mend the laces, in which your ladyship tore holes at the last ball.

Brumb. To mend laces in the dark? fine indeed!—And you, Baron Piffelburg, are not ashamed at all?

Piff. And for what then? That the devil plays hide and go seek in your house?

Brumb. Is this the friend in need? is this your love? instead of pursuing my daughter, I find you with my chambermaid in a suspicious corner?

Piff. Thunder and lightning! the devil fetch you and your daughter! I am tired of it! The moment I put my feet in your house, Satan sets all his evil spirits loose. There comes a damned fellow and calls me father; another scoundrel pretends to be my mistress, and at last, when I hold your daughter fast, she converts herself into Lisette. Is it not all a comedy? It can't be worse on the Block's mountain*. No, Madame, I am your humble servant. I will rather eat potatoes and turnips between the ruins of my castle, than to marry into this family of witches. [Exit.]

Brumb. Ah! what an unfortunate woman I am! My daughter is eloped; my lover runs off; all, all leave me in the lurch.

Molk. I see clearly, that the spy has deceived us.

Brumb. But come. I know where Nannette is concealed. Take the light, Molkus, follow me through the passage, into the yard, into the cow stable, into the laundry, into the Mangle-house.

Molk. God preserve us! she is crack-brained.

* A place which Poets say to be the rendezvous of Witches.

SCENE XII.

Enters FREDERIC (in his proper appearance.)

Fred. (throws himself at the feet of Lady Brumbash.) Stay, Madame, and excuse the love, which is the cause of all this confusion.

Brumb. Who are you sir? What is your desire?

Fred. I am the man, who ran away with your daughter.

Brumb. And you venture to appear before me?

Fred. Permit me to make good my transgression. I am Baron Willinghorst, the only heir of a rich house——

Brumb. And if you were the heir of the Emperor of Abyssinia——

Fred. I love your daughter, your daughter loves me——

Brumb. In a Convent between two walls she shall atone for her disobedience.

Fred. No, this feeling heart will not forever be immoveable; those lovely lips were made, but to pronounce blessing.

Brumb. Flattery? away with you, sir!

Fred. Pardon!

Brumb. Curse!

Fred. Your daughter at least.

Brumb. As soon as I have broke her neck.

Fred. Will you drive me to despair.

Brumb. Yes, sir! I wish you would go to hell in despair.

Fred. You are not serious.

Brumb. (disdainful) I do not jest with children.

Fred. Child? I am then indeed your child?

Brumb. My satan you are! be off!

Fred. I shall not rise, till you give me your beautiful hand as a token of reconciliation.

Brumb. Then you may lay there till the end of time.

Fred. Well Madame! I shall lay here till the sun extinguishes, and the earth is torn from its poles.

Brumb. Be sparing with your hyperboles. I shall never give my daughter to a man, who begins his suite by depriving an innocent girl of her honor.

Fred. Of her honor?

Brumb. Who intended to cover my black hair with grief and shame.

Fred. With shame, Madame?

Brumb. I hope you won't endeavour to make me believe, that it was honorable for a young girl to run away with a young fellow at midnight, and to hide herself with him, God knows where?

Fred. You wrong me. Miss Nannette is under the protection of a venerable old man, my Tutor.

Brumb. So? a pretty Tutor!

Fred. He himself will assure you, that your daughter's honor and innocence have been treated with the greatest delicacy, and that I even durst not see her during the whole night. *(he rises and opens the door of his apartment.)* Come Nannette! come dear Mr. Felix! assist me in softening the obdurate maternal heart.

SCENE XIII.

Enter NANNETTE and FELIX.

Brumb. (crying loud) Ah! my husband!

Fel. By all the devils! my wife!

Brumb. Is it you, Charles?

Fel. Is it you, Salomeh?

Fred. What means all this?

Brumb. Are you not dead yet?

Fel. Alas! no.

Lif. (aside) A tender meeting.

Brumb. Have I not cited you in all the newspapers?

Fel. Did not I go out of your way?

Lif. (aside) Now she has all at once a husband.

Fred. (to Felix) If I understand right, this lady is your wife?

Felix. Alas! yes!

Nann. (to her mother) Dearest mama! is this gentleman my father?

Brumb. Alas! yes.

Lif. How moving and edifying!

Nann. (embracing Felix) My father! What unexpected joy!

Fel. My good child, you help me to support the presence of your mother.

Fred. O now we are all relieved at once? Dear Mr. Felix, from you I expect my sentence.

Felix. Yes, dear Frederic, she is yours. I know your heart. The wine is yet fomenting, but it is good. Indeed, dear Nannette, you often will have to exercise your patience.

Nann. I'll have patience, dear papa.

Brumb. Very well, Charles, you may do as you please, she is your daughter. But you are mistaken if you think that I shall ever be your wife again. I have cited you in all the papers, and we have been formally divorced for your malicious desertion, as the lawyers call it. The consistory has wrote full twelve sheets about it, and put a large seal under it.

Fel. I have not the least objection against it. Take, if you please, three husbands more, and get divorced three times more. My property you may keep, for the sake of the amiable daughter you have given me.

Brumb. We may meet in company with propriety?

Fel. O yes.

Brumb. And I never shall make the least mention of what I suffered with you.

Fel. Nor I neither.

Brumb. Then, *mes chers enfans*, I will not withhold from you my blessing any longer.

Fel. God's blessing be upon you ! and with tears in my eyes, I conjure you—Do not follow the example of your parents.

Fred. Dearest Nannette ! you are mine !

Nann. Dear Father !

Fel. Now children, you must separate. You, Nannette, go with your mother, and you, Frederic, follow me.

Nann. I am not sleepy at all.

Fred. Nor I neither.

Fel. To-morrow, children, to-morrow your wishes shall be crowned.—Good night, Madame.

Brumb. Good night, sir.

Fred. Sleep well, dear Nannette.

Nann. Sleep well, dear Frederic.

FELIX, and Lady BRUMBACH (*make the usual courtesies, Frederic and Nannette throw kisses to each other ; all go to their apartments.*)

Molk. A singular occurrence.

Lif. Now Molkus, you wanted to marry me last evening.

Molk. I was drunk then. (*Exit.*)

Lif. (alone) So ? and is not the young gentleman drunk too ?——Aye, aye, I fear, in four weeks, he will be sober enough.

FRATERNAL DISCORD;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES SMITH, *No. 52 Maiden-Lane.*

1801.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRANK BERTRAM, *formerly Captain of a Ship.* } *Twins.*
PHILIP BERTRAM, *a Collector.* }
JACK BUTLER, *Frank's Footman formerly a Sailor.*
DOCTOR BLUHM.
EYTERBORN, *a Lawyer.*
COUNT SONNENSTEIN.
WILLIAM, *a Journeyman Shoe-maker.*
AN *Apothecary's Boy.*
CHARLOTTE, *Philip's Daughter.*
ANN, *his Old Servant.*
MRS. GRIESGRAM, *Frank's Housekeeper.*

FRATERNAL DISCORD.

The Scene represents a remote Street in the Suburbs. On the left a row of Houses, with a bench before one of them. On the right Trees; on the back ground meadows and fields. It is Morning.

ACT I. SCENE I.

WILLIAM is sitting on a Stool by a Tree, making a pair of Ladies Shoes, and Singing.

THOUGH idlers riot, eat and drink,
And on soft downy pillows sink,
They are not free from woe :
For every man must have his share
Of trouble, and must know best where
The shoe does pinch his toe.

When rainy, wise men boots will wear,
But shoes put on when all is fair,
And take times as they go ;
No man that ever wore a shoe
Will say if he be fair and true,
It never pinch'd his toe.

SCENE II.

ANN comes out of the house and begins sweeping before the door.

Wil. Good morrow to you, Miss Ann.

Ann. Thank you, honest William.

Wil. How is it at home? how does the old gentleman come on?

Ann. He slept pretty well last night; he is getting better every day.

Wil. Upon my soul! I am glad of it, for the sake of your good young mistress, and for your sake too, Miss Ann.

Ann. Right, good William; for such a good place I shall never have again. Be our pittance ever so small, my master has no better fare than myself, and when love distributes the bread, no matter whether the slices be large or small. There is many a lady's maid, that has greater wages than mine, and who dresses in silk and muslin, but then the mistresses are some times so queer and ill tempered—never pleased—no pin will do, unless pinned ten times over—and every fold in a handkerchief is to be twisted into a thousand different shapes, before it will suit their fancy. But my young mistress, God bless her! up she gets in a minute, dressed she is in an other, and wants no assistance whatever.

Wil. And is always smiling like a Madona.

Ann. Nor have I heard her utter an angry word in my life.

Wil. Nor do her lips seem to be formed for that.

Ann. Never out of temper. She has born the long illness of her father with resolution. The old man might grumble ever so much, she would be friendly and resigned. She has had very little sleep these many weeks, and would not suffer me to sit up by the old gentleman; as soon as the clock struck ten, she would bid me go and lie down. In the beginning I was very uneasy about it, Miss is young, thinks I; she may be well disposed, but she may fall asleep; and when young people have once shut their eyes, not even a thunder clap will rouse them. But I was in the wrong there, Miss Charlotte would nod by her father's bed-side, but at the least cough she would be at hand.

Wil. I say, Miss Ann, such things never remain unrewarded.

Ann. Oh, that's not all. Her fingers are sore with sewing, that there might be no want of money in the house. The winter was very severe—I tell you William, the old man must have starved with cold but for his industrious daughter.

Wil. I feel as if she had warmed me too.

Ann. When her father was so very ill, I would'nt have given a brass penny for his life, she would kneel down, and weep and pray in every corner. But he need but call out, Charlotte! and every tear was wiped off; she would appear before him with a cheerful, friendly countenance, though her soul struggled within.

Wil. No wonder the old man should escape death. A face like that has greater effect than all the medicines of a doctor, and does not taste so bad neither. But is he out of all danger now?

Ann. I should think so.

Wil. Yet he still coughs a good deal. I often hear him up in my room.

Ann. Ay, true. But the doctor says, a man of his age may still go on with only a bit of his lungs, if his heart keep but stout.

Wil. Right, Miss Ann. Rather have but half one's lungs, and a heart sound and entire.

Ann. Oh, my good master has plenty of that; I have known him no bigger than that—he has always been a good-natured tender-hearted boy. And providence has given him no riches, or else he might have been a miser as well as his brother.

Wil. Is his brother rich?

Ann. During the war, and God knows by what means, he has scraped together an immense deal of money. But his lungs are better than his heart, and he leaves his poor brother to want.

Wil. Hum! and yet every body praises him.

Ann. Rich folks are always praised, and never wrong; but when a poor devil goes but one single step astray, good christians will rush upon him and trample him in the mire.

Wil. Odd enough, people should sell their friendship, and give their ill-will away for nothing. One should think it must be quite the reverse; for enmity can do the heart no good.

Ann. Don't say that; for there are those who delight in nothing more than scandal. They will tell their neighbours to the right and to the left, and their eyes will glisten with joy, like a cat's eyes in the dark.

Wil. But is it true that the two brothers are at law?

Ann. Alas! it is too true; they have quarrelled these fifteen years, and for what?—for that wretched garden out of the gates, near the hill. The whole is not worth above a couple of hundred of dollars. Shame upon that wealthy fellow! Could I ever have thought it, when he was running about in his frock? he was a wild one, true enough, but his heart was good.

Wil. I think, that, were he to see Miss Charlotte, his heart would melt; for, do you see, if the devil were to fall out with his grandmother and Charlotte go between them, I should say the devil himself must fall round his granny's neck.

Ann. Poor child! he has not seen her since she was three years old. The two brothers avoid each other every where.

Wil. She ought to pay him a visit.

Ann. And cringe? and, what is worse, perhaps be ill used by his old housekeeper? No; my mistress is too good for that.

Wil. Sure enough, she is too good for them all; I only said so for the sake of peace.

Ann. We have hitherto got honestly through the world. We can work; and a dollar earned is worth more than a ducat given.

Wil. You are right, Miss Ann: especially when one works for

such good matters; the task is then so light. Hey-dey! what nice shoes I would make if they were for Miss Charlotte!—Thou art a lazy fellow would my father often say to me, before you were in our house: but since you live with us he has had no occasion to say so. For, when I have had a good glance of that angel in the morning, it seems as if my awl worked of itself all the day long. That's the reason why I always carry my stool out here; for I have observed, that, when the weather is fair, she likes to sit on yon bench.

Ann. I think she wont be long a-coming.

SCENE III.

Count SONNENSTEIN dressed in a light Morningdress, skipping across the Stage: when he perceives ANN, he calls out:

Oh, oh! Good morrow to you, old witch.

Ann. (Angrily.) What! do you mean me?

Count. Doesn't she stand there with the broom in her hand, as if ready to bestride it, and ride to a nocturnal meeting of the weiry sisterhood?

Ann. It is a pity it will not sweep away every kind of filth.

Count. Ha! ha! ha! You are witty, I find; but don't be angry; I meant no harm, mother.

Ann. Mother! God forbid I should have such a son.

Count. Well what objection have you? Wouldn't it be pretty for you to say, my son, Count Sonnenstein, lord of Eaglestone and Crownhall?

Ann. No, indeed. My son must work, be he what he will; but it seems, some Counts have nothing to do, for I always see you walk the streets.

Count. I have been ordered a spring-cure.

Ann. It's somewhat odd, when those gentlemen return from the college, they generally want a spring-cure.

Count. Is your mistress up?

Ann. May be.

Count. Will she come down?

Ann. Perhaps.

Count. Has she read the book which I lent her some time back?

Ann. She has begun it.

Count. How does she like it?

Ann. Not at all ; she says there is too much whining in it.

Count. So much the better ; it is a book for exalted and sentimental minds.

Ann. Must whining and sentiment go hand in hand, then ?

Count. Oldy, you dont understand this. Young people must love, and of course, whine. When you light your kitchen fire of green wood, well, does it not weep on the other end ?

Ann. Ay ? but then there is more smoke than flame.

Count. A-propos ; won't the old fellow die yet ?

Ann. He seems to have a good constitution ; though in his youth he never went through the spring remedies.

Count. A poor devil, that's forced to live on *lichen istandicum*, had better take his leave at once—

Ann. And bequeath you his pretty daughter, eh ?

Count. Well done, mother ; if you can make him do that, I'll take you into the bargain.

Ann. Oh, if you can love my mistress, her father will himself give you her hand.

Count. (*With a sneer.*) Will he indeed ?

Ann. And, if you won't have her on that condition, you cannot be fond of her.

Count. But one cannot always act as one would.

Ann. If one cannot do what is good, one ought not to will what is bad.

[William, during this discourse, begins to sing his song, and raises his voice every time he is displeased with what Sonnenstein says.]

Count. You folks have droll notions.

Ann. Do you mean, perhaps, my mistress is not good enough to be a Countess ?

Count. Ah, she'd be the prettiest little Countess upon earth.

Ann. She is perhaps, not rich enough ?

Count. Poverty is no flaw.

Ann. A proverb in every body's mouth, and in no one's heart.

Count. A-propos ; do you want money ?

Ann. Yes, Sir, we do.

Count. Take. (*He tenders her a purse.*)

Ann. We don't want money of that kind.

Count. Of that kind ! What do you mean ?

Ann. My master does not accept presents, his heart is too proud for that.

Count. But you ?

Ann. I am but a servant, and have no greater wages than eight florins a year, yet I never want a penny to give the poor on Sunday when I go to church.

Count. Old one, be wise. Your mistress is a treasure, and you are the dragon to watch her; but you may spit fire as much and as long as you please, I'll nevertheless at last succeed in throwing my handkerchief on the burning coals. (*Looking round.*) What the devil is the fellow bawling for, like a watchman?

Ann. No man can hinder him from singing.

Count. (*Throwing a piece of money to William.*) My lad, go and drink to my health for this. Your throat seems to be cursedly dry.

[*William takes the money, and nails it to the table before him.*]

Count. What are you about, fellow.

Ann. Ha! ha! He does just the same as our neighbour the grocer, who will always nail bad money to the counter.

Count. Well, fellow! will you answer?

Will. (*Singing.*)

Ann. (*Laughing.*) Leave him alone, he is deaf.

Count. Is he? So much the better. What a pity he is not dumb too! Ho! ho! Miss Charlotte.

SCENE IV.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Have you done, dear Ann? My father will come down presently.

Ann. Come down, you say?

Charl. For the first time; the weather is so warm, so fine. (*With kindness.*) Good morrow William. (*With modesty.*) Good morrow, Count.

[*William takes off his cap in a friendly and respectful manner, and whilst Charlotte is present, expresses by gestures his participation in the conversation.*]

Count. I could be angry with you, my lovely girl, if those looks did not disarm my passion.

Charl. Be angry, Sir! about what?

Count. Why, to see that this deaf cobbler should have your first greetings.

Charl. He is the son of our landlord, a good quiet lad.

Count. Very odd, that quiet people should always be deemed good people!

Charl. Virtue is never boisterous.

Count. But she is a daughter of love.

Charl. If that be so, it is to be lamented that the daughter so seldom gets the better of her parent.

Count. The man that is in love never fails to be a good man.

Charl. Indeed!

Count. The sun calls forth flowers from the earth; love rears virtues in the hearts of man.

Charl. Poor deceived girl! For I have always flattered myself to be good, without love.

Count. Conceit! Of what value is metal without a coin? Love ought to give her stamp to virtue, to make it current.

Charl. You mean the love of mankind.

Count. Have you renounced all other love?

Charl. Can you put this question to a tender and affectionate daughter?—Oh! do rejoice with me. My father will come down, and for the first time enjoy again the pure air. Here by this lime-tree he will sit, whose foliage he saw last autumn drop in melancholy expectation. Oh, Sir, I am so happy, so thoroughly happy!—could you but conceive what he has suffered! What privation he has endured——

Count. Privation! That was your fault.

Charl. Ming?

Count. Beyond a doubt. Why didn't you honour me with your confidence? Why disdain my assistance?

Charl. Are you also a physician?

Count. Anxiety of mind is worse than illness. I might perhaps have cured the one and relieved the other.

Charl. I don't understand you.

Count. If, for instance, I improved, by the use of it, what chance gave me; if, to comfort the sick father, I were to offer my assistance to the dutiful child? (*He draws out his purse, and poises it on his hand.*)

Charl. The dutiful child would then personally introduce the generous man to the beloved patient.

Count. And suppose he chose to intrust his pious gift only to the hands of the daughter?

Charl. She must then decline it.

Count. In other terms, despise it?

Charl. Not so, Count; there is a kind of tender respect for ourselves, which sometimes by a stranger may be misconstrued into contempt.

Count. But this rose you would not reject?

Charl. By no means. My father is fond of roses, and to-day is his birth-day. I thank you Sir, I will agreeably surprise him with this rose.—

[*She makes him a transient curtsy, nods friendly to William, and goes into the house. The Count looks a little foolish.*]

Ann. If you don't know how to get rid of your money, Count, I'll inform you that yonder lives an aged blind fisherman. Make him a present of your purse; and then you may call me twenty times old mother, or old witch, as you like best.

[*She goes into the house.*]

SCENE V.

Count SONNENSTERN and WILLIAM.

Count. These women are making game of me.—Stupid wretches—nor manners—if I could but get them to read novels—there is no subduing these novices without a novel. There is that deaf blockhead—he lives with her under the same roof—I wonder if he, perhaps, might not serve my purpose. I say, my friend?

[*William continues working, and pretends to be deaf.*]

Count. (*Calling out at his ear.*) I say, my lad.

Wil. (*Roughly.*) What's the matter?

Count. Gently, gently—do you know who is talking to you?
I—I am a Count.

Wil. Can you make a shoe?

Count. Blockhead!

Wil. Well, what are you good for, then?

Count. I can lay my cane round your shoulders, if you be not civil.

Wil. Hum! A shoe-maker can do that as well as you.

Count. Would you like to get money?

Wil. Get money? Ay, that I would; who will let me have some?

Count. I will.

Wil. In an honest way?

Count. In the easiest manner in the world.

Wil. The easiest way is not always the most honest. Do you want shoes?

Count. Would you deliver a little billet?

Wil. At the post-office?

Count. No, no; in this house, to Miss Charlotte. But old men should not know it.

Wil. Very well. Give the letter.

Count. But how will you contrive?

Wil. Carry it to her father.

Count. To her father? Are you mad?

Wil. But I should think the father might read what is written to the daughter.

Count. Fool! What do I want you for, then?

Wil. Fool? True! true! Never employ a fool when you want a clue.

Count. That fellow also is too stupid like the rest; he also wants lightning. Ho, ho! But here comes a man just as I want him—
If a word will do for him.

SCENE VI.

Enter EYTERBORN.

Count. Good morrow, dear neighbour! You come quite to the purpose.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Count. I know you are a man up to any thing.

Eyt. I am an honest man; that all the world knows.

Count. So much the better for you; if all the world knows or believes you to be so; for that is all one.

Eyt. What do you mean by that, Count?

Count. There is too sorts of honest men, do you see: the one themselves, and the others for the world.

Eyt. Bad principles!

Count. But they'll make a man look plump and fat; you by your honesty, have acquired a belly fat enough to qualify you to an Emperor of Japan.

Eyt. You seem to be in a chattering humour, and I am busy,
Count.

Count. I'll increase your business, dear neighbour. I'll tell you what: I am not to be deterred either by your bely, your wig, or your frigid virtuous mein. I'll make you *mon postillon d'amour*.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Count. A postillion ought to have a horse, you know. I make you a present of my bay mare.

Eyt. (*Eagerly.*) The same you rode yesterday?

Count. The very identical one, that you saw caper so nicely.

Eyt. That with the fine head?

Count. And with that majestic mane.

Eyt. (*Obsequiously.*) *Obligé, très obligé*—What can I oblige you in, Sir?

Count. You know the old collector Bertram?

Eyt. He who lives here? oh, yes, I know him. (*Looking round.*) But talk softly, we are not alone.

Count. That shoemaker, you mean? Never mind him, he is as deaf as a wall.

Eyt. Nothing in the world is deaf; even walls have ears. But what of the old consumptive Collector?

Count. He has a pretty daughter, who is nothing less than consumptive.

Eyt. A green thing yet.

Count. Green! How old was your deceased wife, pray, when you left the mother for the daughter, and compelled the father to give his consent in a hurry?

Eyt. Hush! What do you mean by that?

Count. Dear Eyterborn, we are neighbours' children; and you know one hears odd things.

Eyt. Hush! hush! Such odious things ought not to be revived especially when the world has lost the recollection of them.

Count. We are here by ourselves. The mask is calculated for the masquerade; but when two friends sit down over a bowl of punch, they will take it off. And so I think it is with the world. When the devil meets his fellow, he pulls off his silk glove, and shakes him by the bare claw. (*Shakes hands with him.*)

[Will. falls again a singing]

Eyt. You are a wicked rogue; but your bay mare makes me overlook your sarcasms. I am and will be an honest man for that.

Count. To be sure, I know people credulous enough to take

their oaths of it; do but manage it so as to inspire old Bertram with the same faith.

Eyt. He has that.

Count. And Charlotte——

Eyt. Oh, she takes every one for honest.

Count. So much the better.

Eyt. I'll thank you to be as brief as you can.

Count. I'll be as laconic as a Spartan. I am going to be married——

Eyt. I wish you joy.

Count. To a lady of great fortune.

Eyt. That's clever.

Count. And young——

Eyt. Excellent!

Count. And as ugly as the devil.

Eyt. Indeed!

Count. Now, I should wish at least to see her ugly ladyship waited on by a handsome maid.

Eyt. Very natural.

Count. Old Bertram is a poor devil.

Eyt. He is, truly.

Count. He'll be glad to get a place for his daughter.

Eyt. May be. But he is very capricious, proud, and a great friend to virtue.

Count. Well; you must tell him, that my intended is likewise a very religious and virtuous lady. (*Laughing.*) And I think upon my honour, it is a fact.

Eyt. He most certainly is in distress. He has incurred some debts, and we ought to avail ourselves of that circumstance.

Count. Well said. You meanwhile may fully dispose of my purse. And, if you succeed, there will be fifty louis-dors for yourself.

Eyt. Only don't talk of it. All must be kept secret—mind decorum—you would'nt believe all a man may do, provided he contrives matters properly.

Count. Very right, my dear Mentor. I am your Telemachus to the utmost extent of the meaning.

Wil. (*Rising, to the Count.*) You have got a hole in your shoe; shall I mend it?

Count. Fool!—I have cut it out myself, the corns hurt me.

Wil. Cut it out himself? Ay, that's the way. (*Aside.*) When the conscience is somewhat too narrow, and bad deeds begin to torture the soul, we cut a hole in it, and all is right again.

Count. I now leave you to your operations. Let me embrace you my dear friend.

Eyt. Serviteur. Our friendship is rather young.

Count. When an honest couple want each other's good services, friendship proceeds with the steps of a giant. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Eyt. A shrewd fellow! I must proceed prudently with him; I must cover my retreat. Young people will brag of their success, when they have attained their aim. They'll steal fruit in a stranger's orchard, and laugh at the gardener into the bargain—That might hurt my reputation—Thank God, my honesty is so well established, that people would swear to it, though they caught me in a burglary. Ha! ha! ha! The world will believe any thing, learn any thing by heart, if you have but patience to tell it a million times. “I am an honest man”—I have been telling them these twenty years; and behold, every child in the street will call out as I go along, there is an honest man. (*Looking at William.*) Curse that fellow, for his bawling.

SCENE VIII.

Enter PHILIP BERTRAM, and CHARLOTTE knitting.

Phil. Let me sit down here, child; here it is warm and pleasant.

Eyt. Serviteur, Collector.

Phil. Welcome, good Eyterborn: I have not seen you these many weeks.

Eyt. A journey on business—Has any thing happened since?

Phil. A greet deal, a monstrous great deal; the most important thing in the world: I am well again.

Eyt. I give you joy.

Phil. I thank you, thank you. Yes, yes, God Almighty has granted me again a little breath. I have often requested my daughter to sing me that pretty song of Claudius,

Oh do but grant a breath of air;

Thou hast such stores of it.

Eyt. The genial spring will contribute to your recovery. You take a walk to your garden——

Phil. Don't mention that garden. I wish it had been swallowed

up in an earthquake, rather than it should have set two brothers by the ears these fifteen years.

Eyt. It is the first time I hear you say so.

Phil. Alas! I had to fall ill to have a sound thought!

Eyt. He that has the purest right on his side, like you——

Phil. Oh! dear friend; when a man has been so near, as I have now been, the bar of that court, where no one is right, and where mercy connives at transgression, he had rather not be over-positive. For that very reason I have requested my good friend Doctor Bluhm—and he has taken the charge upon himself—to have this unbrotherly quarrel settled before the court of conscience.

Eyt. (*Startled.*) Before the court of conscience? Are you in earnest?*

Phil. I have been resolved on it these eight days.

Eyt. And you told me nothing about it?

Phil. You were absent.

Eyt. But, good heavens! What are the laws for, if conscience is to decide?

Phil. We have laws to torment one another, and a conscience to make up for those torments.

Eyt. But suppose your brother wo'nt listen to any proposals?

Phil. Then I'll make him a present of the garden; for I want rest, and am too poor to continue the suit. As soon as I can again follow my business, and get a few dollars, I'll apply them to the education of my daughter;—she wants it, and is unprovided for.

Charl. You have taught me to pray and work; what do I want more?

Phil. Now a-days, much more. The young gentlemen care little about your prayers, and will ask, if you can dance.

Charl. What are the young gentlemen to me?

Phil. You would, in our days, not even do for a lady's maid in a fashionable family; for they would not enquire into your prayers. Miss, will they say, can you make a cap? Can you wash laces? and such things.

Charl. I can sew, knit: cook, bake——

Phil. And love your father, and that is all. A great deal for me, for a grand lady a mere trifle, child.

Eyt. But I know a young lady of fortune, that is going to be married, and is richer in virtue than in gold. She wants a modest

* The court of conscience was instituted by the Empress Catharine; it has since been abolished. This institution had crushed many a lawsuit in its very birth.

young woman about her. I am your friend, and an honest man. If I can procure that place for Miss, you may——

Charl. (*clinging round her father.*) Here is my place.

Phil. I thank you good Eysterborn. More of that another time.

Charl. No; you will not discard me.

Phil. Discard thee, child? No; I am anxious for thy happiness.

Charl. I have been unhappy only once in my life. It was when you were so ill.

Phil. But futurity——

Charl. My father will never ask me, whether I can wash laces?

SCENE IX.

Enter DR. BLUHM.

Bluhm. Ah! I am glad to see you for the first time in the open air.

Phil. Welcome, Doctor. Come, let's shake hands.

Charl. (*Very friendly.*) Good morrow, dear Doctor.

Phil. How happy must a physician feel, that saves a father's life, and restores to helpless orphans their supporter.

Bluhm. If his art were always as sure as his good intentions.

Phil. It is not less pleasing to belong to a class of men, upon whom every stranger has a right to call for advice and assistance. When I coughed, spit blood, and was going full speed to the open grave—I was a stranger to you—you came to me by day and by night, in storm and rain; and though you could not always relieve me, your friendly good-natured look would comfort my child, and inspire me with confidence. I did not know you; I am a poor man; a sense of humanity brought you to my couch. Oh, blessed be the profession, whose sole motive is the love of mankind!

Bluhm. Have you my permission to talk so much?

Phil. The effusions of an overflowing heart are not to be calculated by the strength of the lungs. I this day keep the anniversary of my fifty-third year; and I have to thank you for it. This good girl is not yet fatherless, and I have to thank you for it.

Bluhm. I must indeed, my good man, in the quality of a physician, prohibit you to exert yourself so much. It is an attribute of great souls to carry their gratitude too far. I have done my duty; would to God my recompence were always such!—This visit is the visit

of a friend ; you have no farther occasion for a physician. When we were last night talking of your birth-day, I hoped to surprize you this morning with the agreeable intelligence of the adjustment of your lawsuit.

Phil. What a precious present it would have been !

Bluhm. I have not yet given up all hopes. The judge of our court of conscience is the noblest soul I ever knew ; perhaps the only man in the world who loves virtue for the sake of virtue : he alternately acts the part of judge, of a father, of a brother. Conviction flows from his lips, and humanity from his heart. Do his generous exertions miss their aim—his nights are destitute of sleep ; but has he succeeded in bringing about harmony and peace—he certainly lies down more content than those to whom he gave peace.

Phil. Heavens bless him !

Bluhm. You may perhaps this very day receive a testimony of his unrelenting exertions in doing good.

Eyt. You are very rash, Doctor.

Bluhm. We can never be too precipitate in doing good.

Eyt. There may be too great dispatch in doing that too. The Collector was just in the very road of obtaining a verdict in his favour ; costs and all.

Bluhm. Costs and all ! And are the fifteen years uneasiness also comprised in the charges ?

Eyt. (*With a sneer.*) One plainly perceives that the Doctor is a novel-writer.

Bluhm. What harm is there in that ? Men are often so bad in real life, that one finds true delight in conjuring better things from the regions of fancy. It is rather odd, that some shallow heads should, with an air of disdain, look down on a novel writer, and strive to persuade the world that he is fit for nothing else.

Eyt. There may be a good reason for it : The more solid sciences are often neglected for these trifling pursuits.

Bluhm. We well know what the gentlemen of the bar call solid science : barbarous constructions and phrases, which nobody understands.

Eyt. And do people understand your prescriptions ?

Bluhm. Alas ! No, Sir : and I give you leave to turn our quackish cant as much into ridicule as you please.

Eyt. You are caught, Doctor. Every profession has, and by right, ought to have, its quackery, to command respect. You have your *recipe*, and I have my *clausula rati, grati et indemnificationis*. Servitieur.

[*Exit.*

Bluhm. He seems displeased at your inclination to make up matters.

Phil. Soldiers and lawyers never pray for peace.

Bluhm. The court of conscience is a thorn in his eye.

Phil. His intentions are good.

Blum. At least all the town says so. There are however, people fortunate enough to be deemed honest, without being able to account for it.

Phil. Bad enough, that the fame of honesty should, as many other things, depend upon the caprice of fortune, and be the sport of chance.

Ann. (*Entering.*) Breakfast is ready.

Phil. Directly; coming directly. The pure air has given me appetite. Won't you be a witness of it, Doctor?

Bluhm. I have a patient in the neighbourhood.

Phil. Then I'll not detain you a minute. I know with what anxiety a patient waits for the appearance of the Doctor. Farewell, till we meet again.

[*He enters the house, supported by ANN.*]

SCENE. X.

Charl. (*Approaching with diffidence.*) What will you think of me, dear Doctor, that I was so silent when my father thanked you so much? But God knows how it happens; whenever any body does me some great service, my tears will flow much faster than my words.

Bluhm. Tears are the interpreters of the heart.

Charl. I could have wept with pleasure, but I durst not in that lawyer's presence.

Bluhm. And durst you before me, good child?

Charl. Before you? Oh, yes! In that dreadful night, when my father lost so much blood. I saw tears run down your own cheeks.

Bluhm. I was wrong then. The heart of a physician should be in full armour, like the body of a tortoise.

Charl. God forbid! They could not then feel any satisfaction when they have restored happiness to a distressed family. Oh! It must be a charming thing to help men in the most desperate cases. (*With great vivacity.*) Had I been a boy, I might have learnt to write prescriptions—might myself have cured my father. How useful, how happy would I have been!

Bluhm. I must bear you testimony that your kind nursing has done him more good than my medicines.

Charl. (*Delighted.*) Indeed! Are you in earnest?

Bluhm. In full earnest.

Charl. (*Bursting out in tears of joy.*) Oh, Sir! You don't know what inexpressible joy these words of yours give me. My father will now live to be an old man, won't he.

Bluhm. If he be careful; not exert himself too much—not indulge his passions.

Charl. That is my care. I will watch him, I will keep him from every thing that might prove dangerous to his health.

Bluhm. And will you always be about him?

Charl. Always! Yes; always.

Bluhm. But, if different duties should call you?

Charl. Different ones! More sacred ones! never!

Bluhm. The duties of a wife—of a mother?

Charl. No; I will never marry.

Bluhm. Never marry?

Charl. No if I must leave my father.

Bluhm. But you would then give him a son.

Charl. And the son would rob him of his daughter.

Bluhm. But suppose there was a man who could procure your father a tranquil old age, free from care; a man, who, far from robbing him of the tender solicitude of his daughter, would sling the tie of love and homely felicity round three good souls; who would live under your roof, increase your joys, and share your sorrows?

Charl. Aye, if there were such a one.

Bluhm. Could you love that man?

Charl. How could I do otherwise?

Bluhm. And if your father requested you to give that man your hand and heart—

Charl. With pleasure! But that would be all I could give him; for we are poor.

Bluhm. Oh! You don't know how rich you are—

Charl. If honesty counts for riches.

Bluhm. Oh, yes! There are still men in this bad world who know the value of honesty; just as, in a desert, a man knows to value a piece of bread, which in our sumptuous palaces no lap-dog would deign to touch. Farewell good child: I lose myself when I am talking with you. Remember our conversation. A time may come when I'll remind you of it.

[Exit.]

SCENE XI.

CHARLOTTE and WILLIAM.

Char. (Sunk in deep thought.) What did he mean by that? Remember our conversation! *(After a pause with a deep sigh.)* Oh! I think I never could have forgot it.

[Advancing slowly towards the house.]

Wil. (Rises.) Dear Miss!

Charl. (Friendly.) Well William!

Wil. I hope you will not take it amiss—

Charl. No, William.

Wil. I have just finished a pair of shoes—

Charl. So I see.

Wil. As this is your father's birth-day, and as your fondness for him is such as to extract tears from my eyes, whilst I was witnessing it on yon stool, I would venture—but pray don't be angry with me—

Charl. How can I be angry? Your intentions are so pure.

Wil. (Laying his hand on his heart, and his eyes lifted up towards heaven.) Yes, yes indeed my intentions are pure.

Charl. Well then, speak freely.

Wil. I wish—you would—take these paltry pair of shoes as a present from me.

Charl. I thank you, good William; and will occasionally return your kindness.

Wil. No; that you must not. Oh! I am so glad you do not despise my shoes.

Charl. Fie! A present given with a good heart—who could despise it?

Wil. Do you say so, good miss? Well then you have paid for the shoes over and over. The money of that great gentleman—I have seen all!—You have rejected; and you take a pair of shoes of poor William! I know why—poor William's intentions are pure and honest. That Count, or whatever he may be—be aware of him; the lawyer is his accomplice. On this very spot they have talked of things, of which only people of fashion can talk with indifference; and yet they looked at one another without a blush. I will not repeat them, it would't become me. But beware of the Pharisees!

Charl. I thank you honest William. Now I take your present with still greater pleasure; when bad people shall ever attempt

entrap me with alluring language, I'll look down upon your shoes, and think of your warning. *[Enters the house.]*

SCENE XII.

Wil. (Wiping a tear from his eyes.) That is a young lady, so good, so condescending—oh, could the house but burn over her head that I might precipitate myself into the flames and rescue her! Here she stood; honest William, she said. Mind that, William; if thou be not honest now to thy very last breath, thou oughtest to go barefoot to hell.

[The curtain drops.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in FRANK BERTRAM'S House.

JACK BUTLER, *sitting at a Table, on which there is Wine and somewhat for Breakfast.*

FIFTY-THREE years old! Long live—(*Drinks.*) how long?—all one! Provided he outlive me. Lay his sword and scabbard crossways on his coffin; lead his horse in mourning trappings behind his corpse—no, another may do that.

SCENE II.

Enter MRS. GRIESGRAM.

Mrs. Gries. Good God! At the bottle again?

Jack. Yes, Mrs. Griesgram; I am drinking to the health of my brave master.

Mrs. Gries. Curse that drinking to people's health; it is the very thing that makes them ill. Whoever drinks every body's health drinks his own away.

Jack. I drink only two, my king's and my master's.

Mrs. Gries. The king's! Very patriotic upon my word. The old Collector, our master's brother, very likely had got himself into a consumption by drinking the king's health.

Jack. (*In a passion.*) What! (*Containing himself.*) I'll tell you what, Mrs. Griesgram; you are ill informed. I'll tell you to a hair what has occasioned his consumption.

Mrs. Gries. Well.

Jack. He once had an ill-natured housekeeper, who during the day kept scolding his servants, and at night regaled him with hymns.

Mrs. Gries. For the good of his soul, likely.

Jack. A true Xantippe, that would give him his wine by drops, and hide bottles full of cherry-brandy under her bed.

Mrs. Gries. Indeed!

Jack. In short, a Xanippe; who—your health, Mrs. Griefgram. Hm'! That went down my throat like fused lead.

Mrs. Gries. What stuff do you drink there that is so bad?

Jack. Will you taste it? (*Filling a glass.*)

Mrs. Gries. Let's see. (*Empties the glass at one breath.*) Hem! that tastes somewhat like—pray fill again. (*Jack fills, and she drinks as before.*) No, that's good for nothing.

Jack. May be; but then it costs no more than twelve kreuzers: twelve kreuzers honestly got.

Mrs. Gries. Come to-night to my little room, there I'll give you something nice.

Jack. Thank you, Madam: I want no sleeping draught to lull my conscience to rest.

Mrs. Gries. You are, and always will be, a grumbler; a queer fish: there is no dealing with you.

Jack. I am too old to alter my habits.

Mrs. Gries. You might procure yourself good old days.

Jack. Well! An't I enjoying myself?

Mrs. Gries. With that sloe-juice!—ha! ha! ha!

Jack. Sour wine will sweeten as it passes through an honest throat, Mrs. Griefgram.

Mrs. Gries. Ay, ay! You talk a good deal of honesty; but you never go to church, and never sing a hymn.

Jack. And I never rob my master, nor speak scandal of my neighbour.

Mrs. Gries. You might at least attend at my prayers in the evening.

Jack. And help you to count your money.

Mrs. Gries. And not always tell tales to your master——

Jack. But shut my eyes.

Mrs. Gries. You are a droll man. What do we serve for? Master has no children.

Jack. Master has a brother and a niece.

Mrs. Gries. He has indeed: bad people! That will vex and plague him on purpose: and to them he is to leave all that fine fortune.

Jack. (*Archly significant.*) As to that—if heaven grants him long life, there won't be much left to bequeath.

Mrs. Gries. How long can the old grumbler live yet? He is going very fast, that's plain enough.

Jack. (*Earnestly.*) Think you so?

Mrs. Gries. His faculties decay apace.

Jack. (*Terrified.*) Do they?

Mrs. Gries. Yet a couple of months——

Jack. What?

Mrs. Gries. Suppose we grant him till October; till the next fall of the leaves?

Jack. What, so soon? (*Affected.*) Oh, no! (*Displeased.*) No! (*Stamping with his foot.*) No! no!

Mrs. Gries. You may say a hundred times over, No! When death says, Yes! He is likely to have the last word. But there is the consequence: had master taken my miraculous essence of Hall——

Jack. When the leaves fall off the trees! Has the Doctor said so?

Mrs. Gries. What Doctor? I understand those matters full as well as that green Doctor. Master has the gout; that will fix in his stomach, and gone he is.

Jack. Well, I wish you may bite the dust before the cherries are ripe. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Mrs. GRIESGRAM; soon afterwards EYTERBORN.

Mrs. Gries. Disagreeable fellow! I must spare him: he has ingratiated himself with my master. I have driven twenty servants out of the house with a single word; but of that confounded grumbler I cannot rid myself.

Eyt. (*Stepping forward very softly.*) Good morrow my revered friend.

Mrs. Gries. (*Very friendly.*) God bless you, dear Mr. Eytborn. What brings you so early?

Eyt. Early, indeed; and yet too late.

Mrs. Gries. What's the meaning of that?

Eyt. There are serious things going forward.

Mrs. Gries. Serious things!

Eyt. The old man will come to an agreement——

Mrs. Gries. (*Frightened.*) What his brother?

Eyt. The suit has been carried before the court of conscience.

Mrs. Gries. Impossible!

Eyt. I have just left the court; both the brothers have signed full powers.

Mrs. Gries. To whom?

Eyt. To Dr. Bluhm.

Mrs. Gries. To that fop? Without mentioning a single syllable

of me! Without taking your advice!

Eyt. Gently, gently, Mrs. Griefgram: passion will spoil all.

Mrs. Gries. What must we do then?

Eyt. Countermine; create suspicion against the intruding pacificator; work up the minds of the parties.

Mrs. Gries. And if that don't take?

Eyt. If that fail—well then they will compromise matters; proceed to a reconciliation; then an affecting scene will take place; the two old fools will shed hot tears; the young niece will flatter and caress the old uncle, and lay hold of his succession.

Mrs. Gries. Lay hold of the succession! Wrench it out of my hands?

Eyt. Yes, yes, Mrs. Griefgram. That is the reward of all the trouble you have been at these many years; all your cares and anxiety have served to no other purpose than to scrape together a rich dowry for that foolish girl.

Mrs. Gries. Hold, Sir! I am going to faint away.

Eyt. I would faint away three times if I could but help it.

Mrs. Gries. In fact, sweet friend of my soul, you are, after all, the greatest loser of the two. I never had any thing in view but your dear person.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Mrs. Gries. When I was saving night and day, and now and then cabbaged a penny, I did it only that I might not make a tender of an empty hand to my future consort.

Eyt. Obligé.

Mrs. Gries. My fortune, indeed, is but scanty. What is a couple of thousand dollars? All my hopes were fixed on that succession.

Eyt. If it were but signed only.

Mrs. Gries. Well, God's will be done! I am confident that my future dear husband has not chosen me for the gain of temporary treasures.

Eyt. But, Mrs. Griefgram, whilst we live in this temporary world, we shall stand in need of these temporary treasures.

Mrs. Gries. Industry, economy, (*Affectedly*) and love——

Eyt. Serviteur.

Mrs. Gries. You are an honest man.

Eyt. (*His hand on his breast.*) That I am; and you are a religious woman.

Mrs. Gries. That I am. Then we will not despond; but set to work like good christians, and bring confusion and shame on our enemies. But should the wicked triumph, we shall always have a

hut wherein we may dwell in love and harmony. Shan't we my dear Mr. Eyterborn?

Eyt. Alas! Those huts, those huts appear sweet only in pastoral poems. I could like a nice bequest better than all the huts throughout the Roman Empire.

SCENE IV.

FRANK BERTRAM *enters on a crutch.*

Frank. Good morrow, children; good morrow. I have slept cursedly late this morning. I may thank the late visit of last night for it.

Eyt. Had you many guests last night my patron?

Frank. Only one guest; only one, Sir; and may the devil take him. One is full enough. The gout, friend! The gout! (*Sitting down.*) Sit down if you please: stand, if you won't fit. With me things are gone so far, that I might as well be nailed to my chair.

Eyt. It is a distemper which only raps at the door of the rich.

Frank. Rap at the door, Sir! It breaks in by night like a thief.

Mrs. Gries. Had you taken my wonderful essence of Hall——

Frank. (*In a passion.*) I'll tell you what, Mrs. Griesgram; keep your wonderful essence for yourself: none of them for me. I can't for my life bear the idea of your wonders. The other day a famous bass finger was advertised: but I would not go to his performance, only because his name was Wonder.

Mrs. Gries. You did right, Sir; that fellow sung nothing but profane songs, airs of the opera, and such worldly profligacy.

Frank. Pray what did you talk of when I came in? Let me hear, pray.

Eyt. We were talking——

Mrs. Gries. We lamented——

Eyt. We wondered——

Mrs. Gries. And were vexed——

Frank. What? At what?

Eyt. That it is so easy for bad people to overreach the good.

Frank. Nothing else? The old song.

Eyt. I hear, Captain, you have given full powers to Doctor Bluhm.

Frank. Yes, so I have.

Mrs. Gries. You will compromise matters with your brother?

Frank. Yes, I will.

Eyt. Very odd, after fifteen years.

Frank. I ought to have done it fifteen years ago sure enough.

Eyt. Just at the time when your cause has taken so favourable a turn——

Frank. That's the very thing; it always turns, and never goes forward.

Eyt. The point of incidence concerning the *forum privilegiatum* was to be decided this very week.

Frank. And what was I to gain by that?

Eyt. The certain knowledge of the court that is to decide in the affair.

Frank. Indeed? And then we were to have it all over again? Thus have I in fifteen years so far succeeded as to know where I must bring the action.

Eyt. That is not my fault; I am an honest man.

Frank. I know that.

Eyt. The chicanery of your brother——

Frank. For that very reason. He seemed to be disposed to lodge me under hatches. But I have now chased him from the ocean of Chicane to Court of Conscience harbour, and there I'll block him up. He shan't escape, I warrant ye.

Eyt. I dare say he'll be glad to get off so well.

Frank. What do you call well? Think you the court of conscience will adjudge him the garden?

Eyt. (*Shrugging up his shoulders.*) Who knows?

Frank. And if so, the whole trash is not worth above three hundred dollars, and the suit cost me as many thousands.

Mrs. Gries. What vexes me is, that this wicked man should be right at last.

Frank. Be right? No such thing, Mrs. Griefgram. He may get the garden but not with right.

Mrs. Gries. Your paternal possession.

Frank. Ay, that it was.

Eyt. Whilst you were encountering a thousand dangers on the high seas——

Mrs. Gries. He snatches away the garden as Jacob did the rights of his first-born brother.

Frank. Ay, so he did the scoundrel.

Mrs. Gries. And now he is besides to be your heir.

Frank. My heir! who says so?

Mrs. Gries. If you compromise——

Frank. What then?

Mrs. Gries. You will then certainly come to a formal reconciliation.

Frank. Never.

Mrs. Gries. There will then be great joy in this house.

Eyt. Well, Mrs. Gries. no harm done. We shall at least have a good dinner for all our trouble.

Mrs. Gries. I won't touch a saucepan, I warrant ye. Young Miss may go and dress the victuals herself.

Eyt. She will do that with pleasure. She rejoices already in the idea of managing the household of her dear uncle.

Frank. Avast there! Don't put me in a passion. What's all this foolish talk?

Eyt. Miss Bertram will know how to insinuate herself. She knows how to turn the cloak to the wind. She had scarcely been apprized of an agreement being set on foot, but she immediately broke off all her little intrigues; because she thought her dear uncle might take them amiss, and lessen her dowry.

Frank. What! has the girl an intrigue?

Eyt. I wouldn't take upon me to say so. I am an honest man, you know; and rather say any thing that is good of my neighbour. There is a Count Sonnenstein, a nice young nobleman; he makes himself at home at the Collector's, frequently takes a walk with Miss—

Mrs. Gries. Takes a walk? Good Heaven!

Eyt. And in the evening will sit at the street-door with her—

Mrs. Gries. In the evening! Oh shame!

Frank. Thunder and lightning! the impudent huffy.

Eyt. How would it have been possible for your brother to keep up so extensive a law-suit, if he had not thought of all these little means to procure cash?

Frank. Little means; a plague on such little means!

Eyt. May be the Doctor has also some inclination for the girl; but he will not take her without money: hence he is so anxious to bring about a reconciliation.

Frank. Avast there, Sir! leave the Doctor alone. That man is as true as the needle of a compass; he always points to the pole of virtue.

Eyt. May be I am wrong. As an honest man, and your attorney I am obliged to tell you my opinion.

Frank. Thank ye, thank ye. I'll occasionally make use of your advice. It is not at all for the sake of my brother that I wish for an agreement; I only want to be quiet. Fifteen years ago, I'd have preferred to be set a shore on an uninhabited island, to giving up an hair's breadth of my right. But now I am getting old; I am sickly; should wish to die in peace, and not to have my last days embittered by a law-suit.

Eyt. Very laudable.

Mrs. Gries. And Christian-like!

Frank. But if my brother has a mind to angle in muddy water, and if he and his pretty Miss aim at my succession, they have made their reckoning without their host.

Eyt. That's talking like a man now.

Mrs. Gries. And justly too.

Eyt. If the Captain should think of a will—

Mrs. Gries. (*In a whinny tone.*) Oh! don't talk of wills; it will break my heart.

Eyt. Well, well, Mrs. Gries. a man won't die a minute the sooner for that. The Captain loves order.

Frank. Very right; I'll think of it.

Eyt. Some Christian foundation—

Frank. No such thing, Sir. Awaft! that won't do.

Eyt. Or some reward for honest services.

Frank. Ay, there is sense in that.

Mrs. Gries. Oh dear! who would not do any thing for so good a master, even without a reward in this world? Heaven grant him long life!

Frank. Thank you, Mrs. Gries. I'll not forget you.

SCENE V.

Enter Dr. BLUHM.

Frank. Welcome, dear Doctor. (*Pointing at his feet.*) The enemy holds out bravely yet.

Bluhm. We will make peace with him.

Frank. Could we but come to an armistice meanwhile.

Bluhm. When ease and tranquility have concluded peace in the cabinet of the mind, the rebellious subjects lay down their arms of their own accord.

Eyt. There's a physician for you, that cures people with sentences.

Bluhm. A most excellent medicine: its a pity that so few bodies are affected by it.

Eyt. Pacificators will seldom please both parties.

Bluhm. For that reason many people prefer to create dissensions—

Mrs. Gries. Much better than to meddle with eggs not yet laid.

Bluhm. Particularly if snake eggs.

Frank. Awaft! awaft! I tell you. That looks much like an engagement. I begin to see your drift. The one would have me steer to the windward, the other to the leeward. Both wish me well—may

think their own course to be the best. But my vessel is leaky; I'll follow him who points out a secure harbour, and says, let us winter there.

Bluhm. Well said, captain. Keep true to these sentiments, and the gout will never get the better of you.

Frank. If it were not for my health, I'd persecute that wicked fellow to the very grave.

Bluhm. That did not come from your heart.

Frank. No, nor should it. If the heart palliates a crime, and were it a brother's crime, the heart is an old gossip.

Bluhm. Your brother is neither profligate nor criminal.

Frank. He has these fifteen years been dragging me from tribunal to tribunal.

Bluhm. Who has commenced the action?

Frank. I have; and why? I do not quarrel with him for that paltry bit of a garden; but for the love of our parents. "Brother," said I to him, "that won't do. The world will think I am an undutiful child; and that our father has bequeathed all to thee, because thy brother is a good-for-nothing fellow. Seest thou, brother," said I, "that won't do? My honour—my heart—my fame is hurt—let's share conscientiously." But that he would not; he builds his claim on a surreptitious will; "He could not," said he, "injure his minor infant."—Woe on the man who accumulates unjust wealth for his children!

Mrs. Gries. Yes, yes; woe on that man!

Bluhm. The accumulation of wealth here, seems to be quite out of the question. The object, by your own account, is too trifling. Say, rather that your passions have interfered; and what class of men fare better by the passions than the gentlemen of the law?

Fyt. Serviteur.

Bluhm. Had you calmly stated your claims—I know your brother—he would have yielded. But you would make a noise; you flew into a passion, and so did he. The flame rose high; mischievous people poured oil on it, and a fire was lighted, which lasted fifteen years, whilst dissention between two brothers gave it fuel. Every rash expression that escaped you was immediately reported to your brother; every biting answer of his, increased with additions as it travelled along, was imprinted hot on your heart. The most unmeaning words from his lips were sharpened into pointed arrows; and every, insignificant seaman's oath of yours was construed into a blow with a sword. Your friends took your part, whilst his friends did the same by him. In fact you were both wrong. But there are good friends, that will sanction every thing, and say inwardly—What is it to me? I won't fall out with him about it. There were others (*looking insignificantly at Eyt-erborn;*) who acted the part of a good friend both with you and your

brother ; who, under the pretence of bringing about a reconciliation, rendered the affair still more intricate ; who created suspicion and distrust, conjured up phantoms, and led you into the labyrinths of the goddess of jurisprudence, whose waxen nose you may easily twilt whither you please, but will never melt in the ray of philanthropy. In this manner lawsuits arise, Captain ; in this manner poison is mixed in the cup of human happiness : in this manner the mortal blow is given to fraternal love and harmony. Oh, Sir ! could we deprive law-suits of that fuel which they derive from conceit and obstinacy, on one hand, from irresolution, insinuation, and cupidity. on the other, our judges would be at little trouble, and we might see our lawyers starve with hunger.

Eyt. Thank you for the prognostic.

Mrs. Gries. What a pity the Doctor isn't a preacher !

Frank. Truth is a good thing in the mouth of any man.

Bluhm. I bring you the cheering hope of seeing your suit at an end this very day.

Eyt. True.

Mrs. Gries. Well, that is excellent !

Frank. My best thanks, friend.

Eyt. Probably concessions will be made on both sides.

Blum. Very probably.

Eyt. Both by him who is right, and by him who is wrong ?

Bluhm. By both ; for there never existed an action yet, in which one of the parties was perfectly right.

Frank. May be. I wish to be rid of it at any rate. If it concerned even the gardens of the Hesperides, or the famous park of Stowe in England, I would sacrifice them for the pleasure of spending my few remaining years quietly in the shade of the lime-tree that stands before my house.

Bluhm. I have made no bad use of your full powers, and I hope you will be satisfied with my exertions. Oh, with what ecstasy I am waiting for the moment when I shall lead your brother to your embraces, and when I shall see a tear trickle down the wrinkles which discord has engraven on the fraternal cheek !

Frank. Avast, Doctor ! that won't do. The suit may be compromised ; be it so in the name of God. But as to that gentleman, my brother, let him keep aloof.

Bluhm. If that were the case, it would be a good action left half way.

Frank. A wretch, who is the pander of his own daughter—

Bluhm. What ! who dares to utter this aspersion ?

Frank. Young Count Sonnenstein—with him she is so intimate, that all the neighbourhood talks of it.

Bluhm. A most scandalous falsehood. What venomous insect has contaminated the purity of that flower?

Frank. All me; I sha'n't enquire into the merits of the story. Suffice it that I hate her father, and he hates me.

Bluhm. He hate you! he does not indeed! Had you this very morning been a witness to the feelings with which he received his daughter's congratulations on the occasion of his birth-day—to those feelings with which he dwelt on the recollection that you were twins, and that consequently this was also your birth-day—

Frank. Did he so?

Eyt. Your birth-day?

Mrs. Gries. Good heavens! and no one has thought of it!

Frank. All one.

Bluhm. Your brother has thought of it. With rapture he spoke of those happy times, when on this day there was a family feast kept in homely concord.

Frank. Ay, ay; those were happy times—and did he speak of them?

Bluhm. Your mother, he said, used to be so happy then.

Frank. Yes, she used to be very happy on that day.

Bluhm. She then used to take you both in her arms, and exhort you to concord.

Frank. Yes, she did so.

Bluhm. During the last year of her life, she said, When I am gone, long gone, remember me on this day, and let me revive in your mutual affection.

Frank. (*Highly affected.*) Yes, she said so.

Bluhm. Then you embraced each other, and whilst a mother's tear dropped on your cheeks, you vowed one another eternal love. Your brother's sobs stopped his voice.

Frank. (*Displeased at his weakness.*) Nor can I hear you talk of it without shedding tears.

Eyt. (*Making a signal to Mrs. Gries.*) Please captain, to accept of the hearty congratulation of an honest man.

Frank. Thank ye, thank ye.

Mrs. Gries. (*Solemnly.*) May Heaven pour prosperity, health, and happiness, on the remotest days—

Frank. Avail! full enough.

Mrs. Gries. Good God! the Captain's birth-day cannot, must not be kept so privately.

Frank. Yes, privately; I like that best.

Bluhm. The hours of contentment flow silently along.

Mrs. Gries. But we must have an almond cake.

Frank. No occasion for it.

Mrs. Gries. Ah, but I won't be deprived of that satisfaction.

Frank. Be it so then, if that can make you happy.

Mrs. Gries. (To the Doctor.) The almond cake won't hurt the Captain, I hope?

Bluhm. Nothing will hurt, that is taken with an easy mind.

Mrs. Gries. Your servant. Now, no living soul shall make me stir from the kitchen till dinner-time; and whilst I am baking the cake I'll sing a hymn to the praise of the Lord. Then every thing prospers. (*Secretly to Eytborn.*) At four o'clock I expect you in my little room.

Eyt. (Looking at his watch.) I am called to my occupations. Should the agreement fail, and Captain Bertram want the service of an honest man—

Frank. The honest man will be welcome at any time, even without his services.

Eyt. Serviteur.

SCENE VI.

FRANK BERTRAM, *Doctor Bluhm.*

Frank. That Mrs. Griesgram is however a good soul. She looks like a monkey, but she has a good heart.

Bluhm. If the countenance were the mirror of the soul, as some people will have it—

Frank. Nonsense. The soul is reflected only in a man's actions, and not in his countenance. I have known many an honest man what the face of a satyr, and many a rogue as handsome as an Adam. There is Mrs. Gries. what pains that poor woman takes, and for what? No rest either by day or night! A continual plague! Continually harassed with the cares of the house!

Bluhm. I could wish her manners were somewhat more obliging.

Frank. True, Doctor. But there is so little good done in this world, that one ought to be glad to take it of any body, be his manners what they will. A clear spring refreshes, though it come from a rugged rock—and as to manners, what are mine, pray? Are they pleasant? I am scolding all day long.

Bluhm. A painful disorder excuses ill humour.

Frank. What! is illness an excuse? and a good heart none? No, no, Doctor; leave Mrs. Gries. alone. God forgive me, if I often snarl at her like a husband.

Bluhm. (Smiling.) God forgive you the comparison.

Frank. (*With indifference.*) I have never been married.

Bluhm. So much the worse.

Frank. That depends upon circumstances. Suppose now I had a wife, who from her corner would look at me with a frown, and say to herself, There he sets—has got the gout—ill humour—plagues me day and night—and I am tied to him, must endure him whether I choose or not. No, Doctor, I must praise Mrs. Gries. for that; she does all for me of her own accord; no chains rivet her to my person; she will go and bake an almond cake for me, though the parson hasn't united us.

Bluhm. She may thank her saints to have met with a man, whose heart is good enough to accept of an almond cake as a pledge of love. What a happy life a tender spouse would lead with you! You very likely never witnessed the sweet effusions of a happy husband and father at the celebration of his birth-day?

Frank. No, never.

Bluhm. When the little ones stand watching at the chamber-door to see if their father is awake, and meanwhile rehearse in a hurry the few verses they have learned by heart in honor of the day. Now, they step into the room, with their hair nicely combed, with their best clothes on, whilst the mother stands concealed behind the curtain, and drops a tear of joy on its trimmings.

Frank. Ay, ay, it must be very pretty.

Bluhm. When the mother, who eagerly stole from his side, diffidently comes forth from her concealment, and bride-like, sinks in his embrace to present him with a waistcoat, or a purse, which she knit for him without his knowledge—

Frank. An almond cake will do quite as well.

Bluhm. Oh sure! A good heart will convert paltry crystals into diamonds. When Love presents the boon, the beggar is as good as his king.

Frank. Well said, Doctor.

SCENE VII.

Enter JACK BULLER.

Jack. (*Good naturedly.*) Good day to you Captain.

Frank. Good day to you, Jack.

Jack. This is your birth-day, Sir.

Frank. I know.

Jack. I am heartily rejoiced at it.

Frank. I know that likewise.

Jack. You yesterday broke your sea foam tobacco-pipe.

Frank. Well, Jack booby, what business have you to put me in mind of it? It was a cursed foolish trick. You must know, Doctor, I suffered last night most confoundedly in that great toe. Your bath of muriatic acid, that your Mr. Rowley, or what you call him, has so much recommended, wouldn't do; and so, I smacked the pipe on the floor, and dash'd it to a thousand pieces: that didn't mend matters neither. But mind ye, Jack Buller, all men will play foolish tricks, but I have met none yet, that liked to be put in mind of them.

Jack. I meant no harm, Sir; it was to serve only as a kind of introduction. I have bought this wooden head, and a tube to it of ebony: if it be not too coarse, and Captain Bertram would do me the favor to accept of a trifle, on his birth-day, of old Jack—

Frank. Is that it? Come, let's look at it.

Jack. It's not a sea-foam, sure enough. But then Captain Bertram will remember, that Jack Buller's love for his master is not altogether mere foam, neither.

Frank. Hand it, old boy.

Jack. It ought to have a silver edging, I know; but Jack couldn't afford it.

Frank. Thank ye.

Jack. And will you keep it, Sir?

Frank. Surely.

Jack. Will you smoke out of it?

Frank. Most certainly. (*Putting his hand in his pocket.*)

Jack. (*observing what he is about.*) And you will not return me any thing for it?

Frank. (*Withdrawing his hand suddenly.*) No, no; you are right.

Jack. Hurah! Now, Mrs. Gries. may bake her cake of cabbaged groats, if she please.

Frank. Fie, Jack. What do you say?

Jack. Truth. I am just come out of the kitchen. She is making the devil of a fuss about her cake, and yet she must be told this very morning, that to day was her master's birth-day. I have been enjoying it these four weeks.

Frank. And because you have a better memory, you would blame the poor woman? Shame on ye!

Jack. And please your honor, the woman is a good-for-nothing—

Frank. Avast!

Jack. Yesterday she was to make you a wine soup, but she used beer as a substitute; and to-day, by way of making it up, she treats you with a cake.

Frank. Hold your tongue.

Jack. She'll let you want your very necessaries; mustn't you beg for a clean shirt, as if it were alms?

Frank. (Passionately.) Hold your tongue; I bid ye.

Jack. When you was bled last year, she had whole boxes full of linen, and there wasn't as much as a bandage for her master. Wasn't I obliged to tear my Sunday's shirt to pieces in a hurry to let you have one?

Frank. Jack, you have a scandalous tongue. Go to the devil with your pipe. (*Throwing it at his feet.*)

Jack. (Looking alternately at the pipe, and at his master.) I a scandalous tongue?

Frank. Yes.

Jack. You won't have my pipe?

Frank. No; I'll take nothing of a fellow that will be good alone.

[*Jack vexed, takes the pipe, and throws it out of the window.*]

Frank. Fellow! what are you about?

Jack. Throwing that pipe out of the window.

Frank. Are you mad?

Jack. What must I do with it? You won't have it; and I would certainly not once smoke out of it in all my life: as often as I puff out the smoke, I must say to myself, "Jack Buller, thou art a wretch; the man whom thou hast served honestly and truly for thirty years, has called thee a scandalous babbler." And then I must each time weep like a child. But when the pipe is once gone to pot, I shall forget it. I'll think my poor master was ill, and meant no harm.

Frank. (Affected.) Jack, come hither. (*Shaking him by the hand.*) I meant no harm.

Jack. (Kissing his hand.) I knew that. I have the best heart for you, Sir; and when I say, that such an old hypocrite cheats you, and lives luxuriously on the money you have earned with so much trouble, my blood boils.

Frank. Are you at it again?

Jack. Deal by me as you like. But I am launched; and all must come out now. Two days ago I by chance made a discovery:—In my garret there is by the side of the fire-grate a hole in the floor with a slider to it; whoever built this house must have had his reasons for leaving a hole just at that place. I was standing there, busy rummaging among my old rags, when the slider struck my sight. How! thinks I to myself, what may that be for? and so I knock'd my foot against it, the slider gave way—and look ye there—you may have a peep through it into Mrs. Griefgram's little chamber.

Frank. And listen, if you have a mind?

Jack. And listen, if one loves one's master.

Frank. Well, and what have you discovered there ?

Jack. That mischief-maker, Eyterborn, teaches her to sharpen and hook the arrows which she shoots at your strong box.

Frank. (Passionately.) Avas't, fellow, avas't ! Has the Devil got the better of you, to make you alight to-day on every bright mirror, like some impudent fly ? Eyterborn, the most honest man in town—

Jack. I should think that honesty, if it be of the right sort, ought to stand the look of any one that peeps at it through a hole in the garret.

Frank. Old boy, thou givest me to-day a peep into the very hold of thy heart.

Jack. So much the better : my ballast is love and fidelity for my matter.

Bluhm. I think it worth while at any rate to enquire into the business.

Frank. And so I will. I will hop up into the garret with my lame foot, and there—I can hardly pronounce the mean word—and there listen. But God have mercy on thee, fellow, if thou hast belied me. I'll turn thee out of doors without mercy.

Jack. (Good-natured.) Ah, but you wouldn't.

Frank. What ?

Jack. No ; you wouldn't.

Frank. (In a passion.) But I will, I tell thee ; I will, by Jove ! And if you say one single word more, I'll turn thee out immediately.

Jack. Well, then old Jack Buller goes to the hospital.

Frank. (Affected by these words.) To the hospital ! What !—What would you do there ?

Jack. What else but die ?

Frank. Thou die in an hospital ! Eh ! dost think I cannot take care of thee, if even I turn thee out of my house ?

Jack. Oh, yes, I know you are the man who would throw a purse of money at me, sufficient to support me while I lived ; but I had rather beg my bread than pick up the money thus thrown at me.

Frank. Rather beg your bread ? There's a proud fellow for you !

Jack. Whoever dislikes me, must not make me a present.

Frank. Do you hear, Doctor ? Isn't it enough to give a man a fit of the gout, that hadn't it ? When, four and twenty years ago, we fell into the hands of the Algerines, and the pirates had torn my jacket from my back, that fellow had concealed a couple of gold pieces in his cue : no one found them out. Six months afterwards we were ransomed. We got off with our lives and our freedom, but I was as naked as my hand ; and must have begged my way home, (*in a faltering voice*) hadn't that fellow there shared his gold-pieces with me : and now (*in the tone of passion*) he talks of dying in an hospital.

Jack. (Repentant.) Captain—

Frank. And when my crew had mutinied, and he revealed the plot at the hazard of his life—hast thou forgot that fellow?

Jack. You have built my old mother a house for that.

Frank. And when we engaged that brave Frenchman, yard-arm to yard-arm; when his broad-sword flood over my head, and thou didst lame the hand that was going to send me to my fathers—Hast thou likewise forgot that? Have I built thee a house for that? Wilt thou still die in an hospital? wilt thou?

Jack. My good master!—

Frank. Do you mean I should like to have these words engraven on my tomb-stone: “Here lieth an ungrateful dog?” Immediately tell me you will die under my roof, you rogue! Come, shake hands.

Jack. (*Dropping at his feet.*) Yes, my good master; this hand shall close Jack Buller’s eyes.

Frank. Avail there! don’t come too near my lame foot. But if thou must come near, I had rather have thee too near my leg than too near my heart.

Bluhm. Excellent! I must avail myself of that humour. Whoever can behave so to an old, true servant, cannot be implacable to a brother. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

FRANK BERTRAM, JACK BULLER.

Frank. Get up, go fetch me the pipe.

Jack. With pleasure! (*Rising.*) But what did the doctor say about your brother? Will that reconciliation come to pass?

Frank. He hopes so.

Jack. And you wish it. Isn’t it so?

Frank. Yes; if I could undo many things that have been done.

Jack. But who knows if all that people have put in your head, has been done? There are bad folks, that will blow wherever they see a little smoke, till they bring it to a blaze. Then they’ll stand with their arms across, and look on with mischievous eye; nay, put in a billet to increase the fire, but none of them would bring a tumbler-full of water to quench the flame.

Frank. Yes, yes; you may be right there, old boy.

Jack. I have witnessed many a fire, and seen people form themselves into two rows, and pass the buckets from hand to hand. When the flame of discord breaks out, it is quite the same; the buckets will run from hand to hand, but the well where they are filled contains oil.

Frank. May be.

Jack. If I were you I would disappoint these bad people. Take but half a step to meet him. After all, he is your brother. You are twins.

Frank. (*Looking straight forward.*) My brother!

Jack. God bless that good Doctor! I have always thought a physician could only cure the body, and that for such a reconciliation it needed a parson. But what matters the coat or the wig?

Frank. (*Sighing.*) Brother! brother!

Jack. What avails it, if he cure you of the gout? die you must. But if he could cure that bad wound, which otherwise will perhaps not close even in the grave—

Frank. Ay, if he could do that—

Jack. And when your brother with a friendly smile steps in here—

Frank. (*Starting.*) Step in here! Here?

Jack. Yes; and when he stretches out his hand—

Frank. Stretch out—his hand! (*Mechanically stretching out his hand, and withdrawing it again.*)

Jack. And when he cries out to you, Brother, don't withdraw thy hand—

Frank. (*Uneasy.*) Well! what then?

Jack. And then with his hand open to receive yours, draws nearer and nearer—

Frank. Nearer and nearer. (*Tendering his hand as by starts.*)

Jack. And says, brother Frank, our mother sees us—

Frank. (*Uneasily moving on his chair.*) When he says so—

Jack. And flies into your arms.

Frank. (*Opening his arms.*) Brother Philip!

[*The curtain drops.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scenery the same as in the first Act.

WILLIAM (*Working at a large boot.*)

W HETHER a man make a pair of slippers for a pretty girl, or a pair of boots for a horseman, one should think, must be the same thing; and yet it an't!—Where is the difference?—the same thread—

the same leather—but not the same foot!—Ay, there is the rub! When I look at this boot my imagination represents to me the figure of a heavy horseman with all his accoutrements, and then the work partakes of the heavy man. But a shoe for Miss Charlotte—(*Looking round, and slapping his own mouth.*) Hush!

SCENE II.

Enter CHARLOTTE knitting.

Charl. Always industrious, William!

Wil. Industrious! No, Miss.—This morning it went better out of hand.

Charl. A person that begins to work at the peep of day, ought to lie down a little after dinner.

Wil. Oh dear, Miss! I don't know, but sleep has been a stranger to me some time!

Charl. How does that happen?—You are young and well.

Wil. Very true! I can eat and drink well too; but with sleep I am quite fallen out. When I am up in my room and hear your father cough, or you walk—oh, I can very well distinguish your steps from those of old Ann!—gone is sleep!

Charl. Poor William!—Then we prevent you from sleeping?

Wil. No matter for that!—I must confess I sometimes feel as if I were glad when your papa begins to cough, for I know that I then shall hear you run to his assistance.

Charl. (*Looking round.*) Oh, there is that troublesome Count again!—One cannot get a step out of doors!—Now, William, I'll think of your shoes—

SCENE III.

Enter SONNENSTEIN.

Count. Excellent!—My presentiment has not deceived me!

Charl. Do the great folks still believe in presentiment?

Count. My heart whispered that I should find you here.

Charl. Very natural; for I am always here at this time, that I may not disturb my father's rest.

Count. But it seems as if Heaven had intended you for a disturber of rest.

Charl. You there wrong Heaven and me.

Count. You say that with so much indifference!

Charl. And yet I am displeased—I have just dropt a stitch—

Count. I understand—you are afraid to look at me.

Charl. (*Opening her eyes.*) Why so?

Count. Do you read nothing in my eyes?

Charl. Nothing at all.

Count. Till when will you be a stranger to the language of the heart?

Charl. (*Looking at her knitting with pretended simplicity.*) Why, I think till I meet with the right language-master.

Count. You perceive the voice of love, and shut your ears against it!

Charl. A girl should not hear at all.

Count. Strange! that girls should not hear what they like best.

Charl. And that is—

Count. The avowal of a passion,

Charl. She might hear that too, when her father is present.

Count. And why only in the presence of a father?—The father will be apprized of it soon enough.—There are certain things that can be said, at least well said, only between two people. The presence of an old hoary Mentor, with snow on his pate, and ice in his heart, will make a lovers words freeze on his tongue.

Charl. They must certainly be no more than words, as they are so easily caught by the frost.

Count. Dear girl!—Old age is the winter of life; love, on the contrary, its finest and tenderest blossom;—it won't bear the chilly blast of winter.

Charl. That's too sublime, too poetic for me!

Count. (*Impatiently.*) Bless me!—don't you at least read the almanack of the muses?

Charl. I read nothing but Gellert's Fables.

Count. Well, then, I must tell you, in pure prose, that I love you.

Charl. You might have told me that epigram in verse.

Count. What! do you call my love an epigram?

Charl. I do, Count.—I call it a biting satire on innocence and poverty.

Count. Satire!—Pray, look at these eyes!—These tears will plead my cause!

Charl. (*Looking at him.*) Tears!—I can see none.

Count. My palpitating heart!—my glowing cheek!—

Charl. But, why do you walk then in the greatest heat of noon?

Count. I ought now to complain of satire !

Charl. Retaliation.

Count. You wish to avoid an answer to my declaration.

Charl. Do you then actually expect a serious reply ?

Count. A serious, and a kind one.

Charl. Well, then !—I am a simple girl, *Count.*—But simplicity and credulity are not always concomitant qualities.—I don't believe a syllable of all your fine phrases !—How could you love me ?—These last two months you passed often by here, and if I happened to stand at the door, you talked to me—that's all !

Count. And is that not sufficient ?—One need but see you—

Charl. Oh, many people have seen me, and have remained perfectly tranquil !—But, suppose you did love me, what then ?

Count. A droll question indeed !

Charl. I am a poor girl, and you are a rich nobleman !

Count. You are right : the world has its prejudices ; but the heart will get the better of them. I have but one heart, and that is all yours. I have two hands, and I may at least give you the left.

Charl. The left only ? ha ! ha ! ha ! is not that all one ?

Count. To lovers there is not the least difference ; and to the world, it is no more than a handful of dust thrown at the eyes !

Charl. And to my father ?

Count. He is a man of the world.

Charl. But he don't like dust. He will always say, what one dares not do before the eyes of all the world one had better not do at all.—*(Waggishly.)* Methinks I hear him come down. Won't you ask him his opinion ?

Count. *(Confused.)* O yes !—why not ?—if only—*(Apart.)* Curse it ! I would sooner conquer ten coquets than one of your simple girls. *(To Charlotte.)* I am distracted, that I am forced to leave you. Baron Sommer gives a ball to-day—Who the deuce could dance this hot weather, I said ; I said it a thousand times, but he would take no denial. I must hasten to my toilet.—I leave you my heart in pledge, dear Charlotte, till I see you again. *(He skips off at the bottom of the stage he meets Eyterborn.)* Ho, ho—well met ! I want to speak to you. *(Takes him by the arm, and they walk off together.)*

Charl. He may take his pledge and all, for I don't know what to do with it. I am sorry the thought did not occur sooner to me to frighten him away with my father.

Will. *(Shaking his head.)* Aye ! aye ! had that gentleman learned an honest profession, he wouldn't be a bungler in fair dealing.

SCENE IV.

Enter PHILIP BERTRAM, supported by ANN.

Charl. Dear father, you come too late : my lover has just ran away.

Phil. Your lover !

Charl. He ran away, because he heard you were coming.

Phil. Beware of all lovers that shun the father's presence.

Ann. I am sure the young Count has been here again.

Charl. You hit it.

Phil. A Count !—the young Count ! I hope you——

Charl. Don't put on that furious look, father ; it is not worth while.

Phil. Dear Charlotte ! a loving father trembles at the idea of seeing the least disorder in his daughter's kerchief, even in a dream. Speak, child, who is this Count ?

Charl. His name is Sonnenstein.

Phil. I know his father ; he is rich, and a great man at court ; and when that is the case, the sons generally are good for nothing.

Charl. For several months he has passed by here twenty times a day.

Phil. Well, let him pass by.

Charl. As often as he sees me at the door, he talks to me——

Phil. He must see you no more at the door.

Charl. Under the pretext of lending books.

Phil. What books ?

Charl. Novels.

Phil. O dear ! you must not read novels. I scarcely know three or four of them that I would put into your hands ; and even those have the fault to make you eager for more.

Charl. He will sometimes bring me fruit, sometimes sweetmeats, sometimes a nosegay.

Phil. And you take them ?

Charl. Those trifles I do.

Phil. Dear Charlotte ! that's wrong.

Ann. I have said so a hundred times. [*Withdraws.*]

Charl. He has often offered me more valuable presents.

Phil. I'll not ask if my daughter has refused them—mind, I do not ask.

Charl. You don't, father, because that is a matter of course.

Phil. Bad enough, he should have presumed to offer you any.

Charl. To-day he went even so far as to speak of marriage.

Phil. Of marriage !—he is either a fool or a rogue.

Charl. He must be a fool.—He talked of a marriage with the left hand. An't it all one, which of the two hands gives one's heart away ?

Phil. I now see his drift. No, child, he is no fool—he is a

wretch. Charlotte! I insist upon your entirely avoiding his conversation.

Charl. So much the better.

Phil. When you see him at a distance, withdraw.

Charl. With pleasure.

Phil. He has offended both you and me. He has trampled under foot that deference which every generous mind owes to poverty.

Charl. You put such a stress upon all this, my dear father!—have I done something wrong?

Phil. Oh, my child!—a young woman acts wrong even by not avoiding appearances. Nature has not another property so delicate as innocence. The dust on the wings of a butterfly is less perishable than her reputation. Seduction is not the most dangerous foe of a young girl, but the vanity of those young sparks, who will boast of every kind look, of every polite expression, and give a distant hint for every one to add what he pleases. What would you say, if this young Count were to boast of his presents of sweetmeats and nosegays over a full bumper? if he were to say to his neighbour. There is a pretty girl in the suburbs, my boy! we are already very intimate with one another, and so forth.—Then the neighbour will take his glass, and reply, Here my boy! here's to your girl!

Charl. Dear father, I am ashamed of myself.

Phil. What can your innocence avail you then?—what your consciousness of purity?—Can you go to the market-place, and loudly proclaim—Hear me, good people! don't credit reports—I am innocent!

Charl. (*In the tone of affliction.*) Oh, my father!

Phil. And as you cannot do so, you must avoid all talk about you, even in your praise; at least not too much of it, for praise creates envy, and envy will never be at a loss for some objection or other. Happy is the girl, about whom, when going to be married, people ask, Who is she?—I don't know her—I never heard of her.

Charl. (*Clinging round his neck.*) You will never have an occasion to repeat this lesson.

Phil. (*Embracing her.*) This promise is the most valuable present you could make me on my birth-day.

SCENE V.

Enter EXTERBORN.

Eyt. Serviteur! I am just come from the young lady, whom I was mentioning this morning.—I give you joy.—All is settled.

Phil. What?

Eyt. She is willing to take your daughter as a companion.—The terms are favourable.

Phil. As a companion? Dear friend! my daughter has but very few accomplishments; and that of entertaining others, she is least skill'd in.

Eyt. She may soon improve in that house.

Phil. Charlotte—would you try?

Charl. I have no other desire than to stay with my father.

Phil. But who is the lady?

Eyt. Count Sonnenstein's bride.

Phil. Ay!—so!—him!—What think you of it, Charlotte?

Charl. The question is a reproach, my father.

Phil. You have undertaken a very equivocal office, Sir.

Eyt. Equivocal!—(*Confused.*) Why so?

Phil. Are you the ambassador of the lady, or of the gentleman?

Eyt. Isn't that all the same?

Phil. I think not.—I have some objections.—My daughter does not feel inclined for this mode of life.—I am old and sickly.—In short, don't let us have any more of it.

Eyt. Have you weighed all the advantages you are going to forfeit?

Phil. I have.

Eyt. Count Sonnestein is a wealthy nobleman.

Phil. So much the better for him. There are many people who, if they were not rich, would be nothing at all.

Eyt. His father has powerful influence.—

Phil. In his own circle, to which I do not belong.

Eyt. He might be able to give a good turn to your lawsuit.

Phil. It is rather too late for that, I hope.

Eyt. You might, through him, obtain the chief collectorship.

Phil. Have I deserved it?

Eyt. Most certainly.

Phil. It will be to my credit if people say—Pity he should not be a chief collector, for he has well deserved it.

Eyt. I know your circumstances; I know you have contracted debts.

Phil. None of great consequence.

Eyt. If your creditors should prosecute you—

Phil. Then some friend will assist me.

Eyt. When a man is in distress, deafness often becomes epidemical among his friends.

Will. (*Rising.*) Sir, here is my father's receipt.

Phil. What receipt?

Will. For the rent.

Phil. Good friend, I cannot pay it this instant.

Will. It's all paid, Sir.

Phil. (Astonished.) By whom?

Will. I don't know; that's not my business.

Phil. Impossible!

Will. Please to read this paper; it says received in full.

Phil. What must I think of this?

Will. Every thing that is good.

Phil. Will your father make me a present?

Will. No, Sir; he is too poor for that himself.

Phil. It is actually paid then?

Will. It is.

Phil. And I am not to know by whom?

Eyt. May be that very Count whom you reject.

Phil. Sir—if that were the case—

Will. Don't make yourself uneasy, Sir; the money comes from no Counts. I think it is money honestly earned.

SCENE. VI.

Enter an APOTHECARY'S BOY.

Boy. (To Philip.) Here is the bill.

Phil. Who are you?

Boy. I come from the apothecary.

Phil. Very well.—Call again next week, I hope I may be able to pay you then.

Boy. 'Tis needless to call again—The bill is paid.

Phil. Paid! who has paid it?

Boy. I don't know.

[*Exit.*

Phil. (reading the bill.) Forty-five, dollars received in full. What does all this mean?—Good God! have I ever shewn such diffidence in man as to require such instances to make me repent:—To whom am I to give my thanks?—(to *Fyterborn*;) I am poor, friend, but I am not ashamed of my poverty. Whoever assists me in secret has good intentions, and does not reject my gratitude; his noble soul only wishes to save me its utterance. But the good man is not pleased with such proceeding; the good man receives with pleasure only that for which he is permitted to return his hearty thanks—I desire, friend, if you can, to unravel this mystery to me.

Eyt. (Shrugging up his shoulders, and assuming an equivocal mien.)

Phil. What means this shrug?—You either cannot or will not.

Eyt. If you know your true friends, an explanation is here super-

fluous ; and if you have many of them, I congratulate you.

Phil. This evasion almost persuades me that you are the generous doner.

Eyt. (*Defending himself but weakly.*) What, I ? - I beg---my friendship for you, indeed---my principles---but I am not rich myself.

Phil. So much the more meritorious. The wealthy seldom give, and still more seldom in secret.

Eyt. Such considerable donations require not only good-will, but likewise the powers. I know both faculties to be united in the young Count.

Charl. Father, if he be the man, I will work day and night till we have returned the money.

Phil. I would rather sell thy mother's ring, than except of such a benefaction.

Eyt. Some people would call this pride.

Phil. But you would not believe, Sir, what a powerful spice this pride affords to an insipid dish.

Charl. I see, our Doctor is coming ; he perhaps may be able to solve the riddle.

Eyt. (*With a sneer.*) O yes ! he is a doctor that knows every thing : cure an illness, conduct a lawsuit, write a novel. (*Apart.*) Mischievous fellow, with his staring look ! he will always counteract my schemes. (*Loud.*) Serviteur, Collector ; consider on my proposals. My intentions are pure, and my knowledge of the world is not derived from novels. [Exit.

Charl. He always reflects on our good Doctor ; that is very mean.

Phil. Fie, Charlotte ! Condemn no man.—Whilst the human heart remains without a glass window, nobody should say---That is mean ; for God alone scrutinizes the heart. Eyterborn is an honest man ; but he is a man. The Doctor has encroached upon his profession, and that has vexed him.

Charl. But I would lay a wager, that if Eyterborn cure a patient, the Doctor would be delighted with it ; and consequently he must be a better man.

Phil. May be.

SCENE VII.

Enter Dr. BLUHM.

Phil. Welcome, Doctor. Charlotte was just praising you.

Bluhm. I don't like to be praised in my presence, but this time I must suffer an exception.

Charl. Oh ! my thoughts praise you much more than my words. We were conversing about you and Eysterborn. What may you have done to that man ? he cannot bear you.

Bluhm. There are some folks who will hate you, merely because you know them---because you look through their schemes. It is quite the reverse with love : you need but pretend to take every man for what he wishes you to take him, and he'll be your friend, depend upon it.

Phil. I cannot possibly, to-day, enter with you upon any philosophical discussion on man ; for to-day I cannot help loving him. Only think, Doctor, here I hold two paid bills in my hand ; they are settled and signed without costing me a single penny.

Bluhm. (*Pretending ignorance.*) How is that ?

Phil. Some unknown friend.—Help me to guess.

Bluhm. (*After a pause, as recollecting.*) I know but one man whom I am apt to think capable of such an action

Phil. (*With eagerness.*) Who ?

Bluhm. Your brother.

Phil. My brother !—my brother, who these fifteen years has prosecuted me with the greatest inveteracy, in libels full of bitterness ?

Bluhm. Those libels were written by his attorney—these bills he has paid himself.

Phil. Has he actually paid them ?

Bluhm. At least I think so ; he has been pumping me about your circumstances.

Phil. (*Left in thought.*)

Will. Hem ! who could hold his tongue now—

Bluhm. (*Interrupting him.*) Well, honest William, how are you, my lad ?

Will. (*Seemingly calculating.*) Nor do I know why—

Bluhm. Why people so seldom wear boots ? Why, I think it is because the court resides here. (*He makes him a signal to forbear speaking.*)

Will. Ay, ay ! I know what you mean :---all well.

Phil. Friend, you have laid a heavy weight upon my heart.

Bluhm. Is the love of a brother so oppressive ?

Phil. Good offices from the hands of a foe---

Bluhm. Are the first steps on the territory of friendship.

Charl. Oh ! were I at last permitted to love my uncle !

Bluhm. You will soon have leave to do so. Dear friend, I am a herald of peace. Your suit is compromised, and entirely to your satisfaction. All the writings are to be condemned to the lumber-room, and along with them all former resentment.

Phil. Help me to rise, Charlotte, that I may hug that honest man in my arms.

Bluhm. (*Embracing him.*) Heaven grant you health and peace; they are the greatest treasures upon earth.

Charl. (*Taking hold of both his hands, and squeezing them affectionately.*) Dear Doctor! God bless you! if ever your old worthy mother falls ill, pray don't take any other nurse for her than me.

Bluhm. I take your word for it.

Phil. God! thou never hast heard me complain of my poverty—but this time—why am I not able to recompense this man?

Bluhm. You poor!—in the possession of such a daughter!

Phil. What can she do more than blend the tears of her gratitude with mine?

Bluhm. (*Emphatically.*) She could do more.

Phil. (*Surprised.*) How so Doctor?

Bluhm. Would you think worse of me, if I should appear selfish?

Phil. (*Dubious.*) I don't understand you.

Bluhm. Nor you, good creature?—you colour—

Charl. I think I do colour—but, upon my word, I don't know why.

Bluhm. Did you not say this morning you could love the man who procured your father easy old days?

Charl. I have said so.

Bluhm. And that you, with pleasure, would make him a tender of your heart and hand?

Charl. (*Casting down her eyes in silence.*)

Bluhm. Did you not say that likewise?

Charl. I think I did.

Bluhm. Will you not withdraw your word?

Charl. No.

Bluhm. And if I were the man.

Charl. (*Remains silent.*)

Bluhm. Look at me, Charlotte.

Charl. I cannot.

Bluhm. (*Taking her by the hand.*) I love you sincerely.

Charl. And I love you.

Bluhm. You will take care of my old mother?

Charl. Oh, with pleasure.

Bluhm. And so will I of your honest father.

Charl. Oh! you are so good—(*With mild tears.*)—I don't deserve so much.

Bluhm. Whoever has had an opportunity of watching a daughter during seven months by the sick-bed of her father, cannot err in his choice.—I crave your heart and your hand.

Charl. (*Overwhelmed with her feelings, bursts from the Doctor, to*

meet the embrace of her father, in whose bosom she hides her face, and says) My father!

Phil. (*Laying his hand on hers.*) God has this day blessed me for thy sake. Thou good, thou kind child! this good fortune is the reward of thy filial affection. Oh, Doctor, if to-day my breast bleeds again, it is your fault. But if I die, I die with joy, the most desirable death of all.

Bluhm. (*Taking him by the hand.*) Permit me to partake of the paternal blessing.

Phil. (*Cordially.*) My son.—Charlotte, be not ashamed to shew thy glowing cheek to the man that loves thee so.

Charl. (*Looking up with apparent timidity.*)

Phil. Give him the first salute in the presence of thy father.

Bluhm. (*Salutes with ecstasy, Charlotte, who gently resists.*)

Phil. With this kiss my son has taken from me all the cares of futurity.—Now dispose of my days, O God—I shall now not leave an orphan behind.—The whole stock of my child, innocence and virtue, is in the hands of an honest guardian.

Bluhm. In the enlarged circle of domestic contentment you will henceforth breathe with greater freedom. One person, however, should be added to the number of this happy family—your brother.

Phil. Ah!

Bluhm. I hope soon to obtain that too.

Phil. No mortification, dear doctor.

Blum. Your honour is now my own.

Phil. He will not take the first step; and I cannot.

Bluhm. Why not?

Phil. Because my brother is rich.

Bluhm. I honour these sentiments; I had foreseen them, and therefore declared my passion to-day.

Phil. What difference can this declaration—

Bluhm. It makes a very material one. Am I not likewise rich?—is not what I possess your own?

Phil. (*Shaking his head.*)

Bluhm. You gave me, what no worldly treasure can outbalance—a good wife. And you would reject what little I have to offer in return.—No, Sir, equality is restored between you and your brother; and equality inspires confidence. Yet I do not wish you to go and meet him. It is to my bride that I address my first prayer.

Charl. (*With infantine cordiality.*) Oh, be quick with it. Could I do any thing that would give you pleasure—

Bluhm. It would give me great pleasure, dear Charlotte, if you would wait on your uncle, and congratulate him on his birth-day.

Charl. With all my heart.

Phil. She is your bride and my daughter.—Think, how great must be our mortification where he to refuse her admittance.

Bluhm. Be that my care. I know your brother, and I know Charlotte.

Phil. Well, be it so.

Bluhm. And then we must pass the evening in social mirth. It is the day on which I am betrothed.

Phil. You spend the evening with us, my dear son.

Bluhm. Not in this small confined place. Devotion and festivity are very like each other in this particular—that under the canopy of heaven they are most loud, and most felt.—We must meet in your garden.

Phil. In my garden!

Bluhm. You ought to see how it looks after it has been cleared of the weeds of fraternal discord. We, and a couple of honest friends—only a few—but each of them with a heart within his breast. I have arranged the whole plan: do not disappoint my expectations.

Phil. I disappoint you! God forbid! Old Ann shall immediately brush up my brown coat. Good God!—Where is old Ann?—We have quite forgot her.—Ann! Ann!—I am ashamed of myself to think of her so late.

Ann. (*Coming out of the house.*) Here I am, Sir,

Phil. Are you come? (*Stroking her cheek.*) Come, come, thou good old honest creature, help me into the house; I'll tell thee wonders.

Ann. Bless me; you look quite contented!

Phil. Come, come along, I tell thee. Thou shalt cry with joy.
[*Ann conducts him into the house.*]

Bluhm. Go, go to your uncle, dear Charlotte. The angel of peace attend you.
[*Follows Philip.*]

SCENE VII.

CHARLOTTE and WILLIAM.

Charl. How do I feel?—Was it a dream?—Is all that has happened here true?—Am I to be married?—Married to the best, to the most amiable of men!

Will. (*Approaching timidly.*) May an honest lad be permitted to give you joy?—Very odd, tears trickle down his cheeks!

Charl. I thank you, good William.

Will. I would venture a request, Miss—(*Stops.*)—Miss bride.

Charl. Speak.

Will. You was so good, this morning, to accept of me a pair of

shoes—they are, indeed, no more than common leather shoes :—but you would do me a great pleasure, Miss, if you—would go to the altar in those shoes.

Charl. That I will : here is my hand.

Will. (*Kissing her hand respectfully.*) My best thanks and blessings, good Miss : now I will set out on my travels, to-morrow morning, with the peep of day.

Charl. To-morrow morning ! how came you to this sudden resolution ?

Will. Why, my father has been talking of it a long while ; but I don't know, I didn't find myself inclined for it : but now I feel as if I must go this very day.

Charl. Won't you stay till my wedding ?

Will. (*With expressions of anguish, and quick.*) No, no ;—no !—To-morrow, quite early, when you are dreaming of your good friend, William will be far off.

Charl. May Heaven bless you, wherever you go !

Will. I'll be back three years hence, and then, very likely there—(*making a concealed pantomime, yet without looking at Charlotte.*) And now farewell, sweet Miss ; I'll go and pack up my few things.

Charl. And whither do you intend to go ?

Will. To Russia : they say it is very cold there.

Charl. Don't forget your good friends, when you are so far off.

Will. Oh, no ! never fear that. (*He walks off slowly, and returns.*) May I take the liberty of waiting on you when I return ?

Charl. It will give me pleasure, good William.

Will. Will it, Miss ! will it indeed ?—Well, it will give me great pleasure too. (*He wipes his eyes, and slowly enters the house.*)

Charl. Now to my uncle : oh, if I should be fortunate enough to give my father, on his birth-day, both a son and a brother !

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in FRANK BERTRAM'S House.

Mrs. GRIESGRAM asleep, with a Prayer-book in her Hand, and Spectacles on her nose. CHARLOTTE entering timidly, and looking round the Room.

CHARLOTTE.

N OBODY, in the hall, and nobody here ! (*Perceiving Mrs.*

Griefgram, *she hesitates whether she is to advance or not.---At last she coughs.*)

Mrs. Griefgram. (*Waking, yawning, and rubbing her eyes.*) I thought I heard some one cough.

Charl. (*Coughs again.*)

Mrs. Gries. (*Looking round, displeased, and drawing herself up.*) Well! who is here?

Charl. Your servant, Madam.

Mrs. Gries. (*Still unfriendly.*) Who are you?—What do you want?

Charl. I wish to see the Captain.

Mrs. Gries. What business have you with him?

Charl. I wanted to wait on him with my compliments, on his birthday.

Mrs. Gries. Curious! Poor people might have a dozen birth-days in one year, and nobody would trouble his head about it. But when a rich man—then they start from every crevice like a host of ants; then they make a mark with red in the almanack, that they may not forget, the next year, when there is any thing to be had.—But pray, my good little Miss, what is the Captain's birth-day to you?

Charl. I'll tell him that myself.

Mrs. Gries. Indeed!—Upon my word! tell him yourself!—Sure, if we could but get admittance! Good child, here I am the mistress, and I am to be applied to.

Charl. I did not know my uncle was married!

Mrs. Gries. (*Startled.*) Uncle!—I hope not—Are you perhaps—yes, yes, the family likeness—Miss Bertram?

Charl. I am Miss Bertram.

Mrs. Gries. (*Looking awry at her.*) Yes, yes; quite cut out of her mother's face!

Charl. (*Approaching with cheerfulness and confidence.*) Have you known my mother.

Mrs. Gries. By sight: yes. But good God, what do you want here? Don't you know, the Captain wont have any thing to do with all the family?

Charl. That used to be so; but since that hated lawsuit has been laid aside—

Mrs. Gries. What! have they come to an agreement?—Have they, at last, outwitted my poor master?

Charl. Oh, we are so glad of the agreement—

Mrs. Gries. I dare say. And now you think of making your nest here?—A pretty snug one!

Charl. No, Madam, we think of nothing but that it is a fine thing when two brothers are permitted again to love one another.

Mrs. Gries. Very likely an expression your dear papa has made you learn by heart; and now you are come to bring your goods to market here, and to disturb me in my meditations; but it won't do, dear Miss. You had better go about your business; and God be with you. The Captain is ill; he sleeps at present, and has given orders to receive no one, and still less any body out of that house.

Charl. Must I actually not see him then.

Mrs. Gries. What could that avail you child? you would only see a forbidding, morose countenance.

Charl. May I return to-night, then?

Mrs. Gries. By no means. I durst not even tell him that you have been here; for it would vex him, and immediately give him a fit of the gout.

Charl. Oh, my good father will be so sorry!

Mrs. Gries. He must resign himself as a good Christian. He has taken the first step towards the reconciliation that is laudable. Oh, you wouldn't believe what a queer man the old Captain is. We are ever plagued with him. He is tearing and swearing all day long about nothing. Go, go, Miss; for if he should catch you here—in his paroxysms he is quite a brute.

Charl. But my father has always told me that he has a good honest heart.

Mrs. Gries. Ay, ay, honest, sure enough—but then his passion! Go, go Miss; my compliments to papa, tell him Mrs. Gries has been beating and hammering these fifteen years, about that heart of oak, but all in vain.

Charl. My poor father!

Mrs. Gries. Poor! Yes, I am told so. Good Heavens! we cannot all be rich. You are, now and then, badly off, I dare say, little Miss. That gown, there, is your Sunday's dress, I suppose; but no matter for that, if one be honest.

Charl. We are honest.

Mrs. Gries. Poor girl! I pity her—my heart will break,—I would---oh, certainly I will!

Charl. (*With the expression of hope.*) What, dear madam?

Mrs. Gries. Include you and your dear father in my prayers.

Charl. Alas! I likewise pray for all my fellow-creatures; even for those that hate us. Farewell, Madam. (*Going slowly.*)

Mrs. Gries. God bless you! (*Apart.*) She is going at last. Oh, it would just do to let this smooth pole cat loose among my eggs that I have been hatching so eagerly these fifteen years.

SCENE. II.*Enter JACK BULLER.*

Jack. (*Meeting Charlotte at the door.*) Who are you, my good young lady? whom do you want?

Charl. Oh, I wanted to see my uncle; but I am not permitted.

Jack. By chance, Miss Bertram.

Charl. Yes: I am Miss Bertram.

Jack. Welcome, welcome then! when so handsome and so good a girl steps over the threshold of the house, she brings along with her peace and harmony in every fold of her dress.

Charl. I wish it.

Jack. And are you not permitted to see the Captain? who has prevented you?

Mrs. Gries. I have.

Jack. But Mrs. Gries. by what right?

Mrs. Gries. Never trouble your head about that: I know what I am about: you had better let Miss go: Master sleeps.

Jack. Sleeps! I have been with him not ten minutes ago, and he bid me come back and read to him in the great book that tells of sea-voyages. Stop but a minute, Miss, I'll let him know directly.

Charl. I'll stop with pleasure.

Mrs. Gries. (*Standing before the door.*) Jack, you shan't: I won't have it.

Jack. Mrs. Gries. I really think the devil is in you. (*Shoving her aside, and going into his master's room.*)

SCENE III.

Mrs. Gries. What! shove me about in that there manner!—pinch blue and black marks on my arms!—That ruffian!—Well, Miss, I wish you joy. (*With a sneer, and curtsying.*) Have you got off your part well? Do, now, flatter and coax your uncle for his dollars, do.

Charl. I wish for nothing but his affection.

Mrs. Gries. Ah, sure! That sounds sweet enough; but we know the key of that music—nothing but disguised beggary.

Charl. Dear Madam, in what have I offended you?

Mrs. Gries. You, me!—in nothing---nothing at all. Good Miss, there are certain folks, that of certain folks couldn't take an offence in any shape; and if certain folks chose to repeat what report says of

certain folks, certain folks wouldn't venture to lift up their eyes, for shame. But who mixes with the swine will be eaten by the swine; and a good Christian can do no more than offer up his prayers for the punishment of sinners. Your servant, Miss. (*Curtfying low.*) [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Charl. Our old Ann was right. That woman seems to be a downright termagant---but I am glad she is gone; now I can speak freely. Should it be true that my uncle is so passionate so boisterous? Perhaps she only intended to frighten me. Courage, Charlotte, a bad quarter of an hour has no more than fifteen minutes! I hear some one come: oh, how my heart beats! (*Stopping with symptoms of fear, in the back ground.*)

SCENE V.

Enter FRANK BERTRAM and JACK.

Frank. (*Sitting down in a chair, without looking at Charlotte.*) My niece! what does she want?

Jack. I don't know; but her look is so meek I'd swear she brings good news.

Frank. (*After some pause.*) But what is become of her?

Jack. She is, standing yonder.

Frank. Am I to limp to her?

Jack. Step forward, come near good Miss.

Charl. (*Hesitating, fearful, and remaining on the same spot.*)

Frank. (*Listening if she approaches.*) I hear nothing.

Jack. She trembles.

Frank. Zounds! what does she tremble for?

Charl. (*Approaching a few steps.*) I---I---

Frank. (*To Jack, who stands by his chair.*) Well, can't she talk?

Jack. She is weeping.

Frank. What the devil is she crying for?

Charl. (*Taking courage.*) I am come, dear uncle, to compliment you.

Frank. (*Roughly.*) On what occasion?

Charl. On your birth-day.

Frank. You likely have been taught to walk of late, as you only come to-day for the first time.

Charl. Ever since I had the faculty of thinking and feeling, my heart has attracted me hither.

Frank. Has it? How old are you?

Charl. Seventeen years.

Frank. Ay, ay, on my return, sixteen years back, you were a little thing, not bigger than my fist.

Charl. At that time, my dear uncle carried me in his arms, and was fond of me. Old Ann has often told me, and I listened with pleasure.

Frank. Your good uncle was then a good natured fool.

Charl. I lost my good mother very early.

Frank. Your mother was a good woman—a very good woman.

Charl. Had she lived, many things might not have happened.

Frank. May be; she has hindered your father from playing many a foolish trick.

Charl. My father may have erred; bad people may have led him astray; but they have never been able to erase from his heart his affections for his only brother.

Frank. He has given me excellent proofs of his affections these fifteen years.

Charl. That is over now. The Court of Conscience has thrown a veil on what is past. Go to my brother, said my father to me, be thou the harbinger of peace; he will not reject thee, thou art innocent. He has been fond of thee when a child; he has been fond of thy mother; for her sake he will tender thee his hand, and thou wilt kiss it with infantine affection.

Frank. (*Still without looking at her.*) Sure! You can't help it. You must dance as he pipes. I have nothing against you. Go, child; God bless you—What's your name?

Charl. My name is Charlotte.

Frank. Charlotte; right. Nay, I think I am your godfather.

Charl. Oh! the man who received me among the Christians; he who promised me tenderness and affection, when I could not articulate a syllable; that man will not send me out of his house without deigning to cast a friendly look on me.

Frank. (*Throwing a transient glance at her, yet without fixing her in the eye.*) Very well. You may go. You will not be omitted in my will.

Charl. That was cruel.

Frank. (*Passionately.*) Cruel! Why cruel?

H

Charl. Dear, good uncle, I wanted to be remembered in your heart, and not in your will.

Frank. (*Good naturedly, and somewhat embarrassed.*) Ah, to be sure—but I also must—I am your godfather, you know—and as you have had the trouble to call. (*Putting his hand to his pocket.*)

Charli (*Mortified.*) Had the trouble!

Frank. There, take this little present. (*Tendering her a few gold pieces, without looking at her.*)

Charl. (*Taking him by the hand with great vivacity.*) I only see the hand you stretch out to me, and not your person: I'll keep that hand; drop my tears on your money, and beg you will take it back.

Frank. (*Affectionately.*) Girl, thou art proud.

Charl. I'll be proud of your love. Here that proud girl kneels down by your chair, and prays for one single kind look. My mother could leave me no more than her features; these features will put you in mind of a friend that has long since mouldered into dust; this recollection will melt your heart, and give me, in you, a second father.

Frank. (*Looking several times at her, seemingly affected, then turning to Jack.*) Jack, she is very like her mother—Curse it, Jack, help me out.

Jack. (*Sobbing.*) I can't Captain.

Frank. Thou criest, I declare. Jack, help me out, I tell thee.

Jack. (*Raising Charlotte, and putting her in Frank's arms.*)

Frank. (*Striving to get loose.*) Avast! that's what you may call bending too much canvas by night, and in a mist.

Charl. I perceive a tear in your eye, uncle: I wouldn't take all your gold for that.

Frank. Well, well; thou hast run me down altogether: go, kneel down on thy mother's grave, and thank her for it. When you were christened and I afterwards stood by her bed, she took me by the hand—she then just looked as thou dost now—and said to me, Dear brother, I lay this child near your heart, when I die——(*He cannot proceed: at last he says quickly.*) Four weeks afterwards she was gone—(*A pause, during which his muscles appear in agitation.*) Come, my girl, come to my bosom.

Charl. (*Sinks in his embrace.*)

SCENE V.

Enter Dr. BLUHM.

Bluhm. Oh, excellent! I am come in proper time.

Frank. Look ye there ! this little witch has made me so soft, so womanish—(*Shaking in a comical manner.*) Thou—be gone.

Charl. Oh, I now know my good uncle's heart ; all my fear is gone.

Frank. So you were afraid of me ? People had, very likely, told you I was a bear.

Charl. The lady here in the house has frightened me so.

Frank. What lady ?

Jack. Again, one of Mrs. Gräesgram's hypocritical tricks.

Frank. Ah, that's water for thy mill.

Jack. Who could refrain from speaking ? I was coming in when this good child was going ; she just swallowed a tear ; it was but a little one ; and yet I wouldn't have it on my conscience. Where are you going ? says I. Oh, I am not permitted to see my uncle ! Why not ? any one may see him, especially one with eyes full of tears. Then Mrs. Gries. wanted to bar the door, and set her arms a-kimbo, just like a stone pitcher, and wouldn't let me go in to you. (*Passionately.*) Not let old Jack Buller go to his captain ! Would fain persuade me you were asleep ; me, old Jack Buller, that knows from thirty years experience, that his captain never takes a nap after dinner. But I think I gave her a nice shove, just as I would a passenger who, in stormy weather, would stand in my way upon deck.

Frank. Now, look ye here, Jack—what a wrong construction you have put on that again ! She thought I slept ; she did it for the best ; and he who acts for the best, were he but a Jackass, ought to be set right with moderation.

Bluhm. Miss Charlotte will be able to give us the best account of the reception she has met with.

Charl. Oh, I am so glad !—I forgot it all.

Frank. Forgot it !—Then there was something to forget after all ? Out with it.

Charl. One expression of her's has indeed hurt me to the very soul. She said I came to—(*hiding her tears.*)—to beg.

Frank. Avail there !—That was foolish !

Jack. Thou art right, Jack. It must have slipt her.

Bluhm. Never mind ; such little transient clouds must not spoil this fair day. We will only rejoice at the idea, that this glorious hour has cancelled the recollection of fifteen bad years. The sufferings of man are many indeed ; but how could we murmur when we see that a single glance of the sun of happiness absorbs them all ; like a heavy drop of rain that bends down the calix of a flower !—This day angels rejoice with us, for on this day two brothers were reconciled to each other.

Frank. Avail !—avail there !—That girl has never done me any injury—I am her godfather, and the meekness of her mother dwells

on her brow. Who could be angry with the little witch? But, as to my brother, he may go his own ways, provided we never meet.

Bluhm. Dear Captain!—At the end of the journey, all the roads run into one, and there we must meet.

Frank. Then he whose conscience upbraids him may cast down his look.

Charl. My dear uncle! I entreat you for my father.

Frank. 'Twon't do!—'Twon't do! Only see!—Scarcely have I given her a little corner for a hammock in the fleerage, but she will take the command of the vessel!

Charl. But if I should succeed to ornament the cabin with the flowers of spring.

Frank. Nonsense!—Those flowers are withered long since.

Jack. Only think, Captain, how different all would be in this house. Then you wouldn't be obliged at nights to smoke your pipe by yourself.—The nasty old tom cat would be exil'd from the sofa.—Your brother would sit by your side, and you would once more haul over the joys of your youth.

Frank. Leave old Tom alone, Jack; he has never yet brought an action against me.

Bluhm. I see we must expect the remainder from time. Oh! when love and time unite their powers, they pull down Egyptian pyramids, and open the tombs in which good hearts chose to bury themselves. (*To Charlotte.*) Go, good child, your father is waiting for you.

Frank. She shall stay!—I have been waiting for her these fifteen years.

Bluhm. Her father is ill, and may want her.

Charl. But may I come back?

Frank. Foolish question!—You may surely! Nay, you shall!—Do you hear?

Charl. With pleasure.

Frank. Well!—when will you come back?

Charl. To-morrow!—every day!

Frank. Well, then, God bless you! and when you come back, come without your pride. Do you hear?—There the gold pieces lie still on the ground; you won't pick them up; I know that well enough.

Charl. Uncle!—Does disinterested love look so much like pride?

Frank. Ay, ay! you wouldn't pick them up even if you knew it would give me pleasure.

Charl. (*Picks them up.*) I thank you, dear uncle. I'll buy something for my poor sick father. You'll permit me to do so, uncle?

Frank. Do as you like.

Charl. Your greeting would certainly have a greater effect.

Frank. Curse it! Well, then, greet him!

Charl. (*Kissing his hand with rapture.*) Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Frank. Jack!—run!—look what becomes of her!—I wouldn't have the brisk buffy break her neck down those steep stairs.

[*Jack exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Frank. (*Wiping off his tears, and endeavouring to hide them.*) What think you of that girl?

Bluhm. The child of nature and innocence.

Frank. Do you think so?—Then something might be done for her. I am, indeed, apt to think the little buffy knows better how to cure the gout than yourself, doctor. Whilst she was here, it durst not rear its head. Now it begins again to draw and pull!

Bluhm. When Heaven points out so easy a remedy, you would do well to use it for a constancy.

Frank. For a constancy!—With all my heart.—But her father wouldn't let me have her.---Will he?

Bluhm. Then you ought to take them both.

Frank. Avast, Doctor! that won't do.

Bluhm. I give you joy---your quarrel is settled.

Frank. Is it?---Thank ye!---Thank ye! This medicine is likely to prove more efficacious than your muriatic.---I won't ask you how it has been settled; I don't care for that.

Bluhm. The garden is to be your property for life.

Frank. I make the girl a present of it.

Bluhm. At your demise it goes to your brother, or his heirs.

Frank. But, I tell you, I give it the girl now.

Bluhm. So much the better!---You ought to have done that long ago.

Frank. Why didn't the wench come sooner?

Bluhm. Let us thank heaven she didn't come too late. Now, good Captain, attend the prayer of a friend, and the command of your physician—You have to day experienced so many passions---you must divert yourself---you must take an airing.

Frank. With pleasure, if you think it will benefit me. An old sailor doesn't wait for a second invitation to an airing.

Bluhm. I have invited a couple of friends to a collation, and the spot which I have pointed out for the enjoyment of this fine spring day---pardon my liberty---is your garden.

Frank. My garden!

Bluhm. I think it will give you pleasure, after fifteen years, to tread the ground in peace, where the joys of your youth still lurk behind every bush.

Frank. But I shall feel very queerly, Sir, when I step into that garden. Pray is that old garden door still there? When I was a boy, I drew a Hussar on it with black lead.

Bluhm. The Hussar is not quite effaced yet.

Frank. Not yet, you say?---Very droll! So many people have died since, and that Hussar still keeps galloping on. Yes, yes, we will go---go immediately. It is very particular, I actually feel a strong desire to see that Hussar again. But didn't you mention two strangers you had invited? I am not fit for company.

Bluhm. Only two good friendly beings; for in large companies joy is silent, like a prudent man.

Frank. Well then---Jack! (*Calling out.*)

SCENE VII.

Enter JACK.

Frank. Order the coach.

Bluhm. No occasion. My carriage is waiting.

Frank. Jack, we are going to take a ride, and can you guess whither?---to my garden. All is over---all settled; I am going to my garden.

Jack. May Heaven grant you the eternal garden of Paradise for that.

Frank. Give me my hat.

Jack. There is a little expedition to be undertaken in this house before you go out.

Frank. An expedition?

Jack. The Attorney, Eyterborn, has just been sneaking to Mrs. Griefgram.

Frank. What is that to me?

Jack. It is a great deal to me, dear Captain. When you this morning called me a liar, it had nearly broken my heart. I am but a poor man; but it must be of some consequence to you to know whether I am a rogue or not. For if I have cheated you these thirty years, I'd advise you to trust no one for these thirty years to come. I'll therefore thank you to step up into my garret with me.

Frank. Foolish fellow!---I am sure thou art honest.

Jack. But you shall also be sure my honesty has kept good fellow-

ship with truth. Dear Captain, I can have no rest till I have convinced you.

Frank. Come then, it will be a hard job for me to get up those steps.

Bluhm. I'll go meanwhile to receive my friends. Farewell till we meet again.

SCENE VIII.

Frank. (*After a few steps, stops short.*) Jack! I am thinking what all this is for. Suppose I were to hear with these mine own ears, that Mrs. Gries. is a good-for-nothing—What then?

Jack. Turn her off.

Frank. I am afraid, Jack, that will hurt me more than it will her. I am always in a bad humour eight days before I turn any body out of my house. We are all poor sinners, and yet God Almighty don't dismiss any of us. And then, I think, besides, that I have so little to loose. When I persuade myself to be fond of a person, he that undeceives me does me but little service.

Jack. You may run a risk to day, Sir. You have captured a niece, that's worth ninety-nine Mrs. Gries's. I warrant ye.

Frank. (*Going.*) Thou art right, Jack. Talk to me of that good girl as we are going up stairs; it will lessen my fatigue.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mrs. GRIESGRAM's Room. In the back Ground a Bed with Curtains. To the right a Table, with two full Bottles of Wine, a Cake, and preserved fruit. Near it an Iron strong Box.

FRANK BERTRAM's and JACK BULLER's Voices are heard over the Ceiling.

JACK.

WE have come either too soon or too late.

Frank. (*Somewhat farther off.*) How so?

Jack. There is nobody in the room ; but I hear them whisper in the hall.

Frank. Hush ! then let us go.

Jack. Hush ! but stop ; they have not been at it yet. There are two full bottles, and the table set with cake.

Frank. Hush ! let me have a peep.

Jack. (*At a distance.*) Hush ! to the left, near the strong box.

Frank. Hush ! (*Nearer.*) Yes, yes ; I see well enough ; but to stoop so, and squat down on the floor, won't do for such a gouty fellow. (*The last words are heard as at a great distance.*) Come hither.

Jack. Hush ! (*Nearer.*) A cake, as big as the round-top of a main-mast ! That she gave you, was hardly as big as a compass-box—Hush ! they are coming.

Frank. Hush ! let me come near the hole.

SCENE. II.

Mrs. GRIESGRAM and EYTERBORN.

Mrs. Gries. Oh, the wicked people ! I will pray day and night to rouse the vengeance of Heaven.

Eyt. My highly-esteemed Mrs. Griesgram, prayers won't carry us any great length, I am afraid.

Mrs. Gries. Alas ! there was a time when through fervent prayers, you might draw a devouring flame from the earth, which would consume a whole host. Those were good times.

Eyt. Fuimus Troes. If those times were to return, the host of authors ought be consumed first. What avails complaining ? they will only laugh at us ; the compromise is made.

Mrs. Gries. Sit down, friend of my soul ; we will endeavour to soothe the afflictions of the mind, by indulging the body. (*She keeps filling and handing cake and sweetmeat. Both do honour to the table.*)

Eyt. After all, I wouldn't mind a pin that paltry garden—excellent wines !—but that will lead farther and farther—that romantic Doctor won't stop there—very nice that almond cake !—he will preach and spout till he has reconciled the two good-natured fools—and then, good night to all successions.

Mrs. Gries. Good man, you will frighten me out of my wits. What's to be done then ?

Eyt. You must endeavour to put every obstacle you can, to visits from those quarters.

Mrs. Gries. Ah, but good God ! haven't I sent that wench away

with every mark of ridicule and contempt? But that dog, that Jack Buller, has introduced her in spite of my teeth; and I believe she is still with the old fellow, weeping and telling him sad tales.

Eyt. Who?

Mrs. Gries. Why, Miss Bertram.

Eyt. She with him?

Mrs. Gries. Alas! yes. (*Mimicking.*) She wishes to congratulate dear uncle on his birth-day.

Eyt. And you left her alone with him?

Mrs. Gries. (*With an amorous glance.*) Because I was waiting for my dear beloved.

Eyt. Serviteur. Highly-esteemed Mrs. Griefgram, you have been playing a foolish trick there. I know the girl; she is an insinuating witch.

Mrs. Gries. What? such a green wench cheat me out of the reward I have so well earned by the labour of sixteen long years! Have I, therefore, flattered and coaxed the old fool all this time? Is it for that, I have dressed nice soups for him, and mixed his medicines with my own little fingers; wrapt his sore legs in flannel, and heard him relate his trite achievements a hundred times over?

Frank. Hush! (*Lowering his voice.*) Oh, that beast!

Eyt. (*Looking round.*) What was that? I think I heard somebody speak!

Mrs. Gries. No, no! we are quite safe here.—This is my bedroom. No mortal durst attempt, without my special permission, to enter this sanctuary. (*Pointing at the iron chest.*) Look here, Sir; there is my little darling, my little favourite, my chest; that will always smile on me in the hour of affliction. (*Opening it, Eytterborn casts a greedy look on the money.*) Those large bags there at the bottom are all full of silver. And these (*putting two bags on the table*) are quite crammed with gold. An't they pretty little things now?

Eyt. (*Stroking the bags.*) Pretty little things indeed! One is quite carried away with a sympathetic affection.

Mrs. Gries. All that, my sweet friend, I have destined for our impending marriage. But what is this trifle? I might have secured much more. But in hopes of the succession, I have set limits to my perquisites. I have now and then given up some little advantage, when I thought it might be found out. I must do so to make him secure. The old fool would undergo martyrdom to prove my honesty.—One glass more, my sweet friend!

Eyt. May you live long, my careful fair!

Mrs. Gries. Oh! in your arms I only shall commence a happy life.

Eyt. Yes, yes. Serviteur. Provided the will—

Mrs. Gries. You, meanwhile, draw up the will.—You may, at all events, propose a legacy for the niece; that will give it the appearance of philanthropy. To-morrow early I'll get Jack Buller out of the way, and then dress the old fellow, after his own fashion, a pompous dish of generosity, with a fauce of tears, till he resolves to fend for you. Then we hammer the iron whilst it is hot; and then his last hour may strike, when it pleases; the sooner the better.

Frank. (*In a loud voice.*) Avast there! you brood of vipers!—thunder and lightning!—(*A great noise is heard over the ceiling.*)

Eyt. (*Rising with great fear.*)

Mrs. Gries. (*Trembling.*) Ah! what do I hear? that was the old Captain—he has been watching us—we are undone—Satan is got loose—my smelling-bottle—dear friend of my soul—there on the window—the phial with the hartshorn.—(*She faints.*)

Eyt. Serviteur. I take to my heels. But I'll not have lost my time for nothing with this old Jezebel. (*Taking one of the gold bags and sneaking off; after a short pause returning.*) Curse it! they are already got to the foot of the stairs. Now I am quite at a loss. (*Looking round on all sides.*) The devil take 'em! They are in the hall. (*He throws himself on Mrs. GRIESGRAM's bed, and draws the curtains.*)

SCENE III.

Enter FRANK BERTRAM and JACK BULLER.

Frank. Confound you pirating crew—there look at that beast; there she lies, and stretches out her four extremities. If she dies so, she'll cheat the gallows out of its due. (*Locking round.*) What is become of her helpmate?

Jack. He can't have escaped, for I was like lightning at the foot of the stairs. (*Searching the room.*)

Frank. Let him sheer off, Jack! his conscience will bring him to.

Jack. Ho, ho! here is a shoe, (*opening the bed-curtain,*) and in the shoe a foot. Where there is a foot, there must be something else. (*Drawing Eyterborn out by his legs.*) Oh, your servant, Mr. Attorney.

Eyt. Serviteur.

Frank. Oh, oh! my honest Eyterborn? How did you get into these chaste widowed sheets?

Eyt. I was caught with a drowfiness. Mrs. Griesgram had treated me with a glass of old wine—I can't stand much.

Jack. (*Perceiving the bag, draws it out of his bosom.*) You very likely in your drowfiness, laid hold of this bag too?

Eyt. (*With mixed fear and resolution.*) What do you mean, friend? I am an honest man; that all the world knows.

Frank. You are a rogue, Sir; that's what I know. Get ye out of my house; and you may thank my gouty foot, if I do not avenge the deceived world on you.

Eyt. A rogue! ha! ha! ha! *Serviteur.* Try to say that loud if you dare. No man will give you credit for it. The world will honour the wealthy, and never ask how he came by his wealth. It's the same with the fame of honesty.

Frank. Alas! true enough.

Eyt. I therefore advise you not to mention any thing about the affair. Mrs. Griefgram has cheated you, and I have cheated Mrs. Griefgram: for an old bachelor and an old luscious maid deserve no better.

Jack. (*Clenching his fist.*) Captain! may I—

Frank. Let him sheer off! He has, for the first time in my life, told me a truth, and I ought to thank him for it.

Eyt. I might be revenged, if I chose by divulging the affair to your disadvantage; for the world would sooner believe me than you; but I will act liberally, and not mention a syllable about it. *Serviteur.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Frank. By Jove, the fellow is right!—Impudence is the best weapon in the hand of a rogue against an honest man. One is surprised, confused; and before you can recollect yourself, and determine whether you ought to laugh at it or to strike, the rascal has slipped his cable and hauled the wind.

Jack. And what must we do with this woman?

Frank. Is she dead?

Jack. Pshaw! she has the lives of a cat.

Frank. When I am gone—overboard with her.—Do you hear?—Don't suffer her to heave in sight again.

Jack. Thank God!—Captain, that's an expedition I have been preparing for these sixteen years. But what must be done with this unjust mammon?

Frank. I give it you.

Jack. God forbid that I should touch the earnings of sin!

Frank. Found an hospital with it.

Jack. That God Almighty may connive and become an accomplice

of the robber?—No! no! the devil will dance a hornpipe whenever stolen money is applied to any pious institution.

Frank. Well, do then with it as you like. Now, help me into the carriage, and then heave that wench out of the house. Thou'lt make thy report in the garden. Peter will attend me.

Jack. Very well. (*Supporting the Captain.*)

Frank. (*Stopping at the door, and casting a look of uneasiness on Mrs. Griefgram.*) Odd enough! would you believe me, Jack! But I am sorry that I must discard that brute.

Jack. A long habit—

Frank. Habit is the witch-craft of fate.—And to get fond of Old Nick, one need but dine twenty years with him at the same table.

SCENE V.

(*As soon as Mrs. Griefgram finds herself alone, she squints first at the door, then at the bags on the table, then at the iron chest, and at last folds her hands with devotion.*) The wicked have triumphed!—What I have acquired by my labour and prayers, that rough scoundrel, Jack Buller, is to dispose of to his liking!—I thought I must have fainted away a second time, when I heard the verdict!—Good God! if thou supportest thy servant but this one time, she will bring thee the offering of a crimson velvet covering, with gold fringe, to the altar of St. Ursula. Hush! I hear the clumsy footsteps. (*She pretends to faint.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter JACK BULLER.

Jack. What!—Not recovered yet?—Oh! we'll soon rouse her! (*Taking a bag from the table, and jingling the money about her ears; Mrs. Griefgram opens her eyes.*)—Ho! ho! she returns to life! (*Jingling once more; she stretches out her hand towards the bag.*)—Now she recovers!

Mrs. Gries. Where am I?

Jack. Where you ought not to have been these sixteen years!—But within five minutes you'll be out of doors.

Mrs. Gries. Is this the reward of honest services?

Jack. You have served old Nick, and he'll pay you your wages.

Mrs. Gries. Profligate fellow !

Jack. I say, Mrs. Godly, pack up your stolen goods, and clear the deck as fast as you can.

Mrs. Gries. You are a rude fellow !—I am not to be commanded by you.

Jack. Mrs. Griefgram, be wise !—We know all ; we have witnessed all. The Captain desires you, in a friendly manner, never to appear before him again.

Mrs. Gries. Let him come and tell me so if he dare !

Jack. He thinks that superfluous, Jack Bullers words, and in case of need, Jack Bullers fist.

Mrs. Gries. Good Jack !—you are joking now !—Here is a guilder for you ; go and drink to my health.

Jack. I had rather die with thirst than drink to your health !—March ! off with you !—This chest you may lock up, and put your seal to the door of the room. I must now go to my master, and have no time to wait till you have made your parcels.

Mrs. Gries. (*Locking the chest with great care.*) But, good God ! shan't I be permitted to stop in the house till to-morrow morning ?

Jack. Not a single minute !—I'll have it smoked this very night !—Weigh your anchor, and get out of the harbour, or else I must play my battery on you !

Mrs. Gries. But my things !—My prayer books !

Jack. You may send to-morrow morning for all you rags. All that has any thing of the smell of your sanctity, shall be delivered up.

Gries. Mrs. That won't do !—I must be present.

Jack. But, I say no !—It is contrary to my orders.

Mrs. Gries. But, I say, yes !—And I won't stir.

Jack. You won't stir ?

Mrs. Grise. No.

Jack. Not if I desire you ?

Mrs. Gries. Not if you were to drop at my feet. I'll see what you—

Jack. Impossible ! Mrs. Griefgram—the devout Mrs. Griefgram withstand my prayers ! (*Laying hold of her, and talking whilst he slowly wheels her about till she is out of the room.*)

My dear Mrs. Griefgram !— (*Mrs. Griefgram speaking at the same time.*) If you dare—let me alone !—Jack, I'll scratch your eyes out !—Jack, I'll bite your nose !—Dear Jack !—I'll give you a louis-d'or !—Good Jack !—Honest Jack !—Infamous rascal !—Unmanly-brute ! (*The last words as a distance out of doors.*)

let me beseech you—be so good as to sheer off.—Oh ! see, your gentle heart is already moved !—But, do not be in all that hurry !—Permit me to take the most tender leave of you.—What ! are you already so near the door !—Well, then, farewell, my best friend !—May the devil give you health and joy.

SCENE VII.

A garden, with a Bower on each side.

PHILIP BERTRAM and ANN.

Phil. Let me, good Ann, at every step recollect the joys of my youthful days. I have disliked this spot for many years, even on the fairest days, I saw the stormy cloud of fraternal discord hover over it. At last the horizon has cleared at the eve of my life. My respiration is free, for I am now allowed again to love him. I feel as if I had lost a precious stone here last autumn; the snow had covered it, during the winter; but the sun of spring has melted the snow, and I again find the lost jewel.

Ann. He has received Miss Charlotte in so friendly a manner!—Now I like him again. He is good old Frank after all.

Phil. Oh! he is most certainly good, and always has been so. Bad people may tarnish a bright mirror with their breath, but the fostering hand of love will soon or late wipe off the film. Do you see that cypher on you lime-tree, P. F.?—The growth of the rind has, during the lapse of thirty years, almost disfigured the letters, but the main trace is indelible.

Ann. I have often made coffee here, and the young gentlemen gathered dry wood to make a fire.

Phil. Let us sit down here, in this arbour, where I have so often learnt my catechism, and sweated in learning my lessons. (*They go into the arbour; Philip sits down; a pause.*) Who will say, that there are no enjoyments for old age, when it can thus carouse on the recollection of the jovial days of early youth? Even youth does not so much enjoy the present moment as old age does what is gone.

SCENE VIII.

Enter FRANK BERTRAM, supported by a servant.

Frank. (*Yet in the back ground.*) Avast. (*Looking round deeply affected, but endeavouring to hide his emotions, but bursting out at last to the Servant.*) Leave me!

Servant. (*Looking wistfully at him.*)

Frank. (*Gently.*) Go, I tell you! Stay, meanwhile, at the door. I now can manage by myself, till Jack comes. [*Exit Servant.*]

Frank. The fellow shan't see my tears!—Such sparks will grin,

when they see an old man cry. (*Looking round on all sides, leaning on his stick.*)

Phil. I have not felt so well this long while.

Frank. Behold there, the old pear-tree! by the elements? the old pear-tree still alive, and full of blossom!—how often have I been aloft there with my brother! Curse that gout—or else I would once more be up there!

Phil. Don't I hear somebody speak?

Ann. (*Looking out.*) An old gentleman walking about.

Phil. Likely one of the Doctor's friends.

Frank. Here, I think, my mother used to have her flower-bed. The spot is quite grown wild. Behold! there crawls a toad: get thee gone, thou emblem of discord! (*Removing it with his stick.*)

Ann. How many cobwebs there are here!

Phil. Where harmony has fled, the spiders will spin their nests.

Frank. I'll sit down in this arbour where I used to read my *Robinson*. (*Sits down in the other arbour.*)

Phil. That stranger, surely, is waiting for the Doctor: I wonder where he may stay.

Ann. Miss Charlotte is gathering violets in the fields: he is very likely with her.

Frank. who may that sick person be? he looks very ill.

Phil. I say, Ann, I think I should know the face of that old gentleman.

Frank. I think I have seen him somewhere before.

Phil. Can't you recollect his features?

Frank. And that old woman too, looks like one I had once dream'd of.

Ann. The face seems to be known to me.—But here comes the Doctor; he'll know best.

SCENE IX.

Enter Dr. BLUHM.

Bluhm. (*Going up to Frank.*) Welcome, dear friend; well, how do you like it?

Frank. I am so well pleased, that I could wish to die here. (*Drawing the Doctor nearer.*) Pray Doctor, is that sickly man there, one of your friends?

Bluhm. Yes, Sir?

Frank. I suppose, you mean to make an hospital here : have you invited none but patients ?

Bluhm. None but patients ; but with a view of dismissing them all in good health.

Frank. Who is that gentleman ?

Bluhm. Don't you recollect him ?

Frank. If I heard his name, perhaps I might.

Bluhm. Ask your heart.

Frank. (*Startled.*) My heart !

SCENE X.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. (*With her apron full of flowers.*)

Frank. Ho ! ho ! Charlotte, are you too here ?

Charl. (*Strewing flowers from one arbour to the other.*)

Frank. What are you about ?

Phil. Charlotte, what are you doing ?

Charl. I am strewing flowers on the road which for so many years has been covered with thorns.

Frank. What does she mean ?

Phil. (*Nodding to Bluhm.*) Pray, Doctor, tell me, who is that strange gentleman ?

Bluhm. I have invited him because to day is his birth-day.

Phil. (*Moved.*) His birth-day !

Frank. (*Uneasy.*) Come hither, Charlotte. Do you know this stranger ?

Charl. Oh, yes ; very well.

Frank. Who is he ?

Charl. Fifteen years ago you would not have asked that question.

Frank. Zounds !—Who is here ?

Charl. (*Running swiftly to the other arbour, and clinging round her father's neck.*) It is my father ! (*A pause ; the two brothers look at each other furtively, but with great emotion ; the Doctor examines them with attention and pleasure.*)

Frank. (*Apart.*) How poorly he looks !

Phil. (*Apart.*) How old he is grown !

Frank. (*Apart.*) How shabby his dress !—He has, perhaps, been in distress ; whilst Mrs. Griefgram was robbing me.

Phil. (*Apart.*) Fie upon that proud shame, which prevents me from flying into his arms !

Charl. (*Kneeling down between the two arbours, stretching out her*

arms, and looking with earnest looks alternately at her father and her uncle.)

Phil. (*Rises, and goes one step out of the arbour.*)

Frank. (*Very uneasy.*) Zounds! I believe he is coming.

Charl. Hither, my dear uncle.

Frank. (*Rises*) To thee?—What am I to do there?

Charl. To me, my father!

Phil. With pleasure, my child! (*He goes to her and takes her hand.*)

Charl. (*In a sweet careffing tone.*) To me dear uncle!

Frank. Well, I am coming. (*Goes near to her.*)

Charl. Your hand—

Frank. (*Looking the other way.*) Here—

Charl. Nearer! Nearer! (*Drawing the hands of the two brothers so near that they meet.*)

Phil. (*Deeply affected.*) Brother!

Frank. (*Looking at him, throws away his stick, and opens his arms.*)

Phil. Sinks on his breast.)

Charl. (*Springs up of a sudden, and throws herself round Blum's neck.*) My thanks, good man!

Frank. (*Laying hold with both hands of Philip's head.*) Look at me, brother! eye fixed on eye; let me see if there be the least spark of resentment glowing under the ashes.

Phil. Dostn't thou see a tear that will quench it?

Frank. (*Still in the greatest emotion takes him by both hands.*) Brother, thou lookest like the image of distress!—Thou hast been in want!—thy whole person upbraids me with it.

Phil. I have been ill.

Frank. Well, then, get better now, or I won't set my foot over the threshold of thy door.

Phil. My good brother, thou hast, in spite of our mutual situation, generously supported me.

Frank. What! a sarcasm?

Phil. Hast thou not paid my bills?

Frank. Avas't there?

Phil. My rent?—My apothecary's bill?

Frank. Philip! rather give me a slap in the face.

Blum. Dear Sir, pardon me this pious fraud; I was thinking of the means to reconcile you, and I acted in the name of your brother.

Frank. You are hard upon me Sir, but I thank you for that lesson.

Phil. Oh, my daughter! What a son thou hast given me!

Frank. Son! Wat's that?

Phil. This generous man, to whom innocence and goodness of heart are equivalent to wealth and riches.

Frank. I understand.—Well done! but poor the girl is not.—Isn't she my sole heiress!—Isn't it so Charlotte?—Oh, we know each other by this time? (*Pointing at Ann.*) What's she crying for now?

Phil. She is pleased, poor old woman!

Frank. Isn't that our good old Ann?

Phil. It is she.

Frank. Ann, is it you?—Reach me that hand that has given me so many slices of bread and butter. Well, you have continued an honest creature; Well, you shall never want any thing to chew, even when your teeth are gone.

Ann. (*Sobbing.*) I can—not speak yet.

Frank. Well, then, hold your tongue. We all see your tears come from the heart.—But what the deuce is become of my gout, Doctor? I think my crutchet has got it all.

LAST SCENE.

Jack. I give you joy, Captain; Mrs. Grisgram is transported.

Frank. Is she?—Fair wind to her!—Now, my honest Jack, I have nobody but you.

Phil. And me.

Charl. And me.

Bluhm. And me.

Frank. Have I all of ye?—Come all near; let me try if I can embrace ye all with one arm.—No matter, my heart has room for all of ye.

Jack. Captain, do I see right?—Your brother!

Frank. Ay, sure, old boy!—all forgotten! they all love me again.—Dost recollection, Jack, when I took that French prize? what riches I got there in one hour!—But now I have acquired much more in one minute. Come, brother Philip—(*taking him under his arm.*) Come, call me again, Frank.

Phil. Dear Frank.

Frank. That's right: come this way, Charlotte—(*taking her in his other arm.*) Thou knowest what I have promised thy mother—what do you think, Philip?—I hope she is here in the midst of us—(*Looking up to heaven with true devotion.*)

Bluhm. (*Deeply affected.*) Oh, if man knew what a heavenly reward there is in making peace!

Jack. (*With joy mixed with tender emotion to Ann.*)—Don't take it amiss—but be you who you will, I must have a kiss.—(*He salutes Ann, who keeps sobbing.*)

F I N I S.

THE WRITING-DESK;

OR

YOUTH IN DANGER.

A PLAY,

IN FOUR ACTS,

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.



NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES SMITH, No. 56 Maiden-Lane.

1801.

or Fortune restou d.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DITTHELM a young merchant.
HERRMANN his first clerk.
ELINK his servant.
MR. ERLÉN a Counsellor.
MRS. ERLÉN his Wife.
SOPHIA } their children.
ENSIGN ERLÉN }
COUNTESS OF MEERVITZ.
BARON BOLDENSTERN.
HADEBRATH.
MADAME LUPPNITZ.
EMILY, her daughter.
CAPTAIN FERNAU an officer of the Police.
A BOY.

The SCENE is in a great town.

THE WRITING-DESK,

OR

YOUTH IN DANGER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in DITTHELM'S House.

Enter FLINK,

FORTY, forty-one, forty-two—(*Counting Money*)—and a silver watch, Well done, Flink! —forge the iron while it is hot. Iron!—no, no!—young gentlemen are like warm wax. What is the man's name who has written a book on the sagacity of dogs? I wish he would write one also on the dexterity of servants—then would Flink be recorded to posterity. Here—(*feeling in his pocket*)—is another florin, which I received from Madame Luppnitz. I hope her ladyship will be more liberal next time. A rich son-in-law is not a gingerbread doll—that one may buy for a florin. A go-between in love affairs ought to be paid in gold, and not in silver.

SCENE II.

Enter HERRMANN.

Herr. Good morning Flink.

Flink. (*Sullenly*) Good morning—(*aside*)—Mr. Governor.

Herr. Where is your master?

Flink. He is still asleep.

Herr. At ten o'clock?

Flink. My master does not move by clock work.

Herr. Most likely he has been up all night gambling.

Flink. May be.

Herr. And lost?

Flink. If so, he lost his own money.

Herr. Where has he been?

Flink. Perhaps with some good friends.

Herr. Has he any besides me?

Flink. Friends!—aye, by dozens.

Herr. Like wholesale goods.

Flink. There is Baron Boldensfern——

Herr. Ah!

Flink. He calls my master his Damon—his oracle——

Herr. (*Partly to himself.*) Poor young man! it is to be lamented that he lost his father so soon.

Flink. (*Aside.*) Experience has always been a dear article—why, then, should my master buy it cheaper than others?

Herr. (*Opens a book that lays upon the table.*) What do I see? —“*Le Système de la Nature.*” How comes your master by this book?

Flink. His damon lent it to him.

Herr. You had better have said his Demon. Has it been read?

Flink. Yes. If we have time for reading——

Herr. Thank Heaven!—(*puts the book into his pocket*) away with it!—Is it not enough to rob the credulous man of his money? Must one also deprive him of his tranquility and virtue?

SCENE III.

Enter DITTHELM.

Ditt. (*Yawning.*) Good morning, dear Herrmann.

Herr. (*With a sorrowful tone of voice, aside.*) How pale! how languid!

Ditt. Why do you examine me thus closely?

Herr. I am looking for your rosy cheeks.

Ditt. Surely it must be Tuesday to-day——

Herr. Why?

Ditt. Because I see post-day written on your busy brow.

Herr. Sure enough it is post-day—and, besides that, a day of business.

Ditt. Oh! then I shall hasten out of the house to avoid business and four faces.

Herr. Too much sweetmeat blunts the teeth.

Ditt. Well said, old friend. I like a proverb.

Herr. Yes, if it tended to harmony.

Ditt. Well, then, have it set to music!

Herr. Our forefathers trafficked, and their posterity reap the benefit.

Ditt. These moping humours become you mightily well—I like them.

Herr. Have I then insinuated myself?

Ditt. Better and better—you must chat with me for an hour.
(*To Flink.*) Flink! chocolate. Our good old Herrman will break-fast with me.

Herr. By no means—I am come to you on business.

Ditt. (*Gaping.*) So!

Herr. First of all, a message to your heart.

Ditt. What! is my gloomy Herrmann a messenger of love?

Herr. Why a messenger of love? Your heart was formerly open to compassion.

Ditt. Formerly only?—(*moved*)—that were hard.

Herr. Heaven be praised, that in this instance you do not treat me with a cold jest.

Ditt. Speak, dear Herrman—your compassion is bail for the recompence.

Herr. I have been informed, that old Erlen is in great distress.

Ditt. How!—Can I relieve him?

Herr. Poor old man!—You recollect him?

Ditt. Recollect him!—My father's most intimate friend.

Herr. You recollect also in what manner this unfortunate man lost his all?

Ditt. I have heard say in our trade.

Herr. The sudden death of your father has thrown a veil over the event, which God alone can see through. For my part, I am convinced of Erlen's disposition—he never told a lie.

Ditt. Well, then, what can I do for him?

Herr. I think it an act of duty to support him; in what manner, I leave to your own discretion. The man is honest and noble minded. To offer him your beneficence direct, I am sure he will not accept.

Ditt. But through the hands of a third person——

Herr. As you please. I have done my part, by making you acquainted with his deplorable situation.

Ditt. I thank you for your anxiety to give me comfort.

Herr. (*With warmth.*) In truth! Is not doing good still a comfort to you?

Ditt. (*Gently rebuking Herrmann.*) Herrmann!

Herr. Pardon me. As I taught you to read and write, the tutor remains as yet fresh in my memory.

Ditt. (*Takes Herrmann by the hand.*) Good Herrmann?

Herr. Now, one word on business as a merchant—Our correspondence in Saxony——

Ditt. Is very tedious.

Herr. But consider the fine brown vitriol—it is an object worth your attention.

Ditt. Don't be angry, old friend—I prefer the English vitriol; it is as clear, and as hard as crystal; is much sooner dissolved in water, and melts easier in fire. Now, my good old friend, I think that, for once, you will own I have said a great deal on business, and with rationality too—is it not so?

Herr. Thank Heaven! if now and then only the careful minded, and well-instructed merchant, appear through the inexperience of your youth—it is as if I beheld your late father before me. We will then have our vitriol from England—from Hull.

Ditt. From Hull! very well. Have we not done now?

Herr. Yes. (*Going.*)

Ditt. But my dear Herrmann, I want money.

Herr. Money again! Much?

Ditt. About two hundred pounds. I had the ill luck to loose last night.

Herr. The coffer is your own—here is a sum just come in—(*gives him a pocket-book.*)

Ditt. But do not give it me in anger—put on a smiling countenance.

Herr. Young man, I love you; and from the gratitude I bear your late father, I think it my duty to act with sincerity toward you, his son. I must therefore inform you, if you continue to go on in this manner, inevitable ruin will be the consequence.

Ditt. No, no!

Herr. Yes, Yes!—I am almost ashamed to own that I taught you to cypher; for it seems as if multiplication were totally forgotten, and that you had only remembered subtraction.

Ditt. Patience, good old man; it is but two months since I became of age.

Herr. For that very reason, in two years time it would be too late to remind you——

Ditt. Youth is the season for enjoyment.

Herr. And is not a pure and moderate enjoyment of the amusements and pleasures of this life sufficient? Oh! Let me entreat you once more, my dear Frederick—pardon me for calling you son.

Ditt. (*Gives him his hand.*) Willingly—with all my heart.

Herr. As you are a young beginner, and but little acquainted with the art of gain, endeavour to preserve and keep that which

Providence has blessed you with, through the industry of your respected father, and consider the comfortable situation you are placed in; while many a youth, unprovided for, is compelled to struggle through difficulties innumerable to earn a livelihood—remember this incident.

Ditt. Good luck and handsome women bestow their favors most rarely on merit.

Herr. You have a good head, and a tender heart—what megrim can have whirled you into this strange element?

Ditt. The megrim of youth.

Herr. Avoid those sharpers who go about from place to place, making it their business to lead youth astray. Cast off such vagabonds from about your person—(*pointing at Flink.*)

Flink. Your humble servant.

Ditt. Consider my leisure hours, good Herrmann—one jovial day is worth more to me than a whole tedious year.

Herr. Employ your heart.

Ditt. I do.

Herr. Look out for a virtuous girl.

Ditt. I do that every day.

Herr. And when you have found—

Ditt. Oh! I have found them by dozens.

Herr. Then marry one.

Ditt. Hem!—yes, to marry may surely be a good pastime; but matrimony with some must be damned tedious.

Herr. Oh! had you but known your good parents—

Ditt. One swallow does not make summer.

Herr. Neither do a pair of withered trees make winter.

Ditt. I have not the genius of Socrates to guide my choice.

Herr. The heart—

Ditt. That beats for every fine girl—there is the gentle Emely—the roguish Caroline—the pouting Henrietta—the modest Sophia—Sophia!—stop, stop!—No, she does not belong to my register.

Herr. Who is this Sophia?

Ditt. An attractive, lovely girl—virtuous without pride—modest without bashfulness—witty without ridicule—and prudent without affectation.

Herr. That picture resembles your late mother. Would to God, that it may also in future resemble your wife!

Ditt. But, to my sorrow, this amiable creature is only a chamber-maid.

Herr. I would much rather have you married to such a chamber-maid, than to see you ramble and rove about any longer.

Ditt. (*Laughing.*) Then you recommend a good wife as a certain, never-failing remedy against all diseases of the soul?

Herr. Yes, I do. A good wife is a shield against seduction; and the comfort of domestic bliss is a healing balsam for all worldly wounds.

Ditt. Hearing you speak thus, who would believe you to be an old bachelor?

Herr. It grieves me to own I am one. Poverty has always driven love far from me. Pity, but do not mock a poor old man, whose lot from infancy has been to work hard for his daily maintenance; and, therefore, to give up life's choicest blessing—how often, when in evening's cheaful hours I witnessed the mutual happiness of your parents, has my heart o'erflowed, and my eyes have been moist with tears? How often, when sleepless on my solitary couch, have I reckoned over an exercise in algebra, to prevent the recollection of those unhappy wishes which belong not to the account of my life?—Pity me.

Ditt. Good Herrmann, if pecuniary concerns have alone been the cause of preventing you from going to the altar of Hymen, then marry—I will double your pay, and give up half my house to you.

Herr. Should I also assist in plundering you?

Ditt. I shall then begin to save, when I know for whom I do it—for the friend of my father—the instructor of my youth. O yes, dear Herrmann, give me this pleasure—Marry.

Herr. Too late.

Ditt. Good fortune late in life—is like fine weather in autumn—one enjoys it doubly.

Herr. (*in jest*) Should I probably increase the number of your amorous intrigues, by taking a wife?

Ditt. Fy, Herrmann—that is not kind—I mean it well.

Herr. And I am only jesting. Your goodness has given me comfort. God favour your designs, and bless you with a good and virtuous wife—when I can no longer write, I will rock the cradle of your children.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter FLINK.

Ditt. (*looking earnestly after Herrmann*) The most honest man I know.

Flink. (*aside*) 'Tis time for me to grumble, that I may be called honest too.

Ditt. Had I not him—

Flink. You would have no Hypochondriack in the house.

Ditt. He is right: my manner of living is like a Chinese picture,

composed of many colours, but without light and shade: Devouring is not enjoying; nor is turning over leaves, reading.

Flink. That sounds as if to-day were your fiftieth birth-day.

Ditt. (*reflecting*) A lovely girl—a wife. Ah! where shall I find her?

Flink. Here in my hand (*holds out a letter to him.*)

Ditt. What have you got there?

Flink. A letter from Miss Emily.

Ditt. Welcome! this will dissipate my thoughts. (*reads.*)

Flink. Dissipate them! methinks the girl is too good for dissipating only your thoughts.

Ditt. Do you also begin to preach?

Flink. A gentle dove——

Ditt. Say rather a gosling.

Flink. Chaste as a nun——

Ditt. (*laughing*). Flink admiring chastity.

Flink. A heart full of love——

Ditt. To herself.

Flink. Well read.

Ditt. In the journal of fashion.

Flink. Handsome as the graces——

Ditt. But not as Sophia.

Flink. She is not a chamber-maid, to be sure.

Ditt. Enough of your praise; I don't like those girls whose mouths one is obliged to stop with kisses, to prevent their talking nonsense.

Flink. Then you do not like the attractive Emily?

Ditt. Oh yes, I do love her—why should I not? you see we correspond.

Flink. But correspondence and a marriage contract are two very different things.

Ditt. One has all sorts of vexation in this world to encounter with—losses at play—quarrels with friends; in short, the best one can do to forget them, is to gather sweets from the lips of a pretty girl.

Flink. (*aside*) Oh, dear me, my good Madame Luppnitz.

Ditt. But to marry—what a pity that Sophia is only a chamber-maid.

Flink. (*aside*) The florin, however, I have earned fairly.

Ditt. Yet what am I? a mere child of luck; what can I balance against Sophia's charms? a handful of gold.

SCENE V.

Enter HADEBRATH (an old Man with a grey beard, and hair dressed neat and plain.)

Hade. Good day, my son!

Ditt. Be welcome, honest Hadebrath! at last you have ~~once~~ more found your way to your pupil.

Hade. God forbid that I should not have found my way—(*with a serious look at Flink*) leave us alone.

Flink. (*snappish*) Whenever my master commands me, not otherwise.

Hade. (*cold and severe*) Fellow! thou hast yesterday taken a bribe to circumvent thy master. Be gone!

Flink. (*aside*) Damned conjurer.

[*Exit.*

Hade. (*astonished*) What! does that mean reverend father? patience, his time is not yet come.

Ditt. You seem to be acquainted with the latest occurrences of my house, although for several weeks past you have disappeared.

Hade. I was always near thee.

Ditt. But not invisible?

Hade. I have followed thee from the faro-table to the tavern, and from the dwellings of pleasure to the huts of the poor.

Ditt. Incomprehensible.

Hade. Thou gamest—thou loofest great sums—I have forgiven thee; for when I looked into thy heart, I found it free from greediness of gain.

Ditt. A mortal to look into my heart.

Hade. Thou drinkest—thou get'st intoxicated merely to oblige hypocrites.

Ditt. That is true also.

Hade. Thou triflest with young maidens—take care—I forgive thee, because thine heart is not inclined to sensual pleasures.

Ditt. Extraordinary! by heaven.

Hade. Thou didst descend to the habitations of misery to dry up tears in secret—for that be blessed. (*in a solemn manner lays his hand upon him.*)

Ditt. What means this! am I surrounded by ghosts and spectres?

Hade. Thou didst save a pitiable tradesman from starving and destruction but two days ago—for that be blessed.

Ditt. Man; when I did that I was quite alone.

Hade. I was always near thee.

Ditt. No one knew me.

Hade. I knew thee.

Ditt. Oh ! thou art incomprehensible—if I am found worthy to be instructed in what seems supernatural, why dost thou not satisfy my thirst after higher knowledge ?

Hade. I have spied thee out—have held my staff before thee, as the philosopher did to Alcibiades ; but young man, art thou already able to look into the sun, and see the spots ? knowest thou already the bottomless pit into which the stars vanish ? the luminaries from which new stars arise ?

Ditt. I do not understand you.

Hade. Endure—learn—be silent—and above all things, forget !

Ditt. What shall I forget ?

Hade. Enough for to day. (*after a pause*) I did promise to give thee information of thy friend Blunt.

Ditt. (*hastily*) Of Blunt ? my dear American friend ?

Hade. He greets thee.

Ditt. I suppose him dead.

Hade. He is dead.

Ditt. (*in great agitation, yet doubtful*) then it must be his ghost.

Hade. (*with reserve*) his ghost !

Ditt. (*animated*) thou couldst forever make me obedient unto thee, and fetter me to thyself, if thou wouldst let me see the ghost of Blunt.

Hade. I could—but dare I ?

Ditt. It is not from curiosity—but friendship.

Hade. That would be something (*takes hold of both his hands, and looks stedfastly at him for some time*) it is true.

Ditt. Oh ! then let me, thou searcher of my heart ! let me behold the friend of my youth again (*takes a miniature from against the wall*) My gentle William (*looking at the picture with tenderness*)

Hade. Give me the picture (*taking it from Dittthelm's hand*) (*fold thy hands—look up to heaven, and be silent.* (*Dittthelm does what he is desired.* *Hadebrath holds the picture up with both hands—his body trembling—his eyes rolling --all on a sudden it seems as if his whole frame had received an electric shock—his countenance begins to brighten ; and with an elevated smile, turns round to the restless Dittthelm—lays his hand softly on his shoulder, and says*) thou shalt see him.

Ditt. When ? when ?

Hade. When ? (*after a pause*) In a few weeks.

Ditt. Why not sooner ? why not to-day ?

Hade. (*much disquieted*) To day I go to prison.

Ditt. (*surprised*) To prison.

Hade. I have given bail for an honest man ; he cannot pay, nor I either—he is fled. I fly not.

Ditt. Are there likewise dungeons for a man who is endowed with such singular knowledge?

Hade. Oh, yes; because this man respects the law; for the rest I am at liberty there, and shall be always fluttering about thee.

Ditt. But how long?

Hade. In three times nine days, a ship from Smyrna will cast anchor in our haven: welcome will be the treasures which my brethren send to me from Egypt—welcome for the sake of the poor.

Ditt. Three times nine days! an age! why don't you ask of your wealthy pupil?

Hade. I never ask.

Ditt. But I ask the honour of your confidence—how much does the sum amount to?

Hade. One hundred dollars.

Ditt. (*divides the contents of his pocket-book*) Here they are.

Hade. (*takes hold of both his hands, and looks stedfastly at him for a few moments.*) Yes; thou givest it with pleasure.

Ditt. Surely.

Hade. (*takes the money and speaks with a true and feeling heart*) Oh! didst thou know the misery that this sum will mitigate! have thanks—have thanks—noble youth.

Ditt. When shall I now see my friend?

Hade. (*after considering a moment, he again speaks in a solemn tone of voice*) This very day.

Ditt. In the night.

Hade. Impostors avail themselves of night. When the thirty-third minute of the third hour approaches, thy friend Blunt shall appear unto thee.

Ditt. Where?

Hade. I will conduct thee. (*going*)

Ditt. But his picture?

Hade. From the hand of a friend thou shalt receive it again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Ditt. (*alone*) What a man! and only the agent of an Higher Power can excite fear and love—trembling and confidence in every breast; did he not know each of my secret actions? each of my very thoughts? Nay, even—Oh! if he but keeps his promise—why do I doubt? (*looks about frightened*) I must not offend him—he may hear me—surely he will be punctual to his word—and then, good Herrmann, shall I still be surrounded by deceivers?

SCENE VII.

Enter FLINK.

Ditt. Better come nearer, still my friend—you step with much boldness before me.

Flink. I hope, that the conjurer—

Ditt. Respect, Master Flink.

Flink. With his administering spirits has not bely'd you.

Ditt. Have a care, him thou canst not deceive.

Flink. To be sure—to him, I am a mere apprentice.

Ditt. Silent !

Flink. A poor servant—honest and merry—a little stupid perhaps.

Ditt. Enough ; what have you got there ?

Flink. My monthly accompts, honorable Sir !

Ditt. How often must I repeat it to you, Flink, that I am not honorable ?

Flink. But—

Ditt. Italian beggars call every body, “ My Lord,” and German cheats salute all travellers by the title of “ Excellence ;” you are either going to beg or cheat.

Flink. Ah ! No, Mr. Diithelm, my parents were but simple people—I was not brought up to so advantageous a profession.

Ditt. (*Laughing*) A genius knows no limits ; give it here, (*takes the bill and reads*) “ For shoe-blackening four dollars.” Fellow ! four dollars worth of shoe-blackening would serve a whole regiment of soldiers.

Flink. Ask pardon, it is patent blackening.

Ditt. “ For shaving soap and brushes five dollars ;” By Zoroaster’s beard ! thou art a filcher.

Flink. Do you only employ me as a servant ?

Ditt. “ For fastening the hand of a watch five dollars.” (*staring Flink in the face, who looks at him without fear*) Do you know what Herrmann would say to all this ? (*Flink shrugs up his shoulders, and shakes his head*) “ If this continues (*he would say*) then will the hand of the watch soon point at the hour of bankruptcy ?”

Flink. People of fashion have their watches repaired by Monsieur Recot, and Monsieur Recot is expensive. A German to be sure would have charged only half the sum ; but Monsieur Recot is no German.

Ditt. “ For curing the favourite spaniel ten dollars.” Fellow ! I gave but five for him.

Flink. I believe it, for he is an honest dog.

Ditt. That is more than thou canst say of thyself.

Flink. Ask pardon, Mr. Diithelm—formerly, give me leave to

observe, dogs were taken to shepherds to be cured ; but in our days we have doctors for that purpose, and they cannot be paid with silver.

Ditt. Observe me, Flink ! I don't mind being cheated, but with a little more delicacy, if you please.

Flink. I am but a young beginner—you must have patience.

Ditt. There, take your trash.

Flink. Shall I discharge it ?

Ditt. (laughing) If thou art not afraid that one day or other thy conscience will bring thee to the gallows.

Flink. Oh ! the gallows is only an encouragement to become a greater rogue.

Ditt. (smiling) Add to your bill, "for witty simplicity, five dollars."

Flink. A fine premium—my master is spoiled for a bookfeller.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Baron BOLDENSTERN.

Baron Bold. Good morning *cher Ami* ! (*to Flink*) A dish of chocolate, my friend.

Ditt. Welcome Baron ! I thought you were still in the arms of sleep.

Baron Bold. The morning was so fine—so inviting—

Ditt. For a walk ?

Baron Bold. No, for a party at billiards ; I am no friend to walking—pacing up and down without an aim.

Ditt. Without an aim ? one can admire and contemplate the beauties of nature.

Baron Bold. For that purpose one has landscapes hung up against the walls, and flower-pots placed before the windows—(*Flink brings the chocolate*)—(*the Baron sips it*) then point out to me, *cher ami*, the beauties of nature ; as one always speaks of its attractions, but never of its deformities : here blow roses and violets very well ; but yonder I am stung by nettles, and all the folds of my coat hang full of burs ; here sings a nightingale very prettily—but at the same time, I am tormented with the nasty chafers that flutter about my ears. *Enfin*, in the morning I am wetted with dew—at mid-day I am scorched by heat—in the afternoon I am smothered with dust—and in the evening I am bitten with gnats—(*to Flink*)—fetch me a glass of liqueur.

Ditt. You will get into a law suit with the poets.

Baron Bold. *J'en dispute pas de goûts.* I have tried every thing—*effleuré*, a German has no name for it. I must own, that I have nowhere found so much amusement as at the billiard table.

Ditt. You are right—it ensures and preserves activity.

Baron Bold. It sharpens the understanding—

Ditt. And excites the passions.

Baron Bold. Where is enjoyment without passion ?

Ditt. The philosophers on the contrary—

Baron Bold. Have found out a language which no one understands.

Ditt. The moralists—

Baron Bold. Are tedious, (*he swallows the liqueur*)—(*to Flink*)

Fetch me a sandwich.—*Enfin mon ami*, it remains a fact, that gaming only can fester a man of taste.

Ditt. Gaming and love.

Baron Bold. You will be at the Countess's to-day ?

Ditt. To play, or to love ?

Baron Bold. Both, if you please ; but the Countess is already *sur le retour*.

Ditt. She has a lovely chamber-maid.

Baron Bold. Yes ; has the little rogue bewitched you too ? A pity she is so uninformed.

Ditt. Uninformed ! I beg your pardon ; she seems to me, as well informed as her rank in life requires.

Baron Bold. *Tant pis !* She has, Heaven knows where, imbibed principle ; for, would you believe it, the other evening wishing her a *bon repos*, at the same time offering to kiss her, she had the impertinence to salute me with a box on the ear.

Ditt. What Cato could have withstood the temptation ?

Baron Bold. She is handsome, but cold—cold as a billiard ball. Away with that beauty, who promises as little enjoyment as the flower in the hand of the Queen of Clubs.

Ditt. Damn the Queen of Clubs ; she reminds me of the ill-luck I had yesterday.

Baron Bold. You play with such an honourable indifference ; with so much negligence ; the Countess is quite charmed with you. She said “ this young man may in time become a favorite in our circles ; ” then spoke of an ancient family extinct of the same name, in Thuringen, and was of opinion, that by tracing back your pedigree, it might probably be discovered that you are a descendant of the same.

Ditt. And what of all that ? I am of opinion, my family are descendants of the man in armour on the Dutch ducats.

Baron Bold. *Bon, bon, ha, ha, ha, ventre bleu !* We forget our billiards ; shall we play a game for ten of those men of your family ?

Ditt. (*takes his hat and stick*)—If you give me eight points.

[*Both exit.*]

SCENE IX.

FLINK *alone.*

Flink. Eight points? That he may give him on the table of chance, and still win the match. Yes, yes, this game is a picture of life; he that understands scheming, let his ball roll gently, and will gain his point, without exciting any commotion; but he that always forces his ball, in order to make a brilliant appearance, will overshoot his mark here, and lose himself elsewhere.

SCENE X.

A Room in Mrs. ERLÉN'S House.

Mrs. Erlén, (Alone, knitting; a book laying open upon the table before her, in which, at the same time, she is reading, smiling, and shaking her head.)—Again a fall out about romances; must every thing be called fanaticism that is not quite agreeable to custom? when I was young, Poets wrote their sonnets of love under a thatched roof, and were contented with bread and milk. Twenty years later, this sweet contentment is turned into ridicule; but with me it remains, and I revere it; forbearance at the side of a good husband, ceases to be an art, or a sacrifice. Is my life a romance? Has not experience spoken justly to my heart? Are we not poor! very poor! yet where is the wife with whom I would change condition?

SCENE XI.

Enter Ensign ERLÉN.

Ensign Erlén. Good morning, dear mother.

Mrs. Erlén. Welcome, dear Charles. What do you bring me?

Erl. My whole heart, and the half of my pay.

Mrs. Erl. Dear boy! how can you content yourself with so little?

Erl. Were not you contented, when with a small income you defrayed the great expences of my liberal education?

Mrs. Erl. We lived retired and sparingly ; but you must do honour to your service.

Erl. If ever the Prince should ask me, why my coat looks so shabby ? my answer will not, I think, disgrace his service.

Mrs. Erl. You are young, and should enjoy life.

Erl. I do. By putting these little savings monthly upon your table, I am furnished each time with four weeks enjoyment of life.

Mrs. Erl. But your brother officers will think you avaricious, or do they perhaps—

Erl. Stop, mother !

Mrs. Erl. You will expose yourself to their mockery.

Erl. Better than if my conscience were to mock my heart.

Mrs. Erl. (*Embraces him and clasps him in her arms*)—Dear Charles ! what prince is rich enough to buy of me the pension you bestow.

SCENE XII.

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. (*Who on beholding her brother in her mother's arms, runs up to them*)—Spare a small corner for me, brother—(*Carelessly her mother.*)

Mrs. Erl. Sophia here also ? Children you procure me a chearful morning.

Sophia. Welcome, dear brother ; we have not seen each other this long while.

Erl. Is that my fault ? Why do you forbid my coming to see you ?

Mrs. Erl. What ! have you forbidden him ?

Sophia. Certainly ; he is an officer—the world should not know that his sister is in servitude.

Erl. Fie, Sophia ! I have a great inclination to put it in the newspapers this very day.

Sophia. Very well, Mr. Splutterer ; if you are ever so much inclined, I have only the wish of keeping my situation in life a secret, to prevent your being sneered at in the honourable one you hold, in the service of a great Prince.

Erl. He that could do that, would only brand his own.

Sophia. In the eyes of the reasonable ; but they are as scarce as those people who have not had the small-pox.

Mrs. Erl. She is right.

Sophia. “ Ensign Erlen is brave,” I often hear thy old Colonel say when he visits the Countess, sometimes at her toilet—my eyes be-

come moist with tears, and the comb trembles in my hand—I get re-proved for my negligence ; but that I do not mind in hearing my brother well spoken of.

Erl. And the word, brother, never escapes your lips ?

Sophia. Have I not lived long enough in the great world, to know what impression that would make on the Colonel ? Surely, it would give him an opportunity of calling out to you on the parade, “ Mr. Erlén, I have seen your sister this morning, she understands curling and hair-dressing very prettily.”

Erl. Well ! and what of that—

Mrs. Erl. She is right, dear son.

Erl. I think not, mother ; the Countess already knows—

Sophia. The Countess has too much pride to trouble herself about my surname—she calls me Sophia, and that is all.

Erlén. A good and noble heart is a charter for all ranks.

Sophia. Sit down at the writing-desk, Mr. Philosopher ! and convert all ranks by your proverbs : enough for me, that as before, in the house of the Countess I shall always drop a courtesy to Ensign Erlén ; but in this house here, he is my dear brother Charles.

Erl. Here, and every where.

Sophia. Stop fir, What in this world ought to be done, is done, and dares not to be done—the sons of Adam must learn from us, Eve’s daughters.

Erl. Only, however, when you are not in love.

Sophia. Well recollected ; and now, dear mother, here is a small portion of my savings. (*Puts into her hand two pieces of gold.*)

Mrs. Erl. So soon again, my child ?

Sophia. The Countess made me a present yesterday of a cast off dress, which I have disposed of.

Mrs. Erl. You deprive yourself, dear girl—your dress is plain—

Sophia. But neat : is it not ?

Erl. I feel concerned, mother. Sophia does more than me.

Mrs. Erl. (*to Sophia*)—This moment he brought me half his pay.

[*Sophia embraces her brother.*]

Erl. That is all nothing ; but a girl of eighteen giving up a fine dress—

Sophia. Dear brother, if I did not know you to be a young officer, I should have guessed it by your jesting.

Mrs. Erl. But Sophia ! what says the Countess to your always appearing before her in your own plain dress, when she gives you presents of finer ?

Sophia. If her ladyship is displeased, I say I have put into the lottery, that is a sort of gambling—in her eyes any game is pardonable.

Mrs. Erl. I entreat you both, not to make known to your father

your assistance—his noble pride would rather let him starve, than live on your beneficence.

Erl. Yes; if he calls that beneficence which love and duty require.

Sophia. It is beneficence surely, but only to ourselves.

Mrs. Erl. Hush! I hear him coming.

[*She secretes the money.*]

SCENE XIII.

Enter Mr. ERLÉN.

Mr. Erlén. (*With a bundle of papers under his arm; when he steps in at the door, starts*)—Heydey! I have just left a fine furnished house, but my hut is much more finely ornamented—(*son and daughter go to meet and kiss him*)—Be welcome children! be welcome! how do you do?

Sophia. Very well, dear father.

Mr. Erlén. And you?

Erl. Tolerable.

Mr. Erlén. Why but tolerable?

Erl. You know I have but little inclination for a soldier's life; besides, I want—

Mr. Erlén. A good and courageous heart is all that a soldier wants, and that you have I am sure.

Erl. It is my paternal inheritance.

Mr. Erlén. If that is true, you are a rich heir, although, these walls are bare.

Erl. I should yet be happy if I thought you so.

Mr. Erlén. Am I then otherwise? Can you doubt my happiness in the presence of your mother?

Erl. Want, at your advancing age.

Mr. Erlén. What do you call want? Those who can supply their needs are well supported.

Erl. Can you do that?

Mr. Erlén. Oh, yes! for I am content; do you think we go hungry to bed? Your mother's dear hands prepare daily what my industry produces, and our plain food is well flavoured with her constant serenity. Should you perceive tears in her eyes, the smoke of the kitchen fire is the cause of them.

Mrs. Erl. Yes, my good Erlén, I should be contented, satisfied, if only—

Mr. Erlén. No one lives on earth, whose contentment is not at times crossed by an, if only—let us hear the tendency of your's ?

Mrs. Erl. If only—Sophia were not obliged to serve.

Mr. Erlén. To serve ! what means that ? Were she rich, proud, vain—then would she serve, and what a servitude ? My daughter is a chamber-maid ; but that guards her probably from the misfortune of becoming her own slave.

Mrs. Erl. It grieves me to think she is a stranger in our house.

Mr. Erlén. (*pressing Sophia's hand*) She will never be a stranger in our hearts. Believe me, children, believe it from my experience, that life's enjoyment may be collected from the most common plants, if pains are taken to learn the art of the industrious bees, how to penetrate into the very heart of the flower.

Mrs. Erl. That art you have always practised under your pressing difficulties and distresses.

Mr. Erlén. And rejoice at the elasticity of my spirit.

Mrs. Erl. You have again brought home a large heap of papers.

Mr. Erlén. Yes, God be thanked ! here is work for a whole month, and if only—there, now I have caught myself at an, if only—

Mrs. Erl. Intrust it to your family.

Mr. Erlén. I was going to say, if only my debts were paid, that anxiety might no longer lay at the hearts of my creditors, nor at my own.

Mrs. Erlén. I don't know—to day—but let us hope.

[Mr. Erlén draws his hand across his forehead.]

Sophia. How was it possible, my father, that by your industry—

Erl. How can you ask, Sophia ? Consider the expence of our education—

Mr. Erlén. The expence of your education has been defrayed from a capital which is inexhaustible—fatherly love accomplished it. No, my dear children, a misfortune that befel me ten years ago, has thrown us back so far, that at my advanced age, it will be impossible by my labour to bring you forward again.

Mrs. Erl. We were both poor when we married ; but we had, through care, saved up a pretty capital.

Mr. Erl. Seven thousand dollars.

Mrs. Erlén. Which your father took to the old banker, Diithelm.

Sophia, (*much perplexed*) Diithelm !

Mr. Erlén. He was my friend.

Erl. and cheated you ?

Mr. Erlén. That would have hurt me much more than the loss of my money. No, he meant well with me ; was to have given me a share in his flourishing business : it so happened, that just when I took

to him the saved-up sum, he was overwhelmed with business, and could not at that moment give me a receipt for it.

Mrs. Erl. He wished your father to take the money back again, and return with it the next morning—

Mr. Erlén. Why should I? Was I not assured of the integrity of my friend?

Mrs. Erl. In about half an hour after, by a paralytic stroke—

Mr. Erlén. I lost a proved friend.

Mrs. Erl. And the indefatigable earnings of eight tedious years.

Sophia. (with vehemence) What! could his son be so base as to deny the debt?

Mr. Erlén. His son was then a child—the executors and guardians did their duty. I had no vouchers.

Erl. But his books—your word—your oath—

Mr. Erlén. The sum was not entered in his books. Herrmann, his trusty clerk, was questioned about it—every place was searched—I described the notes, the paper they were put in—all was in vain! Nothing could be found. God only knows what became of the money.

Sophia. Poor father! what you must have felt!

Mr. Erlén. Ask your mother if she perceived any change in me? I walked in the fields for a few hours to recover myself; there I shed tears, but they were devoted to my friend—not to my money. Nor, till the next morning, did I disclose to your good mother, what I feared would have occasioned her a sleepless night.

Mrs. Erl. How willingly would I have shared it with thee.

Mr. Erlén. She conducted herself on this trying occasion with fortitude and greatness of soul. We had a cook, she undertook that office herself. I kept for you a tutor, but then became myself your instructor—so one calamitous moment brought forth many a cheerful hour—for misfortune is an incident that animates our faculties, and gives new vigour to our vital spirits. We have lived sparingly, and were contented.

Mrs. Erl. Your father, as he divided his time between his children and his business, could not certainly earn so much as he had done before.

Mr. Erlén. But yet we were contented, and are so still—Enough, children, and already too much of a luckless hour, as I count my good fortune by years. Dear wife, have you thought of providing to welcome our guests? Is the cloth laid?

Mrs. Erl. A couple of cabbages out of our own garden is all that I can set before them.

Mr. Erlén. Do you know what Gothe says? "How happy am I, that my heart feels the simple, harmless joy of that man who brings upon his table a cabbage of his own raising." And dare I add, how

happy am I, who assemble round my table, children who have grown up healthy under my attentive care—who give a lustre to poverty through their virtuous pride—and who reward with affection, what parental love has done for them. Come children! come to my arms!

[*Ensign Erlin and Sophia, hasten towards him, and fall into his arms. Mrs. Erlin wipes from her cheek a tear of affection.—The curtain drops.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public walk adjoining to a street, of which some houses are visible.

Madame LUPPNITZ and EMILY.

Emily. (Is seated on a bench, playing with her fan and yawning; Madame Luppnitz walking backwards and forwards, looking about)
—Time hangs very heavily on my hands.

Madame Lup. You are usually very much for walking.

Emily. Oh, yes, in the evening, when there is a variety of company; but at present, trees are the only objects to look at.

Mad. Lup. Which the season of spring has covered with blossoms.

Emily. And one only gets freckled.

Mad. Lup. Don't you hear the nightingale?

Emily. With a great deal of pleasure do I hear the frogs, for now I shall soon have their spawn for my wash-water.

Mad. Lup. And also bean-blossoms—is it not true?

Emily. Yes, the blossom of beans makes a very soft skin.

Mad. Lup. Very soon, my dear, you will have no occasion for those arts.

Emily. Why not?

Mad. Lup. You will be married.

Emily. Shall I then no longer strive to appear handsome?

Mad. Lup. A husband accustoms himself to any thing.

Emily. Yes! a husband—but there are other gentlemen besides him; and then the want of amusement—

Mad. Lup. For that we have assemblies, and town-talk—matrimonial differences, and domestic pleasures. At present, dear child, employ your thoughts only about what you should wish to have for your bridal dress.

Emily. White satin with lilac riband.

Mad. Lup. Then short and good—the romance between you and Dürthelm must be at an end.

Emily. That is a pity.

Mad. Lup. Love delayed is like a journey postponed, which in the end comes to nothing.

Emily. Is it then my fault?

Mad. Lup. I know three or four mothers who have also the same intention; we must, therefore, be before them.

Emily. But how?

Mad. Lup. This young gentleman flutters about, and warbles so sweetly, it is time to singe his wings; and this very day I will provide a brother for you.

Emily. A brother!—ha, ha, ha! that is comical. Where will you find a brother for me?

Mad. Lup. Leave that to me.

Emily. But I wish a husband not a brother.

Mad. Lup. Although my plan is not a new one, yet it is ingenious and secure. I have a youth in view, who about this time usually goes to yonder tavern—I will found him on the subject; and if I find him suited to my purpose, he may appear in the fifth act this very day.

Emily. How do you intend to name the play?

Mad. Lup. Le Mariage Forcé—*(looking about at a distance)* Look, look! here comes the selected knight, and had nearly surprized us. Go in, my dear Emily, I will speak to him without a witness.

Emily. In the mean time I will try on my new morning dress.—*(She goes into the nearest house.)*

Mad. Lup. If my informers have not deceived me, then is this just the man to my wish—hasty—determined—and a poor, half-starved wretch.

SCENE II.

Enter Ensign ERLIN—and as he is going across the Stage, Madame LUPPNITZ steps in his way.

Mad. Lup. With your permission, Sir—Captain—or——

Erl. At present, Madam, only Ensign. May I beg to be favoured with your commands?

Mad. Lup. If I am not mistaken in you——

Erl. It depends for what you take me.

Mad. Lup. For a young gentleman who is more favored by nature than by fortune.

Erl. Your last conjecture, I confess is fact.

Mad. Lup. It is very well known that the pay of an Ensign is not considerable.

Erl. Yes, that is well known.

Mad. Lup. And that some additional property of one's own is necessary to make the situation agreeable.

Erl. Yes, if one has any.

Mad. Lup. To be sure, in war time, one may get booty.

Erl. Booty! I am no plunderer.

Mad. Lup. At your age one wishes to enjoy life, and make the most of time.

Erl. To what does that tend?

Mad. Lup. I am—Madame Luppnitz.

Erl. (*Making a bow*) Very well!

Mad. Lup. I have often observed you with concern.

Erl. I thank you.

Mad. Lup. And considered in what manner I might be of service to you.

Erl. I am contented.

Mad. Lup. Presents, I thought, you would not condescend to accept.

Erl. There you thought perfectly right.

Mad. Lup. But if an opportunity should offer wherein you might render me essential service——

Erl. I!—you, Madam——

Mad. Lup. I judged, in that case, a purse full of ducats, as a token of my gratitude, would not be refused.

Erl. Let us hear it.

Mad. Lup. I have a daughter—a very good and a very handsome girl.

Erl. I congratulate you.

Mad. Lup. And she has a lover.

Erl. That is very natural.

Mad. Lup. A young merchant.

Erl. As yet, I do not perceive what all this can be to me.

Mad. Lup. You will soon hear, this lover is a coxcomb.

Erl. Then send him adrift.

Mad. Lup. Heaven forbid!—he is very rich.

Erl. (*Ironically*) It is then your duty, as a mother, to link him closely, which will require your wanted dexterity.

Mad. Lup. True, my dear Sir—I perceive you are a very sensible young gentleman, and have great penetration. Money and luck go hand in hand; and although they do not always ensure domestic happiness, yet they are found to disperse a variety of pleasures all over this wide world.

Erl. There are enthusiasts who deny that.

Mad. Lup. Away with them—let them be fifty years old, and then try if enthusiasm will avail them.

Erl. (aside) Excellent parents !

Mad. Lup. Your superior judgment gives me encouragement to explain myself more openly to you.

Erl. I wait with the greatest impatience.

Mad. Lup. This young merchant dangles and prattles, caresses and flatters ; but—

Erl. Delays coming to the point.

Mad. Lup. Well guessed. My daughter is young, inexperienced—she does not know rightly how to act with him.

Erl. What ! not with the instruction of so judicious a mother ?

Mad. Lup. My dear Sir, I am widow, and without protection. Had the Almighty blessed me with a son, a dear son—he would certainly have brought this affair to a conclusion before now.

Erl. (impatiently) And the end of this conversation——

Mad. Lup. Patience !—I am now coming to the point. My motherly affection has put me in mind of adopting a son—If it were only for a few weeks.

Erl. And this honour you probably intend to confer on me.

Mad. Lup. (friendly) Yes, my dear Sir.

Erl. I am very much obliged to you, Madam. But to what purpose ?

Mad. Lup. That you will not guess. As an officer—as a man of honour—and as brother of Emily—it would be proper you should protect with earnestness the reputation of a sister.

Erl. Sister or not—that I would most willingly every virtuous girl.

Mad. Lup. You must come, therefore, to my house.

Erl. With great pleasure.

Mad. Lup. And must unperceivedly listen to a conversation of courtship.

Erl. For what purpose ?

Mad. Lup. You may probably witness an exchange of kisses.

Erl. And then——

Mad. Lup. Then start suddenly before them, talk of injured honour, and of bloody vengeance, and demand of him to give satisfaction.

Erl. Now I comprehend.

Mad. Lup. The reward shall be on the spot.

Erl. But—should he not attend to my threats——

Mad. Lup. Here a handsome girl, and there a naked sword—he will wisely choose.

Erl. And should this trick hereafter be discovered——

Mad. Lup. I hardly know of a marriage where there has not some trick or other been discovered—one must reconcile that, and be silent.

Erl. But if this young man should know me?

Mad. Lup. Be unconcerned: I have acquainted myself of that beforehand.

Erl. What is his name?

Mad. Lup. Diithelm.

Erl. (*surprized*) Diithelm!—him, it is——

Mad. Lup. You seem to know him.

Erl. Only by sight.

Mad. Lup. Then you agree to my request?

Erl. (*After a little consideration*) But suppose, Madam, I were this very instant to go to him, and disclose this plot?

Mad. Lup. (*Smiling scornfully*) Go, Sir,—we were without witnesses. He will much sooner attend to the tears of my beautiful daughter than to the words of a stranger—perhaps of a contemptible rival.

Erl. You are right. The skilful mother has considered every thing?

Mad. Lup. Every thing.

Erl. I am your son, and obey.

Mad. Lup. Excellent!—I expect you this afternoon.

Erl. The sooner the better.

Mad. Lup. The second floor of that house is my apartment.

Erl. Very well.

Mad. Lup. That handsome girl, who is lolling behind the curtain, is your sister.

Erl. I understand.

[*HÄDEBRATH* has, at the latter part of this conversation, walked several times up and down at the back part of the stage.

Mad. Lup. We should have yet talked over many things: but I perceive a man sculking about there, whose countenance I do not like. Farewell, trusty son.

Erl. Dear mother, I am your's faithfully.

[*Madame Luppnitz goes into the house.*

Erl. (*In deep thought*) Hem!—Singular!—Is poverty, then, held forth as a sign of the abode of roguery?—Diithelm! that it should just happen to be him!—Oh! that delights me.

SCENE III.

HADEBRATH with a black Beard and Wig—his Dress changed, with a miniature Picture in his Hand—speaks about ERLIN unperceived, and seems to be comparing it with him.

Hade. (*Aside*) Yes, yes, I shall hardly find a better likeness. Light-hair—a longish face, a Roman nose—As for the rest, that is done by smoke, according to the custom.

Erl. (*Still in deep thought*) Whether mother and daughter agree in this intrigue?

Hade. (*aside, viewing Erlin from head to foot*) A worn-out uniform—coarse cloth—and seemingly his hair dressed by himself. I think he is my man.

Erl. Handsome!—she is very handsome.

Hade. A very interesting soliloquy.

Erl. Should she possess as much knowledge as beauty——

Hade. Probably he is in love.

Erl. I shall find it difficult to conquer.

Hade. So much the better. Then he wants money.

Erl. However, I will act as I ought. Why concern myself for the consequence?—(*Is going.*)

Hade. (*Steps in his way to prevent him*) Can I be of any service to you, Sir?

Erl. No, Sir,

Hade. Then let me reverse the question—Will you be of service to me?

Erl. Why not?—with a great deal of pleasure.

Hade. Be it understood, that you may rely on a reward, in token of my gratitude.

Erl. Fair dealings require no reward.

Hade. The intention is really good.

Erl. But the contrivance——

Hade is a joke.

Erl. I will promote it with pleasure.

Hade. I want a ghost.

Erl. Why am I thus honoured as to be chosen for a ghost?

Hade. I only mean to represent one.

Erl. Perhaps you are a proprietor of a dilettanti theatre?

Hade. No—one of my friends is an enthusiast, and of this malady I wish to cure him.

Erl. That is praiseworthy.

Hade. He believes in apparitions.

Erl. He should be ridiculed.

Hade. Ridicule may cure fools, but not always enthusiasts; for they resemble a description of children, to whom one must give way in order to correct them.

Erl. (distrustful) And to summon ghosts—is that your meaning?

Hade. Well guessed.

Erl. And in the end

Hade. My friend will be convinced how easily imagination is deceived.

Erl. Really!

Hade. I promised him to-day to conjure the spirit of his late friend to his view—here is the picture of him—it seems as if you had sat for it.

Erl. I understand that I am indebted to this resemblance for the honour of your acquaintance.

Hade. And also for the pleasure of having saved an unfortunate—*(Erlen stares at him. Hadebrath, discomposed, continues)*—Why do you look so closely at me?

Erl. Pray, Sir, what is your name?

Hade. Hadebrath.

Erl. Mr. Hadebrath, you do not deal fairly with me.

Hade. How so?

Erl. I do not blame you for it—I have a damned honest face; but let not that discourage you. I am Ensign Erlén—a poor devil, and consequently want money. I am not afraid of a little roguery—be open-hearted, and speak your mind freely.

Hade. That I have done.

Erl. No, that you have not done—you intend to pluck the feathers of a chaffinch, and want me to serve as the lime-twigg.

Hade. (Startled) Sir! I have always been a fair-dealing man.

Erl. Yes, yes, and so have I—but no simpleton, nor you either.

Hade. Did you but know—No, Sir, I am not quite the man you take me for. Farewell.

Erl. Stop, Sir,—as you have so far let me into your design, I will be your ghost, and will share with you the profit.

Hade. (after considering) Well, then, give me your word of honour.

Erl. What has honour to do with roguery?

Hade. (with a sigh) Roguery?

Erl. Let us then give it a more moderate term. Poverty obliges us to ask tribute of Credulity.

Hade. Yes, to be sure poverty does.

Erl. Robbery is too common—but to summon ghosts is a most excellent jugg'e.

Hade. I have made no confession—

Erl. No matter—I have guessed all.

Hade. Where is your proof?

Erl. (*snatching the picture from his hand*) Here it is; and the right owner of this picture, I hope, will discover himself.

Hade. (*terrified*) Softly, softly, dear Sir!—to be sure it is in your power——

Erl. Why do you tremble? Cheer up, Mr. Hadebrath—I will become your pupil—infill into me the mystery of your art, and you will find a very willing scholar.

Hade. Ah!—I am but a scholar myself.

Erl. What is the name of that blockhead on whom we are to play to-day?

Hade. His name is Diithelm.

Erl. (*surprized*) Diithelm?—Diithelm again!

Hade. (*agitated*) Are you acquainted with him?

Erl. (*dissembling*) No, no.

Hade. A credulous, young, rich merchant—a spendthrift.

Erl. Excellent!—(*aside*)—most excellent!

Hade. I am pressed by the greatest distress—he has a superfluity.

Erl. Well, friend, where is the theatre on which our skill to-day is to shine?

Hade. At my lodgings.

Erl. Then conduct me thither, that I may study my part, and not be a disgrace to my master.

Hade. But I hope the cuckoo will not lay an egg in our nest.

Erl. The cuckoo never lays her eggs in the hawk's nest.—Come, come—(*He takes Hadebrath by the arm and pulls him along.*)

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of the Countess.

Sophia. (*Alone with an open letter in her hand*) Very shameful of her Ladyship—indeed, it is more than shame, to throw such a letter on her toilette like a bill, and not to tear it—Poor Diithelm! are those your friends?—This Boldenstern, who calls you twenty times in a breath his *Cher Amie!* and is here making a dupe of you. I have almost a mind to give the letter into the hands of this deceived young man—but her Ladyship might discover its being taken from the toilette—and who else could have done it but the daring Sophia?—The reward of my well-meaning treachery would be to turn me out of doors. Were my parents not so very poor, with pleasure would I leave her. No, no, Mr. Diithelm!—hitherto your behaviour requires not such a sacrifice. I take your part, although I don't know why; But—(*shrugging up her shoulders*)—I dare do no more than pity you.

SCENE V.

Enter DITTHELM.

Ditt. Quite alone, Miss?

Sophia. (Starts, conceals the letter, and takes out her knitting.)

Ditt. And her Ladyship—

Sophia. Is taking an airing; but requests you will wait a few minutes.

Ditt. Minutes! why not hours?

Sophia. Alas! then I should be obliged to fetch the cards for you to play—"Grande Patience."

Ditt. You are very jocular; but the man who invented cards surely was not in such good company.

Sophia. A blessing to mankind; for then thousands would be without them.

Ditt. Do you reckon me among those thousands?

Sophia. I am counting the stitches of my work.

Ditt. Appearances are deceitful.

Sophia. A true saying; but not a new one.

Ditt. Ah! my dear, if mankind would learn to value ancient truths——

Sophia. That were already something more new.

Ditt. And not accustom themselves to seek wisdom and virtue only in the higher classes.

Sophia. Wisdom and virtue are contented, if they even remain without being sought after.

Ditt. That is malignancy——

Sophia. As that would be stupidity.

Ditt. Or pride.

Sophia. Equally the same.

Ditt. Virtue must humble itself——

Sophia. By no means—it must exalt itself.

Ditt. Virtue need not veil its brightness——

Sophia. But neither need it be a sky-rocket.

Ditt. That would not be amiss, as it might attract the multitude.

Sophia. On the silent evening star only, hangs the glimpse of wisdom.

Ditt. Excellent girl! whence have you imbibed such principles?

Sophia. No praise to your daily companions, if my principles are thus distinguishable.

Ditt. The choice of companions in the great world is also a game of chance.

Sophia. And one of the worst.

Ditt. Not always——

Sophia. Always.

Ditt. Am I then not obliged to chance for your company ?

Sophia. I do not belong to the great world.

Ditt. Oh, then—neither do I wish to belong to it ; for no where am I so happy as with you. You smile, and are silent.

Sophia. Doubt is the characteristic of the present century.

Ditt. That you should never have observed, it was your company only made this house agreeable to me.

Sophia. (*laughing*) Fine words !

Ditt. I am a merchant, and value truth and fair dealing.

Sophia. Yes, if your conscience were the book-keeper——

Ditt. My heart I value most among my goods.

Sophia. Fie ! who would make merchandize of his heart ?

Ditt. But one may give it away.

Sophia. Young men and children give away every thing, but soon take them back again.

Ditt. Put me to the trial ?

Sophia. I, Sir ! you forget what I am !

Ditt. You are not what you ought to be.

Sophia. Do not persuade me to think that ; it might be dangerous were I to believe it.

Ditt. How so ?

Sophia. Woe be to those who do not suit themselves to their situations.

Ditt. Why do you not alter yours ?

Sophia. That is an unusual question.

Ditt. You serve, and might command.

Sophia. I am content if I have a command over myself.

Ditt. A variety of ways present themselves to beauty——

Sophia. Of vice——

Ditt. Of love——

Sophia. Alas ! love often is vice also.

Ditt. Your deportment ennobles every feeling——

Sophia. (*jokingly*) Do I then resemble those in whose hands all would be turned to gold ?

Ditt. With this perfection, of soul and body——

Sophia. You only flatter me—surely, Mr. Dittelm, you would do better to play "*Grande Patience*."

Ditt. Why this severity toward an honest man ?

Sophia. Why this ridicule toward an honest girl.

Ditt. I ridicule a girl whose influence makes me revere female virtue !—whose picture, even in the whirl of dissipation, restores recollection to my mind !—I ridicule ! when my heart——

Sophia. (with dignity) Stop, Mr. Ditthelm, had you said all this to a woman of equal rank with yourself, it might pass; but to a chamber-maid it is not honourable.

SCENE VI.

Enter Captain FERNAU.

Capt. Fern. (to Sophia, after bowing to Ditthelm) Is her Ladyship at home?

Sophia. No, Sir.

Fern. Then I will wait.

Sophia. (aside to the Captain) I am sorry to be obliged to execute a disagreeable commission—the Countess begs to dispense with your visits in future.

Fern. (surprised) What, my dear; did I understand you rightly? pray repeat it once more—but loud—loud, for it is no disgrace to me that the Countess has forbidden my visits (*Sophia shrugs up her shoulders.*)

Fern. (with warmth) Excellent! as long as the East-India pieces of gold glittered, was I welcome; and if I did not call every day, the servants were lamed in running after me; and her Ladyship called me the charming the amiable Captain. But now the corn is threshed, of what use the empty husks?

Ditthelm. (with politeness, yet earnestly) Although, Sir, I am not acquainted with the source of vexation, yet it seems to me that your expressions are rather too hard.

Fern. Hard! ha, ha, ha—hard! very hard is the couch on which my poor sick wife languishes with hunger; and should my expressions be softly quilted?

Ditt. The Countess is a Lady of very tender feeling.

Fern. Oh, yes, when she holds cards between her fingers.

Ditt. Surely in her presence one must not forget that ill-luck is an excuse for many things.

Fern. Dear, Sir, I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with you, but I lay my life, for I have nothing else, that you are rich.

Ditt. What do you infer from that?

Fern. However you may purchase your experience at an extravagant price, you are young, and have probably neither wife nor children; therefore God and the world may pardon those who ruin themselves only; but I—I am an old fool!—(*beating his forehead.*)

Sophia. Mr. Ditthelm is a banker; you, perhaps, have heard of his name.

Fern. Ditthelm ! are you young Mr. Ditthelm ? your father was a worthy man.

Ditt. Did you know him ?

Fern. I did ; his character was without a blemish—although a merchant, he never forgot humanity ; he assisted where there was no hope of gain. God bless him—he has also assisted me.

Ditt. You preach a most excellent funeral sermon to his memory.

Fern. Not I—his actions ; before I went to the East-Indies, we transacted a great deal of business together ; it grieves me to find his son here.

Ditt. (with resentment) I think, Captain, it is no disgrace to frequent this house.

Fern. Disgrace ! No—but the road through it leads straight to ruin.

Ditt. Sir, you speak mystically.

Fern. From the respect I bear to the memory of your late worthy father, I will explain myself more literally ; and should I, in this hour, be so fortunate as to save a youth from destruction, then will my visit here have not proved in vain. I will shew you the abyss into which I have plunged myself—you are as yet only at the brink of it—you may escape. Twenty years I passed in the East-Indies ; through diligence and a constant attention to business, I had acquired a small fortune ; when a passionate longing for my native country arose, I embarked with my wife and children, and with the happy intention of enjoying it at home in the circle of domestic peace. Not being aware of the alterations in Europe, I formed my opinion of people by the rule of former times, and was already a man in years. When I appeared in this new world, scarcely had I stepped on shore when the hounds got scent of my little fortune—met me every where with friendly faces, and gave me warm receptions ; when I began talking, my sense was admired ; if I gave a trifle to the poor, my beneficence was extolled ; all went on admirably, till my fate accidentally whirled me to the house of this Circe—where the Demon of play took advantage of my unaccustomed idleness, and chained me to the gaming table, from which I was not released—till poverty and desperation paid my ransom. Yes, Mr. Ditthelm, gaming has been my ruin. Ah ! but that is not all—not only mine ; it has also ruined my domestic comfort ; has ruined the health of my dear wife, whose heavenly sweetness of mind has prevented from buying, with my last sixpence, a charge of gun-powder. (*beating his forehead.*)

Ditt. (moved) I pity you with all my heart.

Fern. O ! would all those who have been deceived stand before me at this present moment, and with you look into my wounded heart, that they might also recoil from the abyss, which not roses, but cards only conceal.

Ditt. (after a pause) May I beg your name ?

Fern. My name is Fernau.

Ditt. Fernau ! (*bethinks himself*) Fernau ! quite right ; I remember the name—have often found it in my father's books—Fernau—I even recollect a business transacted by which my father gained considerably ; yet I think it was finally settled between you.

Fern. Pardon me, you mistake—

Ditt. No, no, I mistake not : it was in the year—no matter, that has slipped my memory ; but I remember clearly that a balance remained due to you.

Fern. To me ?

Ditt. Yes, to you, to Captain Fernau ; probably my father was not acquainted with the place of your abode—

Fern. Ay, ay.

Ditt. Or must have forgotten it ; however the case is clear.

Fern. Once more you mistake.

Ditt. Nay, I will prove it to you from my books, the moment you come to me ; in the mean time, I must insist that you will allow me, as immediate relief is requisite, to present you at least with a part of the debt at this very instant (*offers him what he has in his pocket-book.*)

Fern. No, Sir, you are not indebted to me.

Ditt. Would you disgrace my father in his grave ?

Fern. I understand you.

Ditt. Thanks to chance that gives me an opportunity of making amends for his neglect.

Fern. You are your father's worthy son.

Sophia. (*aside*) Now he deserves that I should venture something for him. (*she retires.*)

Fern. You have through your conduct sweetened a bitter draught, and also mitigated a painful affliction ; even that is beneficence ; I esteem and pity you—regard therefore my precaution, gather fruit from my sad example. My motive for refusing your gift is not pride—Ah ! it is the first time in my life that I have been offered charity—soon, perhaps, when the utmost degree of need presses me, and in the last struggle I am forced to stifle this delicate feeling—then, good young man, then will I come to you : 'till then farewell. (*Presses Dittthelm's hand ; in going off wipes a tear from his eyes*)

SCENE VII.

Ditt. (*alone*) Poor old man, I pity him—his misfortunes he surely brought upon himself ; but what is that to me ? it is an ungenerous mode by which men justify themselves in not shewing compassion to

their fellow-creatures, who condemn the unfortunate merely to have an excuse for not assisting. Fie!—I think he accuses the Countess wrongfully; could she help it? did she entice him? or Boldensfern? The Captain seemed to apprehend it—he may mistake—his losses make him unjust—(*pause*) and yet should it be so? should they entice me also? empty my purse, and afterwards dispense with my visits in the like manner—no, no. Boldensfern is surely my friend, and the Countess a fine declaimer of moral principles.

SCENE VIII.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. A letter for Mr. Dittelm.

Ditt. For me! from whom?

Boy. That Sir, I don't know.

[*Exit.*

Ditt. (*opening the letter; one enclosed falls on the ground*)—Another? (*takes it up, and unfolds the first—from an unknown hand—reads*) “Regard a friend’s advice; you are imposed upon—the enclosed will convince you.” Ay! let’s see the proof—(*opens the letter*)—it seems as if Boldensfern had written it!—(*looks at the signature*)—Yes, yes it is—(*reads*) “Be not apprehensive, dear Countess, our chaffinch still flutters in the snare.” Chaffinch! I hope I am not the chaffinch—“his father, the old Jew, has left him such shining feathers, that he well deserves to have them plucked out by your fine hands—his loss of yesterday is by this time forgotten, and I dare say he will not fail to pay his respects to your Ladyship this evening again, to receive another lecture. Your faithful allied Boldensfern.”—Excellent! receive my thanks honorable friend—you have certainly given me a lesson which I shall not forget so soon. A chaffinch! yes, yes, you are perhaps not quite in the wrong. I appear to myself at this moment damnably silly—in regard to the feathers which her Ladyship in future most graciously will condescend to pluck out, I must beg her to be contented with those that already stick on the lime twig—(*pause*)—who may this stranger be, that means so well with me?—(*looking at the letter*)—a woman’s hand—should Sophia? yes, Sophia; who else? No one but Sophia could get possession of this letter—Surely it is her; and if I do not mistake, this unfolds something more than mere concern for my fate—something of importance that she wishes to communicate to me. Ay, so much the better—he that has won Sophia’s love and regard, has he lost his money?—love! and should she really love—how then? could I misuse a girl’s inclination who so generously cautioned me?—Heaven forbid!—But what do I want?—(*sighing*)—know I that myself? First I must be sure whether this letter is ac-

ually her own hand writing ; how can I find it out ? ask her, she will not own it—to compare the letter with her own hand-writing would be best—but how can I get a sight of it ? artifice and accident must assist me.—(*remains in thought.*)

SCENE IX.

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. (aside.) He is considering ; it has had effect.

Ditt. Exactly right, my charming Sophia ; here I stand, and consider in what manner I shall express my gratitude to you.

Sophia. To me ?

Ditt. You have done me a great service

Sophia. I done you a service ! O yes, I remember, you mean the mending of your ruffles which you had torn the other day.

Ditt. By no means ; I mean by the letter you wrote to me.

Sophia. I ? Fie, Sir ! Who do you take me for ?

Ditt. For a good and virtuous girl.

Sophia. I don't write letters to gentlemen ; and moreover I do not understand how to write.

Ditt. (holds the letter up to her) Is that not your hand ?

Sophia. Why do you ask that question ?

Ditt. Yes, or no ?

Sophia. No ! no, Sir, I only use my hands to needle-work and knitting.

Ditt. (dissembling) Hem, then I must have been mistaken.

Sophia. To what do you allude ? what is the object ?

Ditt. No matter, I mistook—(*changes the conversation*)—Do you know that the old Captain has quite affected me ?

Sophia. He merits compassion.

Ditt. And yet he would take nothing of me.

Sophia. That is like him.

Ditt. It was perhaps my fault ; the art of giving is more difficult than the art of accepting—

Sophia. very true.

Ditt. I know many whom I most willingly wish to assist, but seldom do I succeed.

Sophia. Even the good intention is meritorious.

Ditt. I have hit upon a scheme by which in future I might bestow my small donations through a third hand ; what do you think of it ?

Sophia. The idea proves that you are really in earnest so to do.

Ditt. All depends upon finding a person who would willingly undertake the trouble—

Sophia. Surely it is a very agreeable trouble.

Ditt. Indeed ! perhaps I have found that person—

Sophia. How do you mean ?

Ditt. I have confidence in you—

Sophia. I am glad to hear it.

Ditt. Will you assist me in doing good ?

Sophia. If I can, with all my heart.

Ditt. Done ; it is settled ; I will deliver to you from time to time small sums, for which you will give me a receipt ; you then will bestow the money according to my wishes, and without mentioning my name.

Sophia. A commission that will do honour to us both.

Ditt. Well then, let us begin this instant to put the good design into execution. My old honest book-keeper this very morning reminded me of an old friend of my father's who now suffers want—he is noble minded and proud ; it will be difficult to compel him to accept any thing of me ; I am sure he will not ; you must therefore acquit yourself of your promise, and make the trial.

Sophia. I will to the utmost of my ability.

Ditt. It is a certain councillor—his name is Erlen !

Sophia. (*surprised*) Erlen !

Ditt. Do you know him ?

Sophia. (*trying to recover*) No, I have heard of him.

Ditt. Probably much that is good.

Sophia. Yes, surely.

Ditt. Well, then take—here are one hundred dollars.

Sophia. So much ?

Ditt. I owe him perhaps a great deal more ; yet, were it not so, he was my father's confidential friend ; take it.

Sophia. (*takes the money, and with a trembling voice*) I thank you in his name.

Ditt. That mine will not be mentioned you pledge your word.

Sophia. I gave it.

Ditt. Caution and delicacy I must recommend.

Sophia. My heart will act.

Ditt. Then let me beg for a receipt.

Sophia. For what reason ?

Ditt. You will excuse ; it is customary with merchants never to give money without—here is a writing-desk—only a few words.

Sophia. (*goes to the desk*) What shall I write ?

Ditt. “ One hundred dollars for a secret charity.” Nothing else ?—
(*Sophia writes ; Dittelm looks over her shoulder, and betrays his joy.*)

Sophia. (*gives him the receipt*) Is this right?

Ditt. Perfectly! (*compares it with the letter*)—but pray observe, dear Sophia, what an extraordinary accident! one would almost swear the good friend that warned me before, and the amiable receipt writer, were but one person.

Sophia. (*much embarrassed*) How so?

Ditt. Do but compare—the first glance will convince you.

Sophia. Indeed the hands do in some degree resemble each other.

Ditt. In some degree only?—O Sophia! will you still deny it?

Sophia. (*rather offended*) I did not think that you would make use of artifice in bestowing benefactions.

Ditt. Nay, hear me; I only made two throws with one stone.

Sophia. Well, yes Mr. Ditthelm, I did write the letter; my intention was good.

Ditt. I don't doubt it.

Sophia. An act out of love to mankind——

Ditt. Away with that! love is so fine a word, that all one can put before it, only disfigures.

Sophia. (*smiling*) Love! you are vain.

Ditt. Proud and fortunate if I have spoken truth——

Sophia. We poor creatures are badly off; we dare not even do good.

Ditt. Why not?

Sophia. Because our actions, though ever so pure are construed into love.

Ditt. Charity is love.

Sophia. I therefore swear, were you to fall into the water this very day, I would hold out my finger.

Ditt. (*entreating*) But the whole hand?

Sophia. Will you venture upon it?

Ditt. Yes, yes, although you hide your affection behind a facetious screen, yet I know you love—can read it in your eyes.

Sophia. O Sir! in the eyes of women, and in a Chinese book, one learns at best but spelling.

Ditt. 'Tis to no purpose! I will not let you escape—(*with warmth*)—it is not from to-day that your modesty and goodness have fettered my attention; it is not from to-day that your charms and virtue have captivated my heart; I have long bore affection—(*takes hold of her hand*)—I love you!

Sophia. (*with reserve*) Stop, Mr. Ditthelm! the least I expect is to deserve your esteem.

Ditt. Esteem and love are sisters.

Sophia. Your declaration is, censured with the utmost mildness, a youthful rashness.

Ditt. God! let me continue in it 'till I am grey with age!

Sophia. I am only a servant.

Ditt. And I a merchant. Shall prejudice deprive me of my happiness? you are poor—would to heaven I were the same! then should I have the merit of working for you. You are perhaps of poor parents? name them to me, that I may fly and convince them that I shall pride myself in calling an honest tradesman—Father!

Sophia. For God's sake Mr. Ditthelm! whither does a rash attachment mislead you? you forget your situation and rank. Repentance is always an adder—but repentance in wedlock is hell on earth! I therefore beg and beseech you, disturb not my tranquility.

Ditt. Have youthful errors so debased me in your opinion, that you believe me entirely void of feeling? are there no examples that young extravagant men have been converted by the prudence of a wife, and become steady and domestic?

Sophia. The trial is always dangerous.

Ditt. I perceive it daily more and more, that such a wife is alone wanting to make me what I wish to be; I should have felt it, even had old Herrmann not reminded me. O! be you this wife! you have perhaps saved my parental inheritance: save also my heart.

Sophia. Mr. Ditthelm, your ecstasy is merely passion of youth, of which I dare not take advantage; to prove it to you, that you may not be mistaken in me, I refuse your hand.

Ditt. (*much hurt*) Sophia!

Sophia. Left you should think me insensible, I add, that I do it unwillingly.

Ditt. Oh then shall I not allow it! in vain do you resist against the power of love: virtue may also go beyond the proper bounds. Dear lovely girl, you have fulfilled the strictest demands of propriety; yield now to my softer entreaties.

Sophia. (*confused*) Mr. Ditthelm, give me time——

Ditt. No, no, you are now affected; this feeling must not grow cold—even now you must answer me.

Sophia. I cannot; I am not at my own disposal.

Ditt. On whom do you depend? where live the good people that educated such a daughter for my future happiness? conduct me thither—be it the meanest hut—grant me the pleasure of furnishing the authors of your existence with comfort, and of relieving their sorrows.

Sophia. (*much moved*). Relieve my parents of their sorrows?

Ditt. Yes, Sophia, let this prospect confirm your resolution, if nothing else speaks for me in your heart; then will I renounce the irregularities of dissipation; then will I shake off all unworthy fetters, and live only to chain your affection to my heart. This amiable red

on your cheeks—this trembling hand—this soft tear in your eye. O Sophia ! give your feelings a free scope—speak a word of comfort.
(*falls on his knees before her.*)

SCENE X.

Enter the COUNTESS and BOLDENSTERN from the middle door, and break out into loud laughter.

Baron. Bold. Bravo, my friend ! a scene for the Gods.

Countess. Fi donc ; Mr. Ditthelm, is that *gentil* ?—(*to Sophia*)---*Mademoiselle* be gone to your chamber—(*Sophia goes off*)—You are a second cherubim, from the mistress to the maid.

Bold. My dear friend, why so alarmed ? the Countess is a Lady of the world.

Ditt. Ah !

Count. What ! Even an ah ! fie, young Ditthelm, leave off such sensuality ; knight errantry has been long since out of fashion.

Ditt. What you have seen, arose merely from a wish to disperse my thoughts.

Count. Well, well ; what are they ?

Ditt. A sudden misfortune—

Bold. A misfortune ! I hope your fine English Hunter is not taken ill ?

Count. Or the little delicate Pomeranian ?

Ditt. O were it only that !

Bold. Still more ?

Ditt. It will be known soon enough ; why should I keep it a secret, especially to those of whose friendship I flatter myself.

Count. *Monsieur, vous pouvez compter sur moi.*

Bold. *Mon ami, je suis tout à vous.*

Ditt. I am ruined.

Count. (*frightened*) ruined !

Bold. *Vous plaisanter.*

Ditt. A bankruptcy at Amsterdam occasions mine also.

Bold. *Sérieusement ?*

Count. *C'est terrible !*

Bold. Could you not in a good manner—you understand me—for a man of discernment, a bankruptcy is often a profitable speculation.

Ditt. My conscience—

Count. (*with indifference*) Fine principles.

Bold. To be sure ; but the shipwrecked catch at the first plank, were even a father or dear friend already clinging to it.

Ditt. Generous friends might save me—

Bold. Generous friends, *mon ami*, are not always rich friends.

Ditt. My first thought was the noble Countess.

Count. *Vous rendez justice à mes sentiments.*

Ditt. My second, you dear Baron.

Bold. *Vous me touchez mon cher.*

Ditt. The advancing of one thousand louis d'ors would perhaps be sufficient.

Count. One thousand louis d'ors ! ay, ay !

Ditt. So much thought I, have I lost here within a few weeks, and there will be no hesitation in advancing me this sum.

Count. 'Tis pity, Baron, that I was just obliged to buy that dear set of pearls.

Bold. And that just now the damned jew should have pressed a draft upon me, which I was obliged to pay ; *O mon ami !* had you but one hour sooner—

Ditt. I only this instant received the shocking news ; there, read it yourself.

[*Gives him his own letter, and observes him smiling—Boldenstern perceives it to be his own writing, much confused tries to conceal his embarrassment ; assumes an air but can't succeed ; stands like a criminal—Dittelm bursts out laughing, and laughing goes off.*

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS, *Baron BOLDENSTERN.*

Count. What does that mean ? *Boldenstern presents her the letter*
Mon dieu ! That is the same letter.

Bold. The very same.

Count. How came that into his hands ?

Bold. Do I know that ?

Count. Curse ! *On se moque de nous.*

Bold. *Le coup est sanglant.*

Countess. Can you guess whom we have to thank for this cursed trick ?

Bold. Who else but the handsome Sylvia, at whose feet we beheld the *Damon*.

Count. Quite right ; the letter remained on my toilet (*she rings the bell violently, and calls*) *Sophia ! Sophia !*

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. What are your commands?

Count. You are an impertinent, good for nothing—this instant leave my house. *[Exit in a passion.]*

Sophia. In what have I offended?

Bold. My dear child! you have made a stupid blunder; to warn fools is a miserable profession; one seldom reforms them, and, moreover never gets thanks.

Sophia. I don't understand you.

Bold. O yes, you do understand me; however, I have compassion on your youth; the Countess is a much respected lady; whoever quits her service, in such a manner, will not easily find such another situation; but should every kindness be shewn towards me, a generous protector will be found. I have a niece who is in want of a maid; a little more docility, and all may yet turn out well.

[Gives her a pinch on her cheek and exit.]

SCENE XIII.

Sophia. (alone) Miserable being!—God be thanked, that all this is come to pass. I shall assist my mother in working; I shall no longer be forced to serve beings whom I despise—away, away from this house! with a lighter heart, and relieved conscience! Ah! but one thing I regret, that Diithelm should have betrayed me! *[Exit.]*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A darkened Room, furnished with several Implements, in a manner magically. In the Centre of the Stage an Altar, over which move thick Clouds of Smoke.

HADEBRATH alone.

Hade. (is busy in putting every thing in order) Hem! Why do I tremble? The die is cast. O good God! only bread for my poor children! *(goes to a door concealed by tapestry, opens it and calls)* Are you dressed?

Ensign Erlén. (within) Yes!

Hade. (shuts the door carefully, and throws more frankincense into the censer) Now then! (goes towards the middle door, about to open it, turns back again and leans with his hand before his forehead on the altar) Is it the smoke that torments me so? Or is it conscience? Courage! courage! recede I cannot! (recovers himself, opens the middle door, and with a solemn voice) Young man, step forwards!

SCENE II.

Ditt. (fumbling out of the door) Why so dark, my father?

Hade. Give me thy hand! tremble not, shew purity of heart, and thy inward light will be increased.

Ditt. Whither dost thou lead me?

Hade. Follow me full of comfort; have confidence; spirits wander about thee; be worthy of their communion.

Ditt. An irresistible terror—

Hade. Step into this circle, recover thyself, shut thy eyes, commune with thy soul, banish the least desire of inquisitiveness, or else, danger threatens thee (leaves him standing, and kneels at the altar.)

Ditt. (feels the effect of the smoke) What ails me? My senses are blunted—my head is heavy—I feel intoxicated.

Hade. (with his hands folded) Thou, whom I dare not name, look into the heart of this youth; it is devoted to virtue; then give me to understand that I am near. (A flame blazes upon the altar, by which the room receives a weak light.)

Ditt. Ha! (looks timorously about).

Hade. (after a pause) Thou, whom I now dare name, Ariel! Ariel! become visible to my eyes! appear to me in a friendly shape—(pause, he jumps up, starts back, looks staringly aside, and with a commanding tone of voice) Youth! youth! do not move out of the circle!

Ditt. (trembling, looks towards the same spot, where Hadebrath's eyes are fixed) I see nothing, my father.

Hade. Be quiet. Ariel! the friend longeth after a friend; united souls, worthy thy protection, enflamed with equal passion, ask thy assistance. Wave over the seas, which like drops of dew glitter under thy wings! veil Blunt's ghost in ether, and return with my request—(pause) Youth! the moment approaches, draws me near thee into the same circle (reaches his hand to Dittelm, and steps into the circle, pause, Dittelm shrinks up to him.)—(Hadebrath inspired) Annihilated is the space, the time vanisheth! Ariel flew and found him weeping; then did he rock him into a soft dreamless slumber and drew

the ghost out of a weeping veil, like vapour from a bedewed rose. (*raises his voice*) Blunt! Blunt! I call thee! (*a loud crash is heard; the flame upon the altar blazes on high—pause—Ditthelm is in anxious expectation*) The friend's voice penetrates into graves, sounds over the main, draws down the allied ghosts from the far distant planets. Blunt! Blunt I call thee! (*pause—at a distance, the sound of an Harmonica is heard*) Triumph! he is near us! that divine lisping announces a friendly appearance—wave higher, unfettered ghost! become visible in a flash of light, anst appease the eyes of thy longing friend! Blunt! Blunt! I call thee for thee third time. (*The Harmonica is heard nearer*) Now, thou art near thy aim; throw thy arms around me, and fix thy eyes upon yonder wall.

SCENE III.

The secret tapestry Door springs open; a thick cloud of smoke issues forth; in the Cloud stands ERLÉN immovable, wrapt up in a Great-coat.

Ditt. (crying aloud) It is he! it is my friend!

Erlén. (with a firm voice) Yes, I am your friend; but not Blunt!

Hade. (surprised) What means that?

Erl. Young man! you are in the hands of an impostor he has hired me to cheat you [*Throws off his dress.*]

Ditt. Ha! were it possible! (In a passion pushes Hadebrath off) Fellow! hast thou made a fool of me, and like a blockhead bewitched me in the magic circle?

Hade. (ashamed, steps aside, beats his forehead, and in a sorrowful voice calls) O God!

Erl. I undertook the part, as a warning to you, trust not, therefore, in future, those men who appear mysterious and supernatural. They are either fools or deceivers. This fellow meant to rob you first of your senses, and afterwards of your money. Farewell! [Going.

Ditt. Who are you, generous stranger?

Erl. My name has nothing to do with it. I am an honest man, and have done my duty. [*Exit in haste.*]

SCENE IV.

DITTHELM. HADEBRATH.

Ditt. (Walks several times up and down in great emotion; then, with his arms folded, steps before the dejected Hadebrath, and looks at

him scornfully) Now my reverend father, it appears as if you yourself had seen an apparition.

Hade. Mr. Diithelm, I am in your power.

Ditt. Certainly ! and in order to prevent you from hatching any further mischief, shall send you immediately to prison.

Hade. Before you do that, have the goodness to open that door.

Ditt. Wherefore ?—Probably another ghost concealed ?

Hade. Three small children upon straw ; two of which are ill.

Ditt. What does that mean ?

Hade. Mr. Diithelm ; for mercy's sake, listen to my story—I was an honest tradesman, by profession a carpenter, in which I have carried on a great deal of business and gained reputation ; but when in the height of repute, I met with unforeseen misfortunes, which, however industrious in business, will happen. I was forced to call in my debts, to satisfy my creditors ; it gave offence to many of my customers ; my intreaties for a continuance of their favour rejected, I fell into despair ; my good dear wife added to my grief. Her father being a machinist, furnished us with a puppet show, by which we gained a good livelihood ; my dear Margaret's lively disposition, her humour and the pleasing manner in which she performed, brought numbers of spectators to our little Theatre. Five weeks ago, do you remember Mr. Diithelm, when you in a frolick, perhaps of drunkenness, assisted in breaking and destroying the poor figures that were the only support of an unfortunate tradesman.

Ditt. How ? Was that you ? (*confused and ashamed.*)

Hade. That was I. Five weeks ago, my poor wife died in child-bed. On the morning she died, the performance from the history of Holiernes was advertised for that evening, my children whining for bread ; thus, with a contrite and broken heart, I was compelled to step behind the curtain. You, in company with several others, apparently having just left the sons of Bacchus, came to the performance, which, to be sure was very bad. Harlequin should play his fooleries—the corpse laid in the next room—the children of Israel jubilate—my new born child whined without nourishment, and when, at last, I came to act the part of Judith, which my wife used to perform ; when I recollected, that a few evenings before she stood by my side to manage the wire—then did I try in vain to repeat her jests ; they stuck in my throat, tears gushed from my eyes—it occasioned a long pause—the company became impatient—I tried to go on, but my attempts were in vain—the audience not being acquainted with my situation, began to be dissatisfied. I dare say, you, Mr. Diithelm, remember how all was broken to pieces.

Ditt. (*much moved*) Why did you not come the next morning to me ?

Hade. I did ; but your servant refused me admittance.

Ditt. That Shark.

Hade. I then went to some of those gentlemen who were in your company ; but there I was received much worse—they called me a cheat, which at that time, by God I was not. When I came home, I found my poor children sucking the paint from the broken puppets. Thus distressed, I for the first time in my life forgot myself. Knowing you to be a young, good-hearted, and credulous gentleman, with the assistance of my father in law, I procured this apparatus, and in disguise appeared before you. In my own shape I watched all your steps : my boldness soon proved successful. I deceived you, although my conscience reproached me : yet when I heard that you were rich, given to gambling, lost great sums—Ah ! only as much of it were my thoughts as I should want to set me up again in business. Then will God and my own diligence assist me—then shall I, perhaps, be enabled to repay him one day or other when he himself is in need of money—At present he does not want it.

Ditt. Is all that true ?

Hade. You are right to mistrust me. Here is your money. I have taken but little from it, and from that little I have paid the doctor who attends my poor sick children.

Ditt. Man—what do you take me for ? I have broken your puppets ; I am willing to repair your loss. Resume, in the name of God, your business. I will advance you any sum that is required.

Hade. (*bursts into tears, and kneels down before him*) O Mr. Ditt-helm—

Ditt. (*Prevents him*) Not so, my friend ; do not put me to the blush—get for your children what they are in want of, look out for a good mother, and for the rest I will take care.

Hade. (*Quite overcome*) Children, children !—(*takes him by the hand, and draws him nearer*)—Mr. Ditt-helm, come, pray do come and behold—

Ditt. What do you mean ?

Hade. (*opens the door*) Children ! here is your saviour, your father—(*both go in*).

SCENE V.

Madame LUPPNITZ's Room—EMILY at her Toilette—Madame LUPPNITZ assists EMILY in finishing her Head-dress.

Emily. Very pretty, indeed ! Am I not handsome, mamma ?

Mad. Lup. Admirably so ! white and sky-blue, what can be more

becoming? And this corn-flower in your black hair—so lovely—so surprizing—

Emily. Brilliants would be still better.

Mad. Lup. The magic wand of beauty will soon transform these corn-flowers into brilliants. So! now you are ready. O girl! girl! I am almost like Pygmalion, I am in love with my own statue.

Emily. Dear me, mamma—sure I am no statue.

Mad. Lup. Alas! not much more. Yet what need for more? There are still many Pygmalsions in the world that would rejoice if their statues should animate me—To be sure, Diithelm has more intellect than he need have with his great fortune; it would, therefore, be right that you should bestow a little more time in beautifying yourself.

Emily. Don't I dress myself with taste?

Mad. Lup. Were you to take more pains in writing—

Emily. Have I not, mamma? It was but yesterday that I wrote a copy from the prescription of the fine hard Pomatum.

Mad. Lup. Were you to read more diligently—

Emily. Have I not read the whole book of the Twelve Virgins that slept so long, and yet remained young and handsome?

Mad. Lup. (*pointing upon the table*) There lie still the *Liaisons Dangereuses*—they must be taken away. He is at times inclined to moralize; I have, therefore, brought you two other books from the circulating library.

Emily. Romances—

Mad. Lup. No—on love and matrimony—"Rosalien's Letters of Madame la Roche," and "The mode by which a young woman may render herself worthy of Esteem."

Emily. I don't like to read them.

Mad. Lup. But they shall lie here upon the table, that it may seem as if you read them.

Emily. And wherefore?

Mad. Lup. Child, you don't know what great effect such trifles have on men's humours. Here is likewise a letter of thanks from a poor widow who received from you a secret charity.

Emily. From me?

Mad. Lup. Yes, you—it must be left half open, as if it had been thrown carelessly on the table: he may, perhaps, take notice of it.

Emily. But I don't know of a secret charity.

Mad. Lup. That does not signify—a woman need not be all that she appears to be.

Emily. Must I also seem to love him?

Mad. Lup. Certainly.

Emily. But I don't love him.

Mad. Lup. Neither does that matter: you will be a rich wife, and that is sufficient.

Emily. But why talk the romances so much of love ?

Mad. Lup. Because they are romances. Domestic happiness, my child, must rest on silver pillows—one can always adorn the building afterwards, that no one may even suspect it was merely built on money ; —one may, when one is rich, now and then drop a word of despising riches, just as one does with a warm morning-gown, which before strange company of course is hid, yet one feels the most comfortable in it.

Emily. And love——

Mad. Lup. Love, my child, love is a good thing : he that buys a house, to be sure will like it better if a fine garden belongs to it, though he does not buy it for the sake of the garden ; for in the winter one don't listen to nightingales. When love is strong—O ! then it is contented ; but in time it looks for conveniences, like every thing that grows old ; and when it does not find these, it goes a house farther to a rich neighbour ; therefore venture every thing to fetter him. Thy own and thy mother's fortune depend on it. I have often had pleasing dreams, that thy charms would bring me a rich son-in-law.—O may these dreams come to pass !

Emily. Shall we look into the book of interpretations ?

Mad. Lup. (*With enthusiasm*) a rich son-in-law ! you don't know into what sea of ecstacy this idea carries a mother's heart. Even those who are called sensible mothers and wives, and appear to the world with unfettered and ostentatious spirits, steer yet always in silence the vessel of their wishes towards this harbour of Eldorado, and trouble themselves little about the useless ballast, amorous fancies, with which their daughters used to freight the vessel.—Enough, *Emily* ! I hear some one coming up stairs. You know your lesson. If it be the Ensign, receive him as your brother—(*goes into the next room*).

Emily. (*alone*) Eldorado ! that is the country where the pebble-stones are brilliants. Ah ! why was I not born at Eldorado ?

SCENE VI.

Ensign ERLÉN, EMILY.

Ensign Erlén. Pardon me, Miss. Do I come at the proper time to Madame Luppnitz ?

Emily. (*With a courtesy*) O yes.

Erl. And to you also, Miss Luppnitz ?

Emily. (*Courtesies again*) O yes.

Erl. Then I am glad of the honour——

Emily. (*Quickly interrupting him with a low courtesy*) The honour is on my side.

Erl. (With a smile, views her from head to foot—a long pause, in which both look at each other) We have fine weather to day.

Emily. O yes—(again a pause; at last Emily blunders out)—Were you at the play last night?

Erl. No.

Emily. It was very full, and very fashionably attended.

Erl. And the play—

Emily. Ah! the play was a tragedy; but I could almost have laughed.

Erl. Laughed?

Emily. At a prince that was always calling my name.

Erl. What name?

Emily. Emily.

Erl. Most likely, Emily Galloti.

Emily. The piece is of one Lessing.

Erl. (half to himself) One Lessing? O Apollo! O Muses!

Emily. My poor name-sake wanted to marry.

Erl. That you want likewise.

Emily. Hem!—properly my mamma.

Erl. And, perhaps, against your inclination.

Emily. Fie, Sir! I have no inclination.

Erl. Poor child!

Emily. Yes—I am a poor child; therefore I am obliged to marry a rich husband.

Erl. And I am to represent your brother.

Emily. That I am very glad of.

Erl. But if all should come to nothing?

Emily. Mamma is ingenious. Ah! you don't know mamma's well exercised wit carries every thing.

Erl. Does Mr. Ditthelm love you?

Emily. He tells me so at times.

Erl. And do you love him?

Emily. Mamma has taught me that the rich are always amiable.

Erl. To be sure.

Emily. I shall get brilliants!

Erl. So!—then your fortune is made.

SCENE VII.

Enter Madame LUPPNITZ.

Mad. Lup. Welcome, Mr. Erlen—you are as good as your word. Ditthelm will be here presently. I have already seen him from the

balcony : in the mean time please to follow me to receive a few more hints. You, Emily, be discreet and remember my motherly advice.—
(*Goes with Erlen into the next room.*)

SCENE VIII.

Emily. (alone) Aye, this young officer I like better than Ditthelm. Mamma wants to make him my brother—why not my husband ? But Ditthelm is rich, and will present me with brilliants, ear-rings, necklace—(*with childish joy*)—O ! how I shall then drive about in my carriage !—the people on all sides will whisper, Who is that handsome lady so richly dressed ?—(*claps her hands*)—Ah ! how happy I shall be !

SCENE IX.

Enter DITTHELM.

Ditt. I am happy to find you here, my charming Emily.

Emily. I am pleased that you are come, my charming Mr. Ditthelm.

Ditt. I stand in need of dissipation, and will to-day tell you very often that I love, adore you, and so forth.

Emily. And so forth ? What does that mean ?

Ditt. Aye, aye, my dear, that means—the question is yet a foolish one.

Emily. Have I, perhaps, been awkward ?

Ditt. All the same. As long as those roses upon your lips, and those violets blow in your eyes, you have no occasion for magic power. I had rather see this animated form than the famous Madame Medicis.

Emily. Who is this Madame Medicis ? I don't know her.

Ditt. A handsome woman, but cold and dumb.

Emily. Dumb !—the poor creature !

Ditt. Yet she possesses great advantages—she don't grow old.

Emily. Aye ! then one would almost wish to become dumb.

Ditt. Observe, that the instinct of her sex is not even denied her. Surely, dear child, you are, with your dumb simplicity, more entertaining than mamma with her serpent's judiciousness—

[*Takes her by the hand.*]

Emily. Don't come too near me.

Ditt. Why not ?

Emily. I shall cry out.

Ditt. Fie!—have you learned that from those books?—(*he points at the table, goes and opens a book*)—"The Mode by which a young Woman may render herself worthy of Esteem." Bravo! that is a good book.

Emily. And very finely bound—is it not?

Ditt. Have you read it?

Emily. O yes.

Ditt. Does the preface please you?

Emily. Very much.

Ditt. But it has no preface.

Emily. (*confusedly*) That—even that pleases me.

Ditt. Ha, ha, ha!—in fact, handsome Emily, you have a most lovely mouth, but only formed for kissing. Well then accomplish its destination—(*kisses her*).

Emily. Mr. Ditthelm, I will cry out.

Ditt. In earnest?

Emily. Whether jest or earnest, I shall cry out.

Ditt. Aye, upon that I will venture.

Emily. Have a care—my brother will come.

Ditt. Your brother? How long have you had a brother?

Emily. Since this morning.

Ditt. Very well! I shall be glad to be acquainted with him; and if he is as agreeable as his sister, he will not object to my giving her a kiss. (*He kisses her by force; she screams*).

SCENE X.

Enter Madame LUPPNITZ.

Mad. Lup. So, Sir!—is that right, Sir, to take advantage of a mother's absence, and thus lay snares for an innocent girl?

Ditt. Your most obedient humble servant.

Mad. Lup. I have always taken you to be a fine, well-bred young gentleman.

Ditt. Aye, that I am.

Mad. Lup. To whom I might give free access without fearing danger.

Ditt. (*in a gallant manner*) Madame, permit me to kiss your hand.

Mad. Lup. I am not inclined to listen to the kissing of hands. You have injured the reputation of my poor child—yes, that you have.

Ditt. Faith, mother, to speak truth, I verily believe she never had any yet.

Mad. Lup. Do you hear, Emily?—you no reputation!—(*whispering to her*)—Begin to cry—(*aloud*)—Good God! what has she then, if she has no reputation?—(*whispers again*)—Cry, I say.

[*Emily takes her handkerchief, and puts it before her eyes.*]

Ditt. She has a witty and sensible mother.

Mad. Lup. Cold flattery. In short, Sir, this poor girl possesses nothing in the world but a pleasing figure and innocence.

Ditt. Which with me is as safe as upon a desolate island.

Mad. Lup. Desolate island!—only think! Does one kiss also upon desolate islands?—does one?

Ditt. An honourable kiss no one should forbid.

Mad. Lup. That is, begging your pardon, a silly remark. A girl of sixteen dare only kiss her sweetheart with honour; and if your intentions are such——

Ditt. (*with frankness*) No, dear Madam, such I have not.

Mad. Lup. (*with increasing passion*) No, Sir?—no honourable intentions?

Ditt. Stop—who says that?

Mad. Lup. To sneak thus in the unaffected heart of my daughter——

Ditt. She has no heart yet.

Mad. Lup. Benumb her understanding——

Ditt. Her understanding!—you are jesting.

Mad. Lup. Undermine her virtue——

Ditt. Fie, Madam!

Mad. Lup. And at the end, quite unconcerned, declares—No, I had no intentions.

Ditt. I see you are not in a good humour to-day—(*going.*)

Mad. Lup. Not from this spot, Sir—(*she steps in his way.*)

Ditt. Well, what is to be done?

Mad. Lup. You have defamed my house—you owe me reparation.

Ditt. What!

Mad. Lup. You were, perhaps, of opinion that a woman, a poor widow, you might treat and play with as you thought proper.

Ditt. Emily, have you connived with your mother?

Emily. I did tell you before that I should cry out.

Mad. Lup. But you shall know, Sir, that I have likewise a son——yes, a son——

Ditt. I am, perhaps, to marry him too.

Mad. Lup. He is an officer, and very touchy on the point of honour.

Ditt. What is that to me?

Mad. Lup. He will know how to revenge an injured sister.

Ditt. Is it an injury to find his sister handsome?

Mad. Lup. Step forth, my son, and instruct this young gentleman in the duty he owes to your injured family.

Ditt. Damn it!—this affair becomes serious.

SCENE XI.

Enter Ensign ERLÉN.

Mad. Lup. Here, dear Charles, demand satisfaction—your brother-in-law, or your enemy.

Ditt. (starts) What is that? If I am not mistaken—

Erl. Sir, I am fortunate enough a second time to render you salutary advice. You are young, credulous, and inexperienced; upon each of your steps are placed traps; take less heed of girls than of mothers. This accute lady has chosen you for her son-in-law, and has hired me for a Don Quixote merely to procure from you, by fright, what your heart would not give willingly.

Mad. Lup. (much perplexed) What does that mean?

Erl. It means, Madam, that even a woman, versed in the tricks of the world, is sometimes apt to mistake. You were of opinion, that poverty might be brought over to commit roguery: think in future better of the poor. I have performed my part: whether it will meet with your approbation I cannot ascertain. Farewell—[*going*].

Ditt. No, Sir, you shall not escape me a second time—you whom a Higher Power sent to be my guardian angel, who are you? What is your name?

Erl. Of what use is my name?—the business is settled.

Ditt. Will you deprive me of the pleasure I should feel in rewarding your kindness? You dropped a word which alluded to poverty—

Erl. Probably not for you. Could I here claim reward, my actions would seem to have double meanings. Poor I am; yet poverty shall never force me to sell a good action to the best bidder, were I pressed ever so hard.

[*Exit in haste.*]

SCENE XII.

Mad. Lup. (to herself) What a cursed trick!

Emily. (privately) What shall I do now?

Ditt. Madam, I wish you joy at having so worthy a son. You, Miss Emily, I forgive with all my heart, because you told me beforehand that you would cry out.

Emily. (in private) Mamma, what shall I do?

Mad. Lup. (in private) Faint away.

Ditt. But to what purpose was a bully of a brother wanted here? In future trust more to your charms, which need no second.

Mad. Lup. Faint away, I tell you!—(*Emily faints away*).

Ditt. Bravo! it becomes you well. O quick, charming Emily, rest your head upon this book—(*puts a book under her head*) So

“The Mode by which a young Woman may render herself worthy of Esteem.” What do you think, Madam?—the contrast is curious.

Mad. Lup. (trying to recover herself, but in vain) Mr. Diithelm—

Ditt. O mother, mother! be ashamed of such tricks with which you seek prey for your daughter. Form your pretty gossing to become a good domestic wife, and you will soon find a husband for her—*(Madame Luppnitz likewise faints away.)*

Ditt. What, both?—Ha, ha, ha—a good joke, indeed, where an answer is required. Well, well, you may both remain in this enticing position as long as you please: however, it is but fair to recompense my friar—*(kisses Emily)*—She don’t wake—*(kisses her again)*—Ah! she is dead!

[Exit laughing.]

Mad. Lup. (opens her eyes and looks after him) The son-in-law is gone.

Emily. (in the same manner) And my brilliant—*(looking pitifully at each other).*

SCENE XIII.

A Room in Old ERLÉN'S House, in which, besides other Furniture there is a Writing-Desk.

Mr. Erlen. (Steps into the room with a letter in his hand) A letter from Eckstad, that will decide—*(anxiously views it)*—Should my creditors persist in detaining moveables—Ah! the sum is so small—but he is rich, and therefore hard. I am prepared for the worst—*(opens the letter)*—“I am sorry to inform you,”—Ah! that I conjectured—*(walks once up and down, then reads again)*—“I am sorry to inform you, that all your entreaties have proved fruitless. This moment I have received orders to seize your goods. I hasten, good man, to give you notice, that you might not feel the blow without being prepared.” I thank thee good Eckstad. “In half an hour’s time I shall be with you.” *(After a pause)*—Well! then come and take all—my wife, my children, and my heart you cannot take from me—*(throws himself into an arm-chair, and hides his head in his arm.)*

SCENE XIV.

Enter. Mrs. ERLÉN.

Mrs. Erlen. (when she sees him in that posture) What is the matter, dear man?—*(Mr. Erlen turns himself towards her, and holds out his hand to her)*—Good God! what ails, what affects you?

Mr. Erlen. I was just considering what you would do should I one day or other fall ill.

Mrs. Erlen. How came this into your thoughts? I hope you are not ill.

Mr. Erlen. No—but I am growing old—surely that thought torments me. How would you maintain me?—how bear up——

Mrs. Erlen. Have you not a wife—have you not children?

Mr. Erlen. Very well; but the doctor—the medicine—your own wants—while I earn nothing.

Mrs. Erlen. Unkind man! why do you torment me thus?

Mr. Erlen. Speak!—what would you do?

Mrs. Erlen. I would sell all, except thy bed and a chair, on which I would sit by thy bed-side.

Mr. Erlen. And sleep yourself on straw?

Mrs. Erlen. Why not? It is the bed on which thousands rest.

Mr. Erlen. And were I to get well again—

Mrs. Erlen. Then should I think myself amply rewarded for the little trouble.

Mr. Erlen. And should we have nothing—nothing at all left?

Mrs. Erlen. Then we should resume our usual work; and when, after a few months, we had earned sufficient to buy the first pillow, O how softly should we rest.

Mr. Erlen. (*embraces her*) My faithful, my good wife, we have nothing left; these goods are no longer ours.

Mrs. Erlen. (*starts*) Dear husband you speak that with a tone—

Mr. Erlen. Yet not with a tone of despair; I am well, and as yet can work.

Mrs. Erlen. Has any thing happened?

Mr. Erlen. This very night we sleep upon straw.

Mrs. Erlen. (*much disturbed, but conceals it*) Speak more explicitly, you know me.

Mr. Erlen. Bruckmann has commenced an action against me.

Mrs. Erlen. I knew that before.

Mr. Erlen. I cannot pay.

Mrs. Erlen. But you had hopes?

Mr. Erlen. I had; I built them upon the humanity of a rich man; that means I built upon the sand.

Mrs. Erlen. He will not wait?

Mr. Erlen. To day he will seize upon our goods.

Mrs. Erlen. (*much alarmed*) This very day?

Mr. Erlen. I expect the police officer every moment.

Mrs. Erlen. (*in great agitation, but recovers herself by force*) Well, well, in the name of God, I now thank you for the sad introduction to this disclosure—(*absorbs her tears*)—it would have been

much worse had I been obliged to sell all to nurse a dearly beloved husband.

Mr. Erlen. Thus I expected to find you—(*much moved, embraces her*) and thus I do find you.

Mrs. Erlen. Nay, we do not belong to those who place their hands quietly in their laps and say, God surely will assist; for the first day provision is made.

Mr. Erlen. No, Wilhelmina, we have done what we could, have been diligent and frugal; we now dare fold our hands, and pray with confidence: God surely will assist.

Mrs. Erlen. For the first day provision is made. You go to our Charles, I to Sophia.

Mr. Erlen. And would you part with me? my comfort, my only support? When God cast poverty into the scale of my life, he threw into the other the bliss of matrimony, and that scale sunk; we therefore shall not part.

Mrs. Erlen. (*on his neck*) No, we will not part!

Mr. Erlen. If you alone remain with me, then is my house not empty. Happiness and bliss do not consist in chairs and tables. If I see only you about me, you mild sufferer! O then have I spirit and strength! without you I can neither pray nor work.

Mrs. Erlen. We will not part, we will sleep on straw.

Mr. Erlen. (*hearing somebody approaching, winds himself from her arms*).

SCENE XV.

Enter the Officer of the Police, and two Bailiffs.

Eckstad. (*to the men*) Wait in the room till I call for you.—(*goes up to Mr. and Mrs. Erlen, greets them civilly*)—believe me, dear Mr. Erlen, that during the thirteen years I have been in office, I never executed my duty unwillingly till to-day.

Mr. Erlen. My heart thanks you.

Eckstad. You know my situation, a number of children, and slender means of support. I should wish to assist were I able.

Mr. Erl. To shew sincere compassion is also benefaction: do your duty, you see we are prepared.

Eckstad. I am glad to find you so. I admire your fortitude, and could almost call you happier than the rigorous man in whose name I now appear.

Mr. Erlen. O surely! we are happier!

Mrs. Erlen. Here are the keys to all which these apartments contain.

Eckstad. You will have the goodness to point out to me what is perhaps your personal property.

Mrs. Erlen. Personal property? nothing Sir!

Eckstad. Your dowry in furniture, plate, linen, &c. &c.

Mrs. Erlen. I was but a poor girl, and brought nothing to my husband except my heart.

Eckstad. Perhaps presents from your friends and relations.

Mrs. Erlen. What was mine is his also.

Eckstad. You never signed your name to your husband's bonds.

Mrs. Erlen. Then will I do it yet.

Eckstad. Consider you are both old, deprived of every convenience.

Mrs. Erlen. Under what title should we keep any thing back? presents of a man that we despise? or the gain of a known fraud?

Eckstad. Really, madam! you make my duty burthenfome in an extraordinary degree.

Mr. Erlen. But confess also Mr. Eckstad, you are rewarded. It is only in such situations one gets acquainted with mankind; what a wife have you become acquainted with to-day?

Eckstad. (*moved*) I perceive that you are richer than the world supposes. Well then, let us make a beginning; is this writing-desk open?—(*Mr. Erlen opens it*).

Eckstad. Will you not take out your papers?

Mr. Erlen. (*while he takes out the papers*) You must know that of all that I possess, the loss of this writing-desk grieves me most.

Eckstad. One gets accustomed to a favourite piece of furniture.

Mr. Erlen. It is not that; that writing-desk belonging formerly to my old friend Ditthelm; he sat before it when I saw him for the last time before his death. I wished to keep something for his sake, and this writing-desk was given to me.

Eckstad. That was but little indeed, considering the great loss you at that time sustained.

Mr. Erlen. God, and my own conscience, are convinced of the truth.

Eckstad. And every honest man that knows you.

Mr. Erlen. It is empty; here is the key.

Eckstad. (*examines the writing-desk*) Hem! hem; Is there no secret drawer belonging to it?

Mr. Erlen. Not that I know of.

Eckstad. It seems to me as if there were—here about—I have one myself which resembles this—ah! here might be a secret spring.

Mr. Erlen. That may be; it never entered into my mind to examine it.

Eckstad. (after trying in several places, he presses open a spring which had concealed a secret drawer) Look here—to be sure! quite right, and full of papers.

Mr. Erlen. (surprized) they do not belong to me.

Eckstad. Ay, ay, here's money in abundance! look here—a whole parcel of bank notes.

Mr. Erlen. (looks at it) Gracious God! that is my money.

Eckstad. Is it possible?

Mr. Erlen. Those are my seven thousand dollars!

Mrs. Erlen. God! thou wert near us, in the hour of adversity.

Mr. Erlen. *Mr. Eckstad*, that is the same money which I carried to old *Ditthelm* the evening before he died.

Mr. Eckstad. I understand. Now all is cleared up; the old man had put up his friend's money safe enough.

Mrs. Erlen. He was just employed at the time, and most probably put it out of his hand.

Eckstad. It is clear. Ay, ay! and I am so fortunate. Heaven has chosen me for the instrument. *Mr. Erlen*, I wish you joy with all my heart, and return home with pleasure.

Mr. Erlen. Stop, *Mr. Eckstad*, dare I make use of the money?

Eckstad. Why not? It is your own: enough that the capital has so long lain dead.

Mr. Erlen. Have I not just now explained, that the papers which this writing desk contained do not belong to me.

Eckstad. They do belong to you.

Mr. Erlen. When the guardians of young *Ditthelm* made me a present of the writing-desk, did they know of its contents?

Eckstad. Perhaps not.

Mr. Erlen. And if they had known them?

Eckstad. They were honest men; and would, without hesitating, have returned the money.

Mr. Erlen. Yet not without proper enquiry.

Eckstad. What of enquiry? the case is as clear as the shining sun. Does *Ditthelm* miss this sum? does he complain that these seven thousand dollars are deficient in his books? No, he misses nothing; not a farthing—to whom, therefore, can belong the money?—to you!

Mr. Erlen. All true—but the question is, dare I call that my own, which, by chance, remained in the desk of a deceased, whose inheritor I am not?

Eckstad. Under other circumstances, surely not.

Mr. Erlen. Dare I judge in this case?

Eckstad. Dear, wonderful man!

Mr. Erlen. Dare I keep silent? Might not some other things be in the drawer besides the money?

Eckstad. (*casts a look*) O yes, there lays a letter surely, which in our first joy escaped our notice.

Mr. Erlen. A letter ! to whom ?

Eckstad. (*reads the direction*) "To my son Frederick Ditthelm ; not to be opened till the day he comes of age."

Mr. Erlen. Now, dear friend, must I embezzle this letter also ?

Eckstad. Ay, what has this letter to do with your money ?

Mr. Erlen. I shall carry both to Ditthelm.

Eckstad. Let me advise you : young Ditthelm is a spendthrift ; who knows but that he is capable of accepting the money, and in a very easy manner returning you thanks.

Mr. Erlen. In fulfilling the duty of an honest man, I do not therefore renounce my right ; yet, to invest myself with the property, I dare not.

Eckstad. In all my practice, I never have met with a similar case. I should like to know what a Kantianer would say to it ; however, do as you please ; I, for my part, have no further business here. If Ditthelm is no rogue, you will have abundance ; you may pay your debts, and will have it in your power to live happy and comfortably afterwards, (*shakes his hand*) of which I am heartily glad. With a heavy heart I began the business, but with much satisfaction have I concluded it : fare you well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XVI.

Mr. Erlen. You do not say a single word to all this ?

Mrs. Erlen. I admire your greatness of mind.

Mr. Erlen. One may admire, yet not always approve.

Mrs. Erlen. I will not deny, that your virtue appears rather too strict to me.

Mr. Erlen. (*tenderly*) Give me proofs.

Mrs. Erlen. Our embarrassed situation.

Mr. Erlen. One must act from conviction, and not from circumstances.

Mrs. Erlen. Is the money not undeniably yours ?

Mr. Erlen. Who knows that ?

Mrs. Erlen. You—I—God—

Mr. Erlen. Enough for my own conscience, but not for my fellow-citizen. I will not merely be honest, I will shew myself to be so ; in short, (*half in jest*) my dear Wilhelmina, I feel that I must act so ; therefore let me hasten to Ditthelm. If one drop only of fatherly blood circulates in his veins, I shall return instantly, and bring you the happy

news ; (*takes his hat and stick, and embraces her*) farewell, dear Wilhelmina !

Mrs. Erlen. God be with you !

Mr. Erlen. We shall not sleep this night on straw. [Exit.

Mrs. Erlen. (*looks after him with her hands folded*) God be with him !

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Ditthelm's Room—DITTHELM. HERRMAN.

Ditt. (*sitting in an arm-chair, extravagantly laughing.*)

Herr. (*steps into the room*) Have you sent for me ?

Ditt. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Herr. May I laugh with you ?

Ditt. O yes : dear Herrman, with me joy.

Herr. Of what ?

Ditt. I am plundered.

Herr. A curious joy !

Ditt. My drawers, my boxes, all entirely emptied.

Herr. By whom ?——

Ditt. By whom else than my ingenious Flink ! linen and clothes, laces and rings, all he has packed up. I have nothing but this coat and this shirt.

Herr. One should pursue him.

Ditt. No, no ; this is a day of warning to me ; I have learned a great deal to-day. Flink was likewise one of my professors : he be thanked, and may he enjoy his plunder.

Herr. But the loss is considerable.

Ditt. Much less than my gain : how can those lost articles be compared to one single lesson of prudence ? Gamesters, apparitions, avaricious mothers, coquetting daughters, roguish servants, all discovered on this day :—with me joy, Herrman.

Herr. With all my heart.

Ditt. I am free again ; every string is torn that entwined me.

Herr. God grant it !

Ditt. This day I have learned, that the path of youth resembles an insecure bridge ; if Providence does not guide him over, he will fall into the stream.

Herr. Very true.

Ditt. God be thanked ! I am on shore.

Herr. Surely.

Ditt. On shore, I tell you, and a female genius stretches forth her tender hand. Yes, Herrman, now will I marry.

Herr. So suddenly ?

Ditt. I now know in what happiness does not consist.

Herr. That surely is something.

Ditt. And am sensible where to look for it.

Herr. I understand it but half.

Ditt. Hear me, hear the marvellous history of this day ; an extraordinary chain of events, a collection of good and bad (*a knock at the door*)—how unfortunate ! we are interrupted—that just now—

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. ERLÉN.

Herr. Ah ! Mr. Erlen, an unexpected visit.

Mr. Erlen. (*after a bow*) A house in which one has passed happy days, one seldom likes to enter when the old acquaintance no longer lives in it.

Ditt. As heir to my father, I might hope that he had also left me the privilege of claiming your friendship.

Mr. Erlen. I am old, Mr. Dittelm ; youth and age are as little suited to each other as the bird and the oyster ; but I esteem you as the son of my old friend, whom I have often carried upon my arms, and who so gladly used to crawl to my pocket, because it was a magazine of sweatmeats for him. To-day I have brought you something, doubting whether it will give you as much pleasure as a piece of sweatmeat did at those times (*feels in his pockets*)—it is money.

Ditt. Money !—You ! to me ? (*aside*)—should Sophia have revealed.——

Mrs. Erlen. You may, perhaps, remember, from hear say, that on the day your father died I brought a sum of money, which after his death, could no where be found.

Ditt. To my great sorrow.

Mr. Erlen. A very singular accident has occurred.—Accident !—God forgive me ! it was the work of thy Providence. I received at that time, as a keep-sake, your father's writing-desk ; (*to Herrman*) you probably remember the circumstance.

Herr. Perfectly.

Mr. Erlen. In this writing-desk, by mere chance, a secret drawer was this very day discovered : it contained seven thousand dollars, which, conformable to my duty, I deliver up to you.

Ditt. How, Mr. Erlen ? to me ! why to me ?

Mr. Erlen. Because the writing-desk belonged to you, and because your guardians were unacquainted with the treasure it contained.

Ditt. Seven thousand dollars only—just the amount of the sum which you entrusted to my father.

Mr. Erlen. Really so.

Ditt. It must then of course be your own money.

Herr. Without the least doubt.

Mr. Erlen. Yes, Mr. Diithelm, I believe it to be my own money ; yet the manner in which I have recovered it, imposed a restraint upon my conscience not to look upon it as my own 'till you yourself have acknowledged that it is mine.

Ditt. Good God ! why hesitate ?

Herr. Noble minded man ! I admire you.

Mr. Erlen. Are you then convinced from the evidence, and the word of an honest man, that this money is my real property ?

Ditt. How could I think otherwise ?

Mr. Erlen. I thank thee, God ! thou wast near me in an evil hour ! —O may all those that are cast into despair hear my story, and learn to trust in Providence.

Herr. (*affectionately presses Erlen's hand*) Reward to virtue !

Ditt. I rejoice, Mr. Erlen, and am more happy than if I had saved the most valuable ship from the wreck.

Mr. Erlen. That your noble heart has convinced me of.

Ditt. Our account is not quite settled yet.

Mr. Erlen. How am I to understand that ?

Ditt. I am in your debt ten years interest of the capital.

Herr. (*aside*) Bravo !

Mr. Erlen. By no means.

Ditt. Certainly ; how can it be your fault that the heir of your debtor did not examine the writing-desk ?

Mr. Erlen. You were then a child.

Ditt. But my guardians ; in this case I might demand reparation of them ; by heaven you ought not, must not lose by it.

Herr. That is honorable, Mr. Diithelm.

Ditt. It is my duty.

Mr. Erlen. I see it ; my old friend is still alive ; the room just as I remember it ; here are the same old chairs, the same clock—and now I find himself again—I thank you, dear young man, for your generous offer, although I shall make no use of it, yet I leave your house much happier than if my pockets were swollen by your gold.

Ditt. Surely, Mr. Erlen, you must accept it.

Mr. Erlen. I must not ; but reward your noble mind I must and will on the spot. Besides the money, a letter was found in his own

hand-writing, a legacy of fatherly love ; here it is.—(*Ditthelm eagerly takes the letter, opens it, and reads privately*).

Mr. Erlen. (*meanwhile turns to Herrman*) Good Hermann ! we have not seen each other for some time—how are you ?

Herr. I am like the horses in our manufactory ; I tread still upon one spot.

Mr. Erlen. It is a pity that business and situation part many good people who were once so near each other.

Herr. Ah, dear Mr. Erlen ! with grief of heart I have often recalled to mind how on a Saturday we used in this very room to refresh our spirits with a cheerful glass, to gather fresh strength for the ensuing week ; I shall never forget it.

Mr. Erlen. Three friends, a good glass of wine, and a cheerful hour—O, that recreates the heart of man ! it is long since I thus gratified myself.

Herr. (*looking at Ditthelm*) You weep dear Frederick !

Ditt. (*to Erlen*) You are right ; it is a fatherly letter.

Mr. Erlen. I am much pleased to see this sweet melancholy, and leave you that I may not restrain the feelings of your tender soul, and that your tears may flow freely—(*gives him his hand*) farewell, Mr. Ditthelm, you have gained my esteem.

Ditt. If it be so, then you do not put me to shame ; I shall pay you a visit ; we have still business to settle.

Mr. Erlen. Business we have not ; but as a friend—the son of a friend—you shall be heartily welcome.

Ditt. (*much moved*) And your children ? surely you have children ?

Mr. Erlen. They were formerly your companions at play ; come, good young man, and revive in the circle of my family the remembrance of your youthful pleasures. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Ditt. Dear Harrman, what has happened !

Herr. You seem much afflicted,

Ditt. Read, Herrman ! (*points to a particular place in the letter*) read out !

Herr. (*reads*) “And when Sophia Erlen becomes what she promises to be, the image of her own and thy good mother, then my son do I supplicate God that thou mayst find a father in my friend, and a treasure in the girl, such as I cannot leave thee ; virtue, love, domestic happiness”—(*stops, and looks sharply at Ditthelm*).

Ditt. (in deep thought) Singular ! her name is likewise Sophia.

Herr. O that these wishes of your father may not oppose your inclination.

Ditt. Good Herrmenn ! I love a Sophia, but she is not Erlen's daughter ; had I seen the other sooner—perhaps——

Herr. Still whims of chambermaids !

Ditt. Fie, Herrmann ! what should I be then, if my delight in virtue, and beauty, where a whim ?

Herr. Red and white give beauty ; virtue may be dissembled.

Ditt. Unjust man ! you wrong her ; she herself has refused my hand.

Herr. What ! you had already—

Ditt. Followed your advice.

Herr. What precipitation !

Ditt. Precipitation ! have I known the girl only since yesterday ?

Herr. If a coquette, years will not be sufficient to find her out.

Ditt. Coquette ! Oh how poor Herrmann will be ashamed when he beholds Sophia !

Herr. I do not look with the eyes of a lover.

Ditt. Her I have to thank that I am saved from the snares which were laid by sharpers.

Herr. That is well.

Ditt. It was her that warned me of the danger, even at the hazard of losing her own bread.

Herr. All well ; but perhaps not without a design.

Ditt. It was her that from delicacy refused me her hand.

Herr. Fine ! very fine !

Ditt. And only then began to waver when I touched upon the subject of her parent's happiness.

Herr. Who are her parents ?

Ditt. That I know not ; however they must be good and virtuous people, for no thorn-bush brings forth such fruits.

Herr. O ! why was this letter not sooner discovered ?

Ditt. Were my father alive, he himself would have torn it.

Herr. You should at least first see Mr. Erlen's daughter.

Ditt. That I will ; that I must ; yet not with a view of making comparisons—for my choice is fixed.

Herr. Then you had better not see her at all.

Ditt. Yes, my friend, I will do for her as much as lies in my power, and what I think consistent with my duty to my father : Erlen has refused the interest of his capital—good !—I will assign the same as a dowry to his daughter—do you approve of that ?

Herr. It is much, and little, as one takes it.

Ditt. Most willingly, I'll do more ; I will share with her as a brother ; but to my heart she cannot make a claim—that belongs only to

one Sophia—I hasten to fulfil at least half my father's will, and then to Sophia, to rescue her this very day from an unworthy service. [Exit.

Herr. (*Shaking his head*) Poor youth! I could almost wish the gamblers and apparitions back again;—they are less dangerous than a pair of handsome eyes. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Mr. Erlen's House—Mrs. ERLÉN.

Mrs. Erlen. (*very uneasy walking up and down*) Solitude! thou wast formerly so pleasant to me, why to-day so offensive? Fear and Hope! as you were brought forth from the breast of man, God thus spake, “it is not good for man to be alone!” An approaching misfortune, is like an approaching storm; children and domestics like to assemble, but I am alone—tormenting uncertainty! each distant possibility tortures me, and I am quite alone.

SCENE V.

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. (*hastens in and embraces her mother*) My mother!

Mrs. Erlen. O be welcome my dear Sophia, stay with me, ah! how happy am I that I have children (*presses Sophia to her breast*) stay with me.

Sophia. What afflicts you, dear mother?

Mrs. Erlen. Your father is gone out—I am quite alone—and so melancholy—do not leave me till he returns.

Sophia. Mother! I shall never leave you more.

Mrs. Erlen. Would to God child!

Sophia. I have suffered much during the year of my servitude, yet have learned many things, which although of little use, yet will fetch their price: yes mother, I can earn my bread.

Mrs. Erlen. What does that mean?

Sophia. A bed and a table in the most distant corner of your lodgings—grant me only that!—under your eyes I shall work nimbly, and with an easy heart, and still find leisure hours to assist my mother in her domestic cares; do therefore never more drive me from your presence.

Mrs. Erlen. My child, you know our circumstances.

Sophia. Let them be ever so pressing, I will share them. Mother, I am discharged.

Mrs. Erlen. (*frightened*) discharged?

Sophia. Not from improper conduct.

Mrs. Erlen. God! in this critical moment—

Sophia. What I have done, deserved reward, and heaven granted it on the spot: I am again with my parents; I will most willingly eat brown bread with them; ah, one rests no where so placidly as in the bosom of ones own family.

Mrs. Erlen. Child you don't know—thy father—we are in such confusion.

Sophia. Why this anxiety—my mother trembles—what has happened?

Mrs. Erlen. Nothing—soon—

Sophia. For God's sake! is my father ill?

Mrs. Erlen. No, no.

SCENE VI.

Enter. Ensign ERLÉN.

Erl. (hastens into the room) Mother! I have heard a report—

Mrs. Erlen. Be quiet.

Erl. Where is my father?

Mrs. Erlen. He is not at home.

Erl. Is it true, that his goods—

Mrs. Erlen. Pray be quiet.

Sophia. What is the matter? My mother's anxiety—my brother's disquietude—speak Charles, speak.

Mrs. Erlen. Spare her, all may yet turn out well.

Sophia. What has happened?—where is my father?

Erl. I'll hasten to him—take the revered old man to his unfeeling creditors.

Sophia. Creditors?

Erl. I will pay off his debts with the labour of my own hands.

Sophia. Debts? how much? I have got money.

Mrs. Erlen. Children, you torment me—be quiet Sophia—O God! must I preach tranquillity to you! we are already acquainted with poverty—I could almost say related to it—it terrifies only where it is a stranger—it is also beneficial. O yes, children, poverty is also beneficial, because it strengthens the alliance with virtue—God and Virtue! resign yourselves to both, and you will be rich, even in poverty! (*going off in tears*) I wished to see you around me, and you break my heart.

SCENE VII.

Sophia. (sobbing) My mother cries.

Erl. She may be allowed to cry, not we ; sister, we must not cry, but act.

Sophia. How, brother ? how ?

Erl. We now must shew what children can do for parents ; we are fortunate sister, all children are not ; all are not allowed to mitigate their parents fate, and save them from hunger ; we are Sophia—we will save them.

Sophia. How, brother ? how ?

Erl. We must work.

Sophia. Yes.

Erl. In the evening, when off duty, I will hire myself to work through the night, no matter to whom, nor at what employment.

Sophia. Yes, yes ! in the day time I will work with my needle ; and at night will hire myself to nurse the sick.

Erl. Right, sister ; we are young and healthy—two hours sleep is sufficient refreshment, and should we even look pale, yet contentment will smile on our cheeks. O ! I feel a strength within myself—a pleasing pride ! Sister, it is intended for our dear parents ! let us act secretly, quite privately, nobody must know it not even our parents—God only, and our own hearts.

Sophia. Yes, brother ; yes, with pleasure.

Erl. Poverty, our mother said, strengthens the alliance with virtue—come on, sister, let us honorably conclude this alliance ! *(takes her into his arms, and with ecstasy of joy calls out)* Sophia ! I renounce the splendour of honour, and the power of love ! In thy arms only, will I seek my reward after hard labour. We shall give bread to our parents ! Ah ! who can say, that the state of our youth is not a happy one ? *(presses Sophia tenderly to his breast, and having embraced her, goes off.)*

SCENE VIII.

Enter DITTHELM, (who at the moment of their last embrace opens the door.)

Ditt. I hardly trust my eyes.

Sophia. (starts) Mr. Ditthelm—you here ?

Ditt. Why thus alarmed ?

Sophia. I am not alarmed, only surprised.

Ditt. To be sure, it was rather ungenteel of me.

Sophia. What?

Ditt. Oh I have witnessed a great deal to day, but this last was the most bitter to me.

Sophia. What has afflicted you?

Ditt. A mist still covers my eyes—I am still giddy.

Sophia. You speak enigmatically—and I must confess that the strange accident of seeing you here, is a riddle to me.

Ditt. Accident!—quite right. A charming unpropitious accident! You Miss Sophia, are perhaps here for the purpose of fulfilling my commission. I thank you for this punctuality—you had probably other business also.

Sophia. What a tone!

Ditt. Pardon me if I speak unpolitely, I am not authorised—

Sophia. Indeed, Mr. Dittelm, I might have expected different treatment from a man who this day rewards my good intentions with ingratitude.

Ditt. I do not understand you.

Sophia. Who, by his loquacity was the cause of my dismissal.

Ditt. Have I that? (*civilly and coldly.*) I am very sorry.

Sophia. (*with resentment.*) And I am sorry that I am mistaken in you.

Ditt. How willingly would I offer you my assistance.

Sophia. I have no need for it.

Ditt. Some one has been before-hand with me.

Sophia. Who?

Ditt. The young officer, who just left you.

Sophia. What of him?

Ditt. He seemed to interest himself so warmly.

Sophia. Certainly.

Ditt. You rested so tenderly in his arms—

Sophia. I love him with all my heart.

Ditt. (*bitterly*) Excellent!—an affectionate sincerity, but rather too late, Miss.—Oh, good Herrmann! surely thou wast right;—if the girl be a coquette, years will not be sufficient to find her out.

Sophia. (*offended*) Sir—

Ditt. Thanks to chance that dissolved these chains also! yes, now shall I fulfil my father's wish entire. Where is Erlen? where is his daughter? she may be handsome or ugly—stupid or wise—she shall be mine.

SCENE IX.

Enter Mr. ERLÉN.

Ditt. (*hastening to meet him*) Mr. Erlén, I got here before you.

Mr. Erlén. You had no creditors to satisfy.

Ditt. The uneasiness in which you see me——

Mr. Erlén. Is rather suspicious.

Ditt. May I, in presence of this lady, speak a word in confidence to you.

Mr. Erlén. (*smiling*) Nothing need be concealed from this lady.

Ditt. No ! so much the better.

Sophia. I will retire.

Ditt. No, no, I beg you will stay ; what I have to say will not come unexpectedly to you.

Mr. Erlén. Surely, Mr. Dittelm, you do not appear to me to be the same that you were an hour ago.

Ditt. O, yes ! I—I am still the same, the subjects only around me have changed.

Mr. Erlén. This severe tone——

Ditt. Is not intended for you, really not ! without further preamble, you possess a daughter.

Mr. Erlén. Yes, Mr. Dittelm.

Ditt. Is she already promised ?

Mr. Erlén. No.

Ditt. Or is she in love with any one ?

Mr. Erlén. That question you must ask yourself.

Ditt. I wish to become your son-in-law. (*with expression while he looks at Sophia with a contemptuous smile*) Yes, I wish it. (*Sophia smiling.*)

Ditt. (*vexatiously*) Do not laugh Miss, I wish it with all my heart.

Mr. Erlén. Sir, the offer seems to me rather too hasty.

Ditt. No, no, I am a free man, though I was not always so—I will confess that I loved—and ardently loved—an object unworthy of my esteem—I was a fool.

Mr. Erlén. Then most likely a *début amoureux*, led you to my daughter ?

Ditt. Here read this, the wish of my father—my senses are returned (*gives him the letter—Erlén reads privately*)

[*Sophia much confused, looks down.*]

Ditt. (*aside and stealingly looks at Sophia*) She don't ever look at me—but conscience shews itself upon her cheeks—she is ashamed—perhaps repents—too late ! too late !

Mr. Erlén. These good intentions of my late friend may have some influence, but cannot altogether regulate your choice.

Ditt. My choice is fixed.

Mr. Erlen. You know my daughter but little.

Ditt. No matter, her parent's virtue is bail for her's.

Mr. Erlen. Has her person only attracted you? I would advise you to prove her heart also.

Ditt. Her person? I have never seen her.

Mr. Erlen. How, Sir?

Ditt. Is she handsome? very well; if not, so much the better. Faith, Mr. Erlen, I wish she were ugly.

Mr. Erlen. (*with much surprise*) You don't know her?

Ditt. (*impatient*) No, no! but I hope you will send for her.

Mr. Erlen. Good heaven! she stands here before you.

Ditt. (*petrified*) Who? this lady your daughter?

Mr. Erlen. Did you not know that?

Ditt. (*after a pause beats his forehead*) O cruel fate! thou leadest me with a fool's string.

Mr. Erlen. Incomprehensible! Of all these transactions I understand nothing but the pantomime which escaped you just now, and which clearly discovered that my daughter is disgusting to you—is it so Mr. Ditthelm? then be easy, you are bound to nothing.

Ditt. If this be your daughter, then must I surely renounce the happiness of finding again a father in you; for, pardon me Miss the indiscretion which I am compelled to use for my justification—this lady has already parted with her heart.

Mr. Erlen. It would grieve me, were I to be first informed of that by a stranger.

Sophia. My father knows me.

Ditt. Upon my soul you say that with as much tranquillity, with as much assurance, as if no witness could confute it.

Sophia. My father will much sooner rely on my word than believe a mistaken witness.

Ditt. Mistaken? excellent.

Mr. Erlen. Children, you almost bewilder my poor brains. Sophia, it appears to me that you have seen this gentleman before.

Ditt. Well guessed.

Mr. Erlen. Sophia, will you explain yourself more particularly?

Ditt. O no! that she will not.

Sophia. Say all that you know.

Ditt. You take advantage of my delicacy?

Sophia. I only assert my innocence.

Ditt. That is too much.

Sophia. I challenge you—speak.

Ditt. Well then! if you insist upon it, I am sorry, Mr. Erlen, to

awaken you from a sweet dream. When I entered this room—I found this lady—shall I go further?

Sophia. Further! further!

Ditt. In the arms of a young officer—

Mr. Erlen. (to *Sophia*) Is that true?

Sophia. Yes.

Ditt. O charming! she don't even think it worth while to deny it.

SCENE X.

Enter Mrs. ERLÉN and Ensign ERLÉN.

Mrs. Erlen. (hastens to her husband's arm's) Dear husband, I hear your voice.

Ditt. There he is.

Mrs. Erlen. How were you received?

Mr. Erlen. Very well.

Ditt. Damnation! my tutelary spectre.

Mrs. Erlen. Are our sufferings at an end?

Mr. Erlen. At an end.

Mr. Erlen. God be thanked!

Ditt. (aside) Ha! that this man should happen to be my benefactor,

Mrs. Erlen. Young Dithelm steps in the path of his brave father: he is not inclined to molest us—at least not in the way we apprehended. Here he stands himself.

Mrs. Erlen. Be heartily welcome, Mr. Dithelm.

Ditt. Pardon me, madam, if at this moment I feel myself incapable, as I am overcome by so many different adventures, (to young *Erlen*) Sir, I have to-day the good and bad fortune to meet you every where.

Sophia. (smiling) Mr. Dithelm, give me leave to introduce my brother to you.

Ditt. (astonished) Your brother?

Erl. We knew each other before.

Sophia. (roguishly) Not altogether it seems.

Mr. Erlen. What is the matter with you, Mr. Dithelm?

Mrs. Erlen. The young man seems very odd.

Ditt. Brother!

Erl. Doubt it not; neither adopted nor hired.

Mr. Erlen. What does that mean?

Ditt. (falls on his knees and stretches out his hands to *Sophia*) Pardon me, *Sophia*.

Sophia. Do you deserve it?

Ditt. I do not.

Sophia. (*gives him her hand*) Rise, Mr. Dittelm.

Ditt. I am ashamed.

Mr. Erlen. Now I comprehend.

Mrs. Erlen. To me it is a riddle.

Erl. And to me.

Ditt. Blockhead that I was ! O, Sophia ! you are still indebted to me ; an answer to the question proposed this day.

Sophia. In presence of parents the daughter has no vote.

Ditt. (*to young Erlen*) My benefactor ! prove yourself so a third time ; assist me in procuring the hand of your dear sister.

Erl. In presence of a sister the brother has no vote.

Mrs. Erlen. If I apprehend rightly, there has been an understanding between you before now ?

Mr. Erlen. Speak, Sophia ! does your heart know any thing of it ?

Sophia. Dear mother answer for me.

Mrs. Erlen. (*kindly reproaching*) Have you entrusted me with your secret ?

Sophia. Have I not ? I have perhaps not confessed it to myself.

Ditt. (*with exultation and enthusiasm*) Ha ! she loves me ! she has decided ! good people take me up between you ! Sophia ! Sophia ! (*falls down before her, and presses her hand to his lips*).

Mr. Erlen. Blessed be my children, and blessed be the artist that invented the Writing-Desk.

END OF THE PLAY.

THE
VIRGIN OF THE SUN,
A
PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
KOTZEBUE.

NEW-YORK ;
PRINTED FOR CHARLES SMITH AND S. STEPHENS.

1800.





THE

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

TO MADAME VON DER WENSE, OF THE FAMILY OF AHLEFELD AT ZELL, LADY OF THE PRESIDENT VON DER WENSE.

IT has frequently been said, that a man can no more write than fall in love at command. This, my very amiable Friend must now acknowledge to be an error, since, if her memory be accurate with regard to trifles, she will recollect, that this Drama owes its origin solely and entirely to her commands.

One evening at Pyrmont, the weather being too wet and melancholy to permit of her enjoying the charms of nature, to which her pure soul is so closely allied, she had recourse to the Temple of Thalia, where Naumann's Opera of Cora happened to be represented. The performers were of a very inferior kind, and the only thing that pleased me during the evening, was, that I had the good fortune to sit behind my Friend, who sometimes condescended to favor her humble servant with a little conversation. Among other remarks which the occasion called forth, she observed once, when the conclusion of an act gave us a short respite from being merely audi

tors, that the Opera at which we were present, contained excellent materials for a Drama.

I felt that this idea ought rather to have originated with me, but I easily found an excuse for my apparent negligence, from being in company with one whose powers of pleasing were so great and so various, as to preclude, wherever she was present, the intervention of any ideas but what her perfections inspired. I however caught eagerly at the suggestion, and declared to my friend that her commands only were requisite for the immediate employment of my pen upon the subject. For a long time she evaded honoring me with such a command, preferring, in all that she said to encourage me to the undertaking, the politer language of exhortation, to which her gentle nature is more accustomed. I however insisted upon a positive command.

“ *Well then, I command it,*” she said, at last, with the sweetness and grace so peculiarly her own.—I made a low bow, and now have the honor of presenting to her my VIRGIN OF THE SUN. At her command the trembling maiden appears with downcast eyes in the anti-chamber, and hopes for permission humbly to wait there, till a friendly invitation shall call her to the toilette of her Patrons.

“ Come nearer, gentle creature!—thou shalt be
“ welcome for the sake of thy father, with whom I
“ have long lived on terms of friendship, and whom I
“ should now be the more scrupulous of depriving of
“ what does remain to him, since he has so little that
“ is desirable left in the world.”

Ah, you are but too much in the right, my most amiable friend!—I once possessed a treasure who greatly resembled you, inasmuch as she was one of the best of wives, and of mothers. But she is gone to her proper home, to the society of angels. At the moment when I experienced this most severe of all afflictions, you benignantly embalmed my sorrows with a tear—for that tear my heart retains a lasting gratitude, and my pen gladly embraces an opportunity, at the same time, of dedicating my work to you, and of giving this public testimony of the high esteem entertained for you, by

AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE.

DRAMTIS PERSONÆ.

ATALIBA, *King of Quito.*

The HIGH-PRIEST of the SUN.

XARIA, *another Priest of the SUN.*

TELASCO, *an old Man of the Family of the INCAS.*

ZORAI, *his SON.*

CORA, *his Daughter, the VIRGIN OF THE SUN.*

ROLLA, *formerly General of the Peruvian Army.*

The HIGH-PRIESTESS of the SUN.

IDALI,

AMAZILI, } *Virgins of the SUN.*

DON ALONZO DE MOLINA, *a Spaniard.*

DON JUAN DE VELASQUES, *his Friend.*

DIEGO, *an Attendant on DON ALONZO.*

A CHAMBERLAIN to the King.

PRIESTS OF THE SUN, VIRGINS OF THE SUN,

COURTIERS, SOLDIERS, POPULACE.

THE
VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A wild and woody country, with Bushes and Underwood so closely entwined as to be almost impenetrable. In the back ground a Wall, in which a large breach has been made, is just discernable through the Trees, and behind it is seen the Cupola of the Temple of the Sun. Nearer the Front, on the right hand, appears a Cave; on the left, a Hill, the Top of which rises above the Trees.

ROLLA comes down a winding Path among the Bushes, followed by the HIGH-PRIEST.

High-Priest.

AND this is the way to Rolla's dwelling?—Ah, equally wild and inaccessible as the way to Rolla's heart!

Rolla. Spare me, uncle, I entreat you?—Spare me, and leave me—If you could understand me—

High-Priest. Ought I to attempt it?—To understand thee, means to pay homage to thy idol—to flatter thy passion.

Rolla. Unhappy wretch that I am!—I am a miserable solitary being!—a drop, which can find no kindred drop wherewith to associate!—a lonely voice, which cannot find its echo throughout animated nature. The worm that crawls upon this leaf soon meets its helpmate, with whom it is united—but I—I only!—Oh! ye Gods! if it be your harsh will that, amid the throng of living creatures with which creation abounds, I only should be left alone!—(casting an impatient glance upon the High-Priest) Then—man!—man! leave me alone!

High-Priest. Rolla! I am indeed old, yet if affection

only be wanting to bring repose to thy heart, thou wilt find it here in this faithful bosom! Young man, I love thee as a father.

Rolla, Then, if the happiness of thy son be dear to thee, suffer him to live according to his own pleasure!—In this cave I am happier than thousands who inhabit pompous palaces. Be this my grave!—only make me this promise, uncle, it is my sole request: When I shall be no more, then, on some dark melancholy day, lead Cora to the entrance of my rugged habitation, and show her the remains of Rolla, stretched upon that earth on which he breathed out a life that love had rendered miserable. Let her see those lips on which the name of his beloved murderer quivered even to the last gasp, and by the smile still resting on them, let her know they closed blessing the name of Cora. Perhaps, affected by this picture, she may strew flowers over my corpse—or—oh! transporting thought!—even embalm it with a tear!—A tear!—Ah! a tear from Cora will recal me to life.

High-Priest. Oh enthusiast!

Rolla. Give me what name you please—Yet if I be an enthusiast, think not I am suddenly become so. This heart was born for mighty passions—To the common swarm of emmets which bustle about the world, I had an aversion even as a boy. When my play-mates were merrily and sportive around me, I played too, but 'twas irksome to me, though I scarcely knew whence arose that feeling. But when storms lowered around the horizon, when our mountains vomited forth flames at midnight, or subterraneous groanings announced an approaching earthquake, then was my heart elated, my languishing spirit revived, the withered plant again reared its head. As I advanced in life, no female beauty charmed my eye—they were eagerly fixed on the more brilliant rays of honor.—Blinded to every beauty of nature, my heart, my throbbing heart longed to run the career of fame and glory, while each victory I gained, far from being a drop to mitigate the flame, only increased its ardour—Then it was that, after a long absence, I saw Cora again!

High-Priest. And the flame, which, at its bursting out, burned with a force that promised eternal duration, was

Instantly extinguished !—Extinguished as a lamp by the breath of a child.

Rolla. No, not so !—It still continued to burn—but found a different species of nourishment. What was at first a wild and all-consuming blaze, was changed into a gentle, genial warmth. Honour gave way to love.

High-Priest. A gentle, genial warmth !—these words sound well, indeed—But whom does thy flame illumine ?—Whom does it warm ?

Rolla. (with indifference) I feel what you would say.

High-Priest. You feel it, yet are not ashamed !—Young man !—endowed with powers to atchieve the noblest deeds, perhaps to form the blessing of a whole hemisphere, you contract your circle of action—within a CAVE !—Inca, born of the race of the children of the sun, entitled to become a principal support of the throne, you fly—into a CAVE !—Leader, entrusted by your native country with the conduct of her armies, and called upon, by a succession of noble actions, to justify so honourable a confidence, you can yet bury yourself—in a cave !—

Rolla. Would you seduce me to be a boaster ?—As Inca, and as leader of the armies of my country, I have fulfilled my duty through wounds and victories !—Have I not justified her confidence ?—Above all, on that awful day, when Ataliba's throne was shaken by Huascar's power, and Rolla's sword dyed the fields of Tumibamba, with the blood of his sovereign's enemies. Know you not the history of that day ?—One arrow was lodged in my left arm, another pierced my breast—I received a large gash in my cheek, from a sword, and was stunned by the stroke of a club upon my forehead. Look at the scars of those wounds, here, and here, and here !—Yet I never stirred from the field of battle—Tell me now, have I given my country cause to repent her confidence ?

High-Priest. (much affected) Brave youth !—But were the blessings of thy native country, the friendship of thy sovereign, and the love and shouts of thy army, no recompence to thy heart ?

Rolla. (with a sigh) They were !

High Priest. But are so no longer ?

Rolla. No !

High-Priest. Then curse, oh ye gods ! an unworthy passion, which thus destroys each noble germ implanted in the heart.

Rolla. Judge not so harshly !—Love, like honour, is the parent of great actions !—But I—for whom should I fight ?—Is there on earth a heart to which I should communicate joy, were I longer to tread the road to fame ? Cora does not love me !—I have neither father nor mother, neither brother nor sister !—I am alone in the world.

High-Priest. (*clasping him in his arms*) My son !—my son !

Rolla. Leave me, leave me, uncle !—I cannot return this affection. You, with those grey hairs, clothed in those priestly garments, bearing an appearance so solemn, so entitled to respect, can never become the confident of my bosom. In you I cannot separate the man from the dignity of the priesthood—Ah that I had a mother !—God created woman to be the confident of man !—Canst thou not share thy sorrows with her who loves thee ?—Then fly to thy mother !—But I—I enjoy not the love of any one !—I have no mother !

High-Priest. Fly then to the gods !

Rolla. The Gods frown upon me, because I love a maiden devoted to their service—because I love this maiden more than I love the gods themselves ?—Whether I behold the sun rise, or see Cora appear, a like impression is made upon my senses, upon my heart !—Ah no !—Cora makes the strongest impression on both.

High-Priest. The gods pardon this enthusiasm !—Ah, Rolla ! it is thus that the children of mortality, always desire most eagerly, what is impossible to be attained—Cora, the maiden, had only pleased your fancy, Cora, the Virgin of the Sun, you love with unbounded passion.

Rolla. (*with rising warmth*) What ! (*he restrains himself, but casts a look of indignation upon the High-Priest*) Good night, uncle. (*he is going into his cave.*)

High-Priest. Whither art thou going, young man ? Cannot thy friend, thy sincere friend, obtain some little influence with thee ?—Live according to thy own pleasure—Withdraw thyself, if thou wilt, from mankind, only fly this desert, where fatal images inevitably tear thy soul, as the wild thorns thy flesh. Come to my house—that quarter

of it which runs down to the sea-shore, is well known to thee—there may'st thou live in solitude, even in the midst of thousands—and there no importunate intruder shall deprive thee of the visions thy heart so fondly loves to cherish. Thy doors may be closed against me—mine shall always be open to thee.

Rolla. Uncle, accept my thanks. I feel your kindness—I know your habitation—Know that it abounds with charms for those who love retirement; but Rolla is resolved to live and die in this cave. There, where the cupola of the temple towers above the trees—there Cora lives—here I can at least behold her dwelling—Rolla, then, must live and die in this cave!—Good night.

High-Priest. Obstinate young man!—Yet forget not at least what your duty requires during the solemnities of to-morrow. Your presence in the king's palace, and in the temple, is indispensable at the grand festival of the Sun.

Rolla. Excuse me!—Say what you please to the king—tell him I am dead—I come no more among men—Yet to-morrow I will sacrifice to the gods—whether in a temple, or in a cave, is alike acceptable to them—Good night.
[Exit into his cave.]

SCENE. II.

The HIGH-PRIEST alone.

Young man!—young man!—thou dost not suspect how deeply this heart is interested in thy repose!—The evening sun still glitters upon the golden cupola of the temple, but here, amid these trees, the night is fast approaching. I fear I shall find some difficulty in tracing out the meandering path through this wilderness.—
(as he is going he almost runs against Diego.)

SCENE III.

DIEGO comes through the bushes, and starts violently at meeting the HIGH-PRIEST.

High-Priest. Whence come you?—and whither would you go?

Diego. Whithersoever chance may conduct a pedestrian.

High Priest. Do you walk for pleasure in such unbeaten ways ?

Diego. (pertly) Yes.

High-Priest. You have probably mistaken your path.

Diego. So it seems, since I find myself in your way.

High-Priest. Are you not Don Alonso's attendant ?

Diego. You are not very wide of the truth.

High-Priest. If you be not well acquainted with this wood, you are in danger of losing yourself. Accompany me, and I will conduct you in a short time into the right path.

Diego. (assuming an angry tone) Who told you that I was in the wrong path ?——Signor High-Priest, I would have you to know, that neither in Castile nor Arragon, neither in Grenada nor Murcia, no, nor in any other of the countries belonging to my king, by whatsoever name distinguished, has any mother's son ever been known to excel Diego, in valour and virtue.

High-Priest. (smiling) I readily believe it. And this assurance, doubtless receives the greater currency from being uttered by yourself.

Diego. It was forcibly extorted by you, from my modesty.

High-Priest. Pardon me !—And now let me request an explanation of this riddle ?——How can you be wandering at night in so wild a spot, and yet be in the right way——Are you alone, or is your master near ?——What is it you want ?——for never can I be persuaded that you are here only for your pleasure.

Diego. (with hesitation) Since you press me so closely then—I—I must confess—that—I am in love.

High-Priest. (smiling) In love ?

Diego. (extravagantly) Yes, to desperation !——Tortured with jealousy, driven almost to phrenzy ! In the tumult of passion, I am now hurried up to the summits of the highest hills, now driven into the lowest recesses of a subterranean cavern——till at length I have wandered insensibly into this spot, devoted to tender feelings, here to hold solitary intercourse with the mournful turtle doves.

High-Priest. This spot does indeed seem to be selected by the gods, as an asylum for enamoured fools.

Diego. Here will I tell my sorrows to the silent trees !—here breathe out my amorous sighs to the chaste moon.

High-Priest. Thou art a coxcomb ! (*Exit.*)

Diego. (alone) A coxcomb !—So much the worse for you, Signor !—for if such be the case, the most illustrious High-Priest of the Sun has been made the sport of a coxcomb. Live wit, say I—it will fetch its price in the new world, as well as in the old—But is he really gone ?—Yes—I hear nothing more——Hist ! Hist !—(*he goes and looks out at the other side of the stage.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter DON ALONZO and DON JUAN, wrapped in large Cloaks.

Juan. Are we safe, Diego ?

Diego. A fine question, truly—Yes, as safe as men can be, who are wandering about a forest in the dead of night, upon, saving your honour's presence, a knavish sort of business. By Saint Barnabas, I believe we are about as safe as a drunkard crossing the river Amazons upon a wire.

Juan. Have you seen any thing ?

Diego. In the dark I seldom *see* any thing—but I have *heard*.——

Alonzo. What !——what have you heard ?

Diego. The voice of the great High-Priest himself.

Alonzo. The High-Priest !—What could he want here ?

Diego. To put me into the right path, nothing more. 'Tis the same in this, as in all other countries. Priests are the only people acquainted with the right path.

Alonzo. But what could bring him into the wilderness ? Oh, speak, Velasquez !—tell me, what dost thou think could be his errand ?

Juan. To what purpose, speak ?—What can conjecture do ? To rush with my sword drawn, and eyes aver-

ted, into the thickest of the press, is my maxim in any case of danger. Talking dissipates courage, as a shower disperses the thin coat of earth scattered over a rock, so that no foundation remains from which any enterprising action can shoot forth. If I were disposed to talk, I could find enough to say.

Alonzo. Of what nature?

Diego. Oh, speak, Sir, I entreat!—When it is dark I always like to hear talking.

Juan. Well, it shall be so. It may amuse you too, Alonzo, till the hour when your constellation shall rise; for the time passed in waiting for a tender appointment is always horribly tedious. I will therefore talk till you command my silence, and with this text will I introduce my discourse. My friend, this adventure bodes no good.—Believe me, it bodes no good.

Diego. Right, sir, right.

Alonzo. This is language foreign to thy sentiments. When has the time been known that Don Juan Valasquez turned his back upon an adventure, because it was dangerous?

Juan. There is the matter!—Hear me, Alonzo?—If thou wert capable of doubting my courage, I might prove it, by engaging the next rattle-snake I should meet. Thou knowest my principle, that I do not value my life more highly than a moment of happiness: and happy is every moment that I sacrifice to friendship. If, therefore, thou hast any regard for me, no more of this. My arm, my sword, are devoted to thy service—I have followed thee blindly into the labyrinth in which we are now involved; but I must still be permitted to think, that we do not show our wisdom by wandering here in the dark, when we might be so much better employed,

Alonzo. Better employed!—What mean you?

Juan. He who is doing ill, may always be better employed; and by the blood of all the knights that does or does not flow through my veins, I think we are now cursedly in the wrong. I say nothing of the sword suspended by a thread over our heads—affection takes precedence of life—You love Cora—I have the strongest attachment to you, and Diego is attached to both.

Diego. Certainly, certainly, sir!—But notwith-

standing—pray don't take it amiss, if I think that life has precedence of affection.

Juan. Granted therefore, that the prosecution of this enterprise should prove the means of shortening our lives—yet we perhaps only give up some years of unhappiness ourselves, to purchase the happiness of a friend—And since they have lived long, who have lived happily; and he only can be esteemed to have lived happily who has died so; what better can we wish, or how can we end our lives more satisfactorily, than in offering them up a sacrifice to friendship?

Diego. Cursed maxims, these!

Juan. But, Alonzo, understand that I consider this salutary state of the soul, this state of happiness, as inseparable from integrity and virtue. And now, laying your hand upon your heart, tell me what are your feelings in moments of temperance and reflection?—Don Alonzo Molina quitted the savage followers of Pizarro, because he abhorred their barbarities—that was a noble principle!—I will go, he said, among these mild and benevolent people, and by cultivating their minds, and instructing them in the arts of civilized life, become their friend and benefactor.—Objects worthy of my friend!—But where are these virtuous resolutions?—You came among them indeed—the king of the country received you with open arms and an expanded heart—the people loved you—the family of the Incas honored you—the great men of the nation beheld you without envy the favorite of their sovereign. You shared that sovereign's cares, but you also shared his joys, his wealth—you were no longer considered as a foreigner, and even the priests themselves murmured not when they saw you appear at the worship of their gods.—Oh fatal forbearance!—On one of their solemn days, my noble friend beheld in the temple, a priestess of the sun, as she presented the bread of sacrifice to the king.—She was young—she was lovely—Alonzo's heart was instantly lost—and at the same moment all the grand designs he had formed, were sunk in the ocean of forgetfulness—The champion for the rights of humanity slumbered upon his post, while the charming device upon his shield, the united hands beneath a cross surrounded with sun beams, gave way to a burning heart, pierced through

with arrows.—And now, if I wish to speak with Alonzo, where must I seek him?—Among the counsellors of the king—the judges of the people—or the instructors of youth?—It was among these, that I should once have sought him:—but now—now he is only to be found stealing nightly about these walls, or behind these walls, with his face deeply buried in his cloak, hiding himself from his own conscience—while all his glorious projects are crushed in the embryo, as the future brood is destroyed by a mischievous boy who breaks the eggs of the sitting hen.

Alonzo. (Indignantly.) Velasquez!

Juan. Away with that menacing countenance, it ill becomes you. A man should not dare to be angry, unless his conscience be pure.—You will perhaps wonder at the jocund Velasquez becoming on a sudden a preacher of morality—but Velasquez was only jocund and light-hearted, because he was an honest man—let him therefore preach on, since he has entered upon the subject. You, by whom formerly even the minutest article of popular faith was held inviolate, because you considered the peace of mind of some weak but honest man as involved in it—you now rashly bid defiance to one of the most sacred tenets of a whole people who have received you hospitably into their bosom, and seduce a chaste virgin devoted to their gods. The conflicts of nature herself, are made subservient to your desires; and, while a dreadful earthquake shakes these inaccessible walls even to their foundation, the bold intruder takes advantage of the passage thus opened to him, to rush into Cora's arms, and amidst the elemental warfare to murder innocence.

Alonzo. Forbear, Velasquez!—have you no compassion for me?—believe me, my conscience does not slumber.

Juan. Well then, if it slumber not, it is at least deaf, and I must speak to it in thunder.—Ataliba is thy benefactor—this amiable people have received thee as a brother—and thou, assassin-like, art stabbing them in the dark.

Alonzo. Oh Velasquez, once more I entreat thee too forbear!—I acknowledge, with gratitude, the voice of friendship,—but what wouldst thou require of me?

Juan. Heaven be thanked that I have succeeded at

last in awakening thee to some degree of reflection!—I require of thee instantly to renounce this dangerous and criminal intercourse.

Alonzo. Well, I will consult with Cora.

Juan. Admirable!—Cora is indeed the proper judge in this matter. I perceive that you are seriously impressed with my lecture.

Alonzo. Rely upon me!—I will represent to her all that anxious love can suggest—the anger of the king—the indignation of the people—my danger——

Juan. Your danger!—Pardon the interruption, my friend, but you speak here without reflection!—Your danger put in the balance against hers, is as a handful of down weighed against a bar of gold. You hazard only your life——

Diego. What the devil, and is not that enough?

Juan. She—her fame, her repose, her father's blessing, the love of her family, her prospect of salvation—and, to sum up all—she must endure the most horrible of deaths, and should this intercourse give existence to a being that must betray your love——

Alonzo. Oh talk not of it!—No, no, Velasquez, thank heaven I am not so deeply involved in guilt!

Juan. Heaven be thanked, indeed, if you are not mistaken—but what security have you, that you will remain so fortunate? And should the fatal consequences ensue, think on the boundless misery it brings on Cora and yourself! That she must die is little; the horrible idea is, the manner of her death. Shut up alive in a subterraneous vault, which will be closed upon her forever, with only a single loaf of bread and a small lamp, she must sit gasping for air, and soon endure the severest torments of hunger. Oh, the very thought makes me shudder!—I have encountered death undauntedly in a variety of forms; but I could not bear to meet him in this.

Alonzo. (*Falling on his neck.*) I will never see Cora again.

Juan. Worthily resolved!—let us then instantly depart—(*Endeavors to draw him away.*)

Alonzo. Only permit me to take leave of her!

Juan. Write her a letter, which we will throw over the wall—You hesitate!—Oh you are undecided!—Ha!

already I see the hapless Cora enclosed in her horrible dungeon, crushed by the two-fold agony of bodily and mental torments, lying on the ground and gnawing her own flesh—uttering dreadful execrations against her God, and amid the wildest ravings of phrenzy, breathing out that soul, the purity of which was poisoned by thee. Then, when we shall stand before him who hereafter will judge alike the Peruvian and the Spaniard, and shall accuse thee as the author of all her woes, the occasion of her becoming the murderer of her child.

Alonzo. (Eagerly pulling Juan forwards.) Come, come!—let us fly!

Juan. With the utmost transport! (*As they are going a clapping of hands is heard behind the wall.*)

Alonzo. (Turning suddenly round.) That is her signal! my Cora! my Cora!—(*He breaks away from Velasquez, and climbs hastily over the breach in the wall.*)

SCENE V.

DON JUAN, and DIEGO. *Juan looks after Alonzo with astonishment and indignation.*

Diego. (After a pause.) Now do I defy any one to assert again, that sound is an empty thing—a nothing. The most reverend Don Juan Velasquez has been for a long time holding such a discourse here as is not delivered every day, even from the pulpit of Salamanca, but the moment that three or four claps are given by a pair of heathenish hands, the wretch for whose benefit this fine oration was intended, loses every beneficial impression, gives them to the winds, and runs headlong after his own wild inventions.

Juan. (with some asperity.) Farewell, my friend! Since thou art resolved on ruin, take thine own course!—Oh madman! madman!—where others only walk he runs, where others enter slowly and only step by step, thither he rushes. Well, well, even if what I have urged prove of no avail, friendship has discharged its duty—and the worst that can happen is at last to suffer with my friend. Till then, be of good heart, Diego!—How dost thou find thyself?

Diego. Like a fish upon dry land.

Juan. Thou dost not speak truly: When a fool is running on the wrong side of the post, he is in his proper course; and, by St. George, I think we are running cursedly on the wrong side of the post here.

Diego. Only with this difference, that I *must* do as you *please*—and you are not *pleased* to do what God and sound reason require of you.

Juan. Well, let us hear what your wisdom would suggest.

Diego. Were I in the place of the valiant knight Don Juan de Velásquez, in the first place I would deliver an oration nearly to the same purpose as he has done; but if that produced no effect, I would say—my dear friend Alonzo, or my dear Don Alonzo, you cannot expect that I should stay to be roasted alive for your sake!—Fare thee well—I shall return home, and take our worthy Diego with me. We will say over our beads in your behalf.

Juan. That may as well be done here.

Diego. Here!—on heathen ground!—in view of a heathen temple!

Juan. Blockhead!—Our God is every where, and by a firm adherence to the sacred claims of friendship we serve him more acceptably than by saying over a rosary—therefore will I offer no prayers at this moment. I am here as the guardian of my misguided friend.

Diego. And pray in what capacity am I here?

Juan. As his attendant, whom he employs to carry his arms.

Diego. My presence then is superfluous, since I am not permitted to appear publicly as such.

Juan. Thy part is to obey, not to remonstrate. Take this whistle, and steal silently to the left, along the wall that surrounds the temple, while I go round by the right—we shall meet on the other side, and should you encounter any thing suspicious by the way, make use of the whistle. Here, take it.

Diego. (*Trembling as he takes it.*) To the left did you say?

Juan. Yes, to the left.

Diego. And quite alone?

Juan. Quite alone.

Diego. I am afraid of losing myself among the bushes.

Juan. Fool, can you not see the wall, and the cupola of the Temple?

Diego. Do you take me for an owl?

Juan. Is not the moon bright enough to light thee?

Diego. No.

Juan. No!---Ha! ha! ha!---Fear seems wholly to have deprived Signor Diego of his senses.

Diego. I must beg leave to observe sir, that the night is devoted to rest, and even if the man himself be not allowed to sleep, his internal courage, commonly takes the liberty of enjoying a comfortable nap. My fortitude always goes to bed with the sun.

Juan. (*going up to him hastily*) Friend Diego, it shall be awakened with some hearty blows.

Diego. (*shrinking away from him*) Oh! 'tis easily roused, it does not sleep very soundly.

Juan. Go, then fool! (*he thrusts him off on one side, and goes off himself on the other.*)

SCENE VI.

ALONZO *springs over the ruins of the wall, and then reaches his hand to CORA, who follows him.*

Alonzo. (*as he assists her*) Only one little jump, dear Cora!—throw yourself boldly into my arms!—Here will you find a secret and retired spot, formed for love and guarded by friends. This is not so wide and waste a scene as your garden, in which, barren as it is of all shade, the treacherous moon betrays every form that ventures within its circuit. (*he presses her to his bosom*) At length I have thee in my arms again.

Cora. (*returning his embrace*) And I have thee again in mine.

Alonzo. Ah! it is now three long weeks——

Cora. Only three weeks?

Alonzo. Months to love.

Cora. Years to my heart.

Alonzo. Every evening at twilight, has poor Alonzo

wandered hither, and listened in anxious expectation of the signal that should summon him to a night of transport.

Cora. And every evening has Cora wept because she dared not meet Alonzo.

Alonzo. You have not been ill I hope.

Cora. Ah ! I am always ill when I am not with you.

Alonzo. Dearest Cora, what has prevented our meeting ? You promised that sooner——

Cora. Did I *promise* ?——That was not right, as I could only *hope* that it might be sooner. But love is always too ready to add hope to its wishes, and to believe that hope a certainty. It does not often fall to my lot to take the nightly service in the temple—I relied upon taking the turn of one of my companions who was ill, and whose place I offered to supply. She recovered, and, instead of the promised happiness, I had only her thanks for my intentions. Poor Cora was heartily vexed at this disappointment, and her sleepless nights appeared so tedious.

Alonzo. Alas ! I have also been a stranger to rest. The dews of morning found me under these trees, while my cloathes were still damp with the dews of the past evening, and my limbs still shivered with the cold of midnight.—Beneath yon palm tree have I stood, night after night, with my eyes bent upon your temple : and often as I saw a form wander backwards and forwards, where glimmers the eternal lamp, I have pleased myself by thinking it might be Cora's.

Cora. It was not that in my solitude I could be deceived by shadows, yet I seemed every where to see your image. The idea made me restless, and I run with hurried steps hither and thither—incessantly rushing from one spot to another. Oh, tell me, is the heart always impatient when it is impressed with love ?——It was not thus with me formerly, but I was gentle, quiet, and bore without a murmur, the disappointment of any cherished expectation——Whether it were that a shower deprived me of a promised walk, or that the wind destroyed the flowers I had carefully reared with my own hands.——Now all is changed ; I am no longer the same. When I sit at my daily employments, and spin or weave, if a thread happen to break, I am so peevish I sometimes even

startle at myself. (*caressing him*) Tell me, Alonzo, does love improve or spoil us ?

Alonzo. True love improves.

Cora. Oh no, no, !—True love reigns in my heart, yet I am not so good as I was.

Alonzo. 'Tis only that thy blood runs somewhat more swiftly.

Cora. Or else that I am ill—Yes, I am now often ill.

Alonzo. Indeed !

Cora. Yes, indeed !—But that must be so—for soon—soon—I shall not love you alone !

Alonzo. (*starting*) Not me alone !

Cora. (*smiling*) Not you alone !

Alonzo. Your words involve a riddle, or else a crime. Cora, love cannot include more than one object—You will not love me alone ? (*he fixes his eyes earnestly upon her*) No, you cannot mean to say so—if it were true, you could not look at me with so much composure, such perfect unreserve,

Cora. And why should I not look at you with composure ?—My feelings are so sweet that they cannot be criminal. An unknown, but pleasing sadness has taken possession of my heart—I experience sensations not to be described. When lately at the Solstitial feast, I was ornamenting the porch of the temple with flowers, I saw upon the steps a young woman sleeping, at whose breast lay a little smiling angel : my heart was altogether dissolved at so interesting a spectacle, and I involuntarily stretched out my arms to the child, to take it gently, and press it to my bosom. But how easily are the slumbers of a tender mother disturbed ! scarcely had I touched the babe ere she awoke, rose up anxiously, clasped her treasure to her heart, and cast on me a look of deep distrust. Say, Alonzo ?—Do you not think an affectionate mother one of the most respectable of creatures ?

Alonzo. (*bewildered*) Oh, why that question ?

Cora. Can you not guess ? (*With pure and innocent transport*) I shall soon be a mother myself.

Alonzo. (*thunderstruck*) Great God !

Cora. What is the matter ?—Do not be alarmed !—I love you more than ever !—Ah ! at the commencement of our love, charming as you were, I thought the attach-

ment I then felt could never be exceeded. But, enchanter, you have stolen into my heart under a yet more attractive form, since I behold in you, the father of my child.

Alonzo. Cora ! Cora !—My hair is erect with horror, while your mind is wholly at ease.

Cora. And what do you fear ?—Is it a crime to become a mother ? My father always taught me, that whoever commits a crime, instantly forfeits all peace of mind ; but for me, I feel no uneasiness.

Alonzo. Think on your situation !—On the rigid ordinances to which you swore obedience when this figure of the sun was fastened on your bosom ?

Cora. I swore to obey the ordinances of our temple.

Alonzo. And what do they enjoin ?

Cora. I know not. My father told me, that by whomsoever virtue was held sacred, its precepts would be fulfilled without instruction. To me virtue is sacred.

Alonzo. And know you then what constitutes virtue ?—Alas ! your uncorrupted soul is ignorant of the terrible distinction between virtue as founded on the eternal principles of nature, and virtue as constituted by the distorted imaginations of fanatics. *(he clasps her eagerly in his arms)* Oh, Cora ! Cora ! what have we done ? In other situations, love and joy compensate for the anguish every mother must endure—in yours alone, those sufferings, are but the forerunners of others far more severe, in the most horrible of all deaths !

Cora. Death !

Alonzo. *(in accents of despair)* And I—I am your murderer !

Cora. *(with composure)* How can you thus unnecessarily torment yourself ?—Wherefore, and by whom should I be put to death ?

Alonzo. The priests will affirm, that you have offended the gods.

Cora. I offended the gods !—No, Alonzo, I love the gods.

Alonzo. Cora, I have no doubt of your reverence for them ; you will not the less be the victim of an ancient superstition. Our only safety would be in flight ; but, alas ! whither can we fly in this land ?

Cora. Be composed, dear enthusiast, I have thought of means to console you.

Alonzo. If so, they must be suggested by God himself.

Cora. The plan is simple, yet certain in its effect, and the approaching morning may decide the important question. Hitherto the moon and stars alone have beheld our meetings, but the sun himself, the greatest of all our gods, shall now be the witness to your love. At present I dare not stay any longer, for I must hasten back to attend the eternal lamp in the temple. Do you then, Alonzo, rest here under these trees, and as soon as the dawn of morning shall gild the eastern horizon, I will return, and we will ascend yonder hill together. Then will we turn our faces towards the east, entwine our arms with each other, join lip to lip, and boldly wait the rising of the Sun——You understand me.

Alonzo. But half.

Cora. Do you not comprehend, that if Cora have done evil, either the Sun will veil himself from her sight, or the first ray of his light that falls upon her, will annihilate the criminal. But if, oh Alonzo! he, my Father, and my God, rise clear and resplendent—if he smile upon the affectionate pair as he beholds them joined in mutual embrace, then shall we have a certain token that he favours our love, and your mind may be relieved from its cares—for when satisfied that we are guiltless in the eyes of the Sun, whose eyes shall Cora need to fear?

Alonzo. Affecting simplicity!—Oh sweetest of thy sex!

Cora. But, more still remains, my Alonzo. To-morrow is the grand festival of the Sun—if on that day he rise in unveiled majesty, we regard it as a joyful signal, that the gods are favourably disposed towards us—that no dreadful crime can have called forth their anger. Then look up, Alonzo! cast thy eyes around the heavens, behold how the stars glitter, how blue and serene is every part within our view!—not a cloud threatens us—not a zephyr moves the trees—Oh we shall have a glorious morning!—One embrace then at parting—farewell!—Let Cora at her return find thee sleeping beneath these trees, and then she will awaken thee with a kiss. (*She hastens back through the breach in the wall.*)

Alonzo. (Who, sunk in astonishment and horror, has scarcely attended to Cora.) Sweet, benevolent creature!—Oh I have been a villain, the worst of villains! Let me save her! save her if it be possible, before the flame bursts out over her head!—Ah, 'tis too late! She is irrecoverably lost, and I can only die with her. *(He leans against a tree with both hands upon his forehead.)*

SCENE VII.

DIEGO enters from the right side, and seeing ALONZO, whistles with all his strength.

Alonzo. (Turning round wildly and grasping his sword.) What is the matter?

Juan. (Springing forwards from the left side.) What is the matter?

Diego. Is it you, Don Alonzo?—Why didn't you tell me so immediately?

Juan. (Clapping Diego on the shoulder.) My friend, you must take a frightened hare for your device.

Diego. Better than a blind lion. Signor Velasquez, you knights imagine it to be one of the duties of your order to revile prudence as cowardice, just as we who cannot write, call all learned men, in derision, feather heroes. Did not you yourself order me to whistle whenever I should encounter any thing suspicious?

Juan. Fool! how long has thy master been an object of suspicion to thee?

Diego. To tell you the truth, Signor Don Juan, some time. Look at him now, how he stands there. *(Pointing to Alonzo, who has resumed his former attitude.)*

Juan. (Shaking Alonzo.) My dear friend, was the adieu then so very heart-breaking?

Alonzo. (Falling on his neck.) Ah, Velasquez, thy admonitions come too late!

Juan. Oh God!—What!—is she?

Alonzo. She is indeed!

Juan. Then may we consider the kingdom of heaven as at no great distance from us.

Alonzo. (Taking Juan's hand.) Oh do not forsake me, my friend, my companion, my brother in arms !

Juan. (Shaking his hand ardently.) Alonzo, it is not my practice to call to the boy who is struggling in the water, "*You should not have fallen in*"—I would rather, if possible, draw him out. But, by the powers above, I know not what is to be done here !—Had we a vessel at our command, or an enchanter's cloak to convey us through the air, I would not be among the last to recommend flight. But since no such means are within our reach, the course to be pursued is not very obvious. Well, well, Velasquez, arm thyself with courage to meet the worst—wrap thyself in thy cloak, even to the very teeth, and leave the thunder to rattle, and the lightning to flash quietly around thee.

Alonzo. (Wringing his hands.) All is lost ! No resource. No way of escape left !

Juan. Be not so desponding. All is not lost while a man retains his senses. Let us depart, eat, drink, and take our rest ;—then, by to-morrow, both mind and body will have acquired new strength, and we shall be better able to consider what is to be done.

Diego. Oh, flower of knighthood !

Alonzo. Stop ! she will return soon ; she promised me at the dawn of morning——

Juan. So, so !—Well, of all employments under the sun, commend me to that of being confident to a lover ! The sighing swain has no idea that a man can have any human feelings—that he must sleep——

Diego. That he must eat—that he must drink——

Alonzo. Forgive me !

Juan. Yes, yes, I forgive you freely—but a grateful remembrance of this sacrifice must be inscribed in your heart—for, by Heaven ! the loss of my night's rest—yet, no, rather than lose it, I will repose under the trees. (*He spreads out his cloak, and lies down upon it.*) It is always good to make a virtue of necessity, so, with the sage remark, that weariness is the best of all opiates, I wish you a good night, Alonzo. He who has an unsullied conscience can sleep, even with the trunk of a tree only for his pillow, as soundly as the seven sleepers themselves. (*He closes his eyes.*)

Diego. (Also spreading himself a bed.) If there should happen to be a rattle-snake or two hereabouts—or, perchance, a tyger as hungry as myself!—Hold! an idea occurs to me. *(He takes out a rosary which he hangs upon the nearest tree.)* Now I think we are safe. *(He lies down.)* If I can sleep now, who will say that I am not a master in the trade; for my head is full of thought, my heart full of fear, and my poor stomach quite empty. *(He falls asleep.)*

Alonzo. (Contemplates both for a while, then exclaims) Happy men! *(He leans in musing melancholy against a tree.)*

(The Curtain falls.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene remains the same as at the close of the first Act.

DON JUAN and DIEGO are still sleeping.---ALONZO walks about mournfully among the Trees.

Alonzo.

WILL this night never end?—The stars still twinkle in the heavens, the moon scarcely yet begins to lose her lustre, and a deep and solemn silence reigns around—More grateful to the sinner's soul are noise and tumult, since they o'erpower the voice of conscience.—What said the fool Diego lately?—that it is the same with conscience as with the stomach, when either compels us to feel its existence, it cannot be in perfect health.—And the fool spoke truly.—Oh my excellent mother! thy golden instructions may guide me into a better world—they have not kept me in the right path in this.—Perhaps at this moment thou art upon thy knees, praying for a blessing upon thy fallen son!—Ah! pray for him! intercede for him!—he needs the intercession of a saint!—But away, ye gloomy thoughts!—All may yet be well!—Night is followed by twilight—twilight by the first rays of the rising sun!—(*Looking towards the east.*) And see there the precursor of returning joy!—Already the east begins to be streaked with purple, and the stars are disappearing.—Hist! I hear the chirping of a distant bird! the moment draws near that brings Cora back to her Alonzo!—while I press her to my bosom, conscience is mute, and I can laugh at danger. I will awaken these sleepers. (*He shakes Diego.*) Diego, rise,—it is already day.

Diego. (Rubbing his eyes) Hey!—how!—you joke! it is still dark.

Alonzo. No, no, the moon is going down, the stars are vanishing

Diego. (Yawning.) Take heed what you are about, or you will soon find that it is dark enough. (*He turns on the other side, mutters some inarticulate words, and falls asleep again.*

Alonzo. If that fellow has not slept, or eaten his fill, he is like a watch not wound up. (*he shakes Don Juan.*)—Valasquez the day begins to break!

Juan. (*raising himself up, and looking about*) Well, and what of that?

Alonzo. Will you not rise and enjoy so fine a morning?

Juan. Write an ode upon the morning, if it be so very fine—but prithee let me sleep quietly. (*he lies down again.*)

Alonzo. Have you forgotten that we may soon expect Cora?

Juan. She does not come to see me.

Alonzo. And do you not think it worth while to unbar your eyes a few minutes earlier to see an angel?

Juan. I will dream of her. (*He falls asleep.*)

Alonzo. There they lie and sleep as if in mockery of the troubles of my soul. 'Tis only the unembarrassed mind which can thus recruit itself by inactivity. Yes, I perceive that the more man throws off his rational nature, and assimilates himself with the brute, who looks to sense alone for his enjoyments, the happier is his lot. Happier? Most certainly so!—in his own eyes, if not in the eyes of wisdom—and what more can be required? (*a clapping of hands is heard behind the walls*) But hark?—she comes! Oh, all that I have said of sensual delights is false; One moment, when the soul partakes of real transport, outweighs whole hours of mere corporeal pleasure. (*he hastens to meet Cora.*)

SCENE. II.

CORA enters and springs into ALONZO's Arms.

Cora. Here I am, dearest Alonzo!—But you have deprived Cora of an expected pleasure—I promised myself to find you buried in sleep—I meant to conceal myself behind a tree, to scatter leaves over you, and then reprove you as a sluggard—Do you not hear me, Alonzo, or are you in a waking dream?—when your arm is thrown around my neck, can you stand with eyes thus fixed, and think of any thing beside your Cora?

Alonzo. Amiable creature ! suspect me not unjustly !—Cora alone, rules in my heart, as one sun alone in the heavens. Yet I cannot cease to think of the discovery made this night !—My peace of mind is lost !—Conscience—a thousand horrible images—death in its most hideous form, with cold and outstretched arms, tearing Cora from my heart—these, these are the ideas that haunt me incessantly.

Cora. (*Laying her hand upon his mouth*) Be silent and trust to the gods !—Look up, the heavens are clear and serene, and my heart is full of transport !—Soon will the Sun be risen above the horizon, hasten, hasten, to ascend the hill ! *she climbs hastily up the hill, Alonzo following her*) Oh behold !—a minute longer and we had been too late—see how the east already glitters with streaks of gold—see how the twilight vanishes over the hills and woods—see what thousands of dew-drops sparkle with the rays of morning—and listen to the notes of birds innumerable, warbling their early songs ?—Oh, Alonzo ! My God is great !—My breast is too contracted for all my feelings !—Burst forth, burst forth, ye tears of transport !—Rejoice with me, my love ! behold where the God ascends in unclouded majesty—he is not offended. (*she kneels*) Father, to whose service I have devoted myself !—Father, whose image I bear externally in my bosom, and internally in my heart !—Vouchsafe to cast thy eyes upon me—be witness of my love for this young man, and be my judge—If the feelings which now engross my soul be sinful, then veil thy flaming forehead in darkness, or command thy thunder-clouds to gather round me, and send down upon me thy forked lightning, as the minister of thy vengeance !—Give me, oh Father !—Give me a sign of thy love or of thine anger !—(*after a pause*) Oh, with what mildness, what gentleness, do his rays fall upon me ! how benignantly he looks down and blesses me !—(*she rises*) Well then I dare venture upon the trial—dare venture to make it even in the presence of my God himself ?—Alonzo, come to my arms. (*she embraces him*) It is over, and now all my fears are dispelled—Had this embrace been sinful, he had annihilated us both at this moment !—My heart is full of joy and gratitude !—Come let us kneel together !—together pray—together give thanks !

Alonzo. I pray with thee ?—Dear Cora, the Sun is not my God.

Cora. Oh yes, he is equally yours and mine. Does he not shine upon all ?—to give life and warmth ?—I entreat you, kneel with me.

Alonzo. Dear Cora.

Cora. Ungrateful man !—To whom do you owe your Cora ?—Would I in the presence of God be ashamed of you, my Alonzo ?—Oh then if indeed you love me !——
(*she kneels and takes his hand to draw him after her.*)

Alonzo. Who could resist such sweet enthusiasm !—(*he kneels by her.*)

Cora. Let silent thanks——the inward emotions of our hearts, be the only incense we offer.

Alonzo. These I present to thee, God of all gods !——
(*they both remain in silent prayer.*)

SCENE III.

Enter ROLLA, from his cave.

Rolla. Is it so early !—the sun is scarcely risen—Alas ! he sets and rises again, yet ever finds me wakeful ?—But let me be patient, and the time will shortly come when he will find me sleeping forever ? (*He sees Don Juan and Diego*) Who have we here ?—two of the strangers who live among us—doubtless they have lost their way among these bushes, and have been overtaken by the night. I will awake them, and give them some refreshments—Yet first let me offer my morning prayers, to thee, my Father.

[*Rolla turns to the east, and as he raises his hands and eyes towards Heaven, suddenly espies the lovers kneeling upon the hill, at sight of whom, he utters a shriek of horror, and remains motionless, as if he beheld a spirit—Cora and Alonzo rise slowly with their faces still turned towards the sun, and sink into a silent embrace, Rolla, overpowered, exclaims with a voice almost suffocated with anguish, “Cora ! !”——The lovers start affrighted, and Cora sinks into a swoon——Alonzo, after hesitating a few moments, whether to hasten down the hill, or stay and*

assist Cora, at length decides on the latter, kneels by her, and endeavors to recover her. Rolla, trembling with agony, yet unable to stir from the spot, remains with his eyes fixed upon the lovers. Alonzo at length exclaims)——
Valesquez ! Diego ! to arms ! to arms ! (Juan and Diego spring up, but are scarcely awake.)

Juan. What is the matter ?

Diego. What is the matter ?

Alonzo. Seize him !—Let him not escape !

Juan & Diego. *(still staggering with sleep, yet endeavoring to draw their swords)* Where ! Whom !

Alonzo. Seize him ! secure him ! he will escape !

Juan. *(recovering himself and pointing to Rolla)* That man ? That single man ?

Diego. *(brandishing his sword)* Two to one !—I am your man for that !

Alonzo. Secure him, I say, we are betrayed !

Juan. A single, unarmed man ? *(He returns his sword into the scabbard.)*

Alonzo. *(quitting Cora, who is not yet recovered, draws his sword and rushes down the hill towards Rolla, who keeps his eyes immovably fixed upon Cora)* Then I must myself——

Juan. *(seizing him by the arm)* Hold, my friend—or rather my enemy, if you move a step——

Alonzo. Velasquez, have you lost your senses ? We are betrayed ! You risk Cora's life ! *(endeavoring to break away from him)*

Juan. *(eagerly thrusting him back)* Restrain your passion ! *(he goes up to Rolla)* Surely you are not unknown to me——Is it not Rolla whom I behold ?

Rolla. *(somewhat recovering himself)* I—Who am I ? Yes, my name is Rolla.

Juan. Rolla, the champion of his country ? Yes, it is he, and in him I salute one of the bravest and noblest of men.

Rolla. How is this ? 'tis yet early morning ! *(striking his hand upon his forehead)* Am I in a dream ? *(after a pause and fixing his eyes again stedfastly on Cora)* No ! By all the gods, it is no dream !

Juan. Oh no ! Though I read severe censure in thine eyes : though the truth may appear horrible to thee ; still

it must be owned that this is no dream. Probably thou may'st recognize that maiden by the figure of your deity which adorns her bosom. She is a VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

Rolla. And her name is Cora.

Juan. Perhaps you may also recollect this young man—the favorite of your king, that Alonzo who saved the life of Ataliba at Cannara, while Rolla was fighting in support of his throne under the walls of Cuzco.

Rolla. (*Offering his hand to Alonzo.*) Yes, it is the same Alonzo.

Juan. And now, Rolla, if you be indeed the man I suppose, your sentiments and feelings must differ widely from those of your priests, whose eyes being continually fixed upon the sun, if they chance to look downward towards the earth, see all things through a false medium, so that scarcely any object appears in its proper form and colour. You know the world; know how the heart is eternally swayed by circumstances, and what numberless passions contend for sovereignty within it. Among these, Love is always the most difficult to be resisted—indeed, scarcely can be withstood but where he has not deigned to exert all his powers. Look at that virgin—she is lovely—

Rolla. Great God!—to whom is this observation addressed!

Juan. Look at this youth—he is ardent, impetuous. That he saw and loved her is his only crime.

Rolla. It is no crime.

Juan. There spoke Rolla!—I was not deceived in him!—

Alonzo. And you will keep our secret?—will avert nameless misery from the unfortunate Cora?

Rolla. Think you that I could betray her?—Know, young man, that for years I have loved, have idolized her.

Alonzo and Juan. (*At the same moment, and with the utmost astonishment.*) You!!!

Rolla. Oh, the impotence of words!—Not my language—not your language—not all the languages of the world combined, have power to describe what I feel for Cora?—She was scarcely above the age of childhood when I marched for the first time against the rebels who dwell at the foot of Mount Sangay—she wept when I bade her

adieu, and since our separation, I have known no pleasure but in the recollection of that moment and those tears. When the contest was ended, I returned, but all had then assumed a new aspect, No longer did I behold the same free unfettered maiden I had left; she was become the confident of the gods. I would have made her my wife; she saw the purity of the flame with which I burned; she saw the ardour of my passion; but her heart was wholly occupied with her new situation, and while she called the sun her husband, she looked down with contempt upon me. The day soon arrived on which a solemn oath consecrated her to the service of her God, and consigned me to eternal misery. Still I continued for several years to drag about a miserable existence from place to place, from battle to battle, and while I sought death gained only renown. At length I retired to this spot, and for some weeks past, this cave has been my dwelling—This cave, which conceals from my sight that sun who robbed me of my Cora!

Alonzo. (*Who during this narrative has again hastened to Cora, and endeavored, though still in vain, to recover her.*) I pity you from my soul!—Believe me I pity you from my soul!—But how can I trust a rival?—Swear that you will not betray us.

Rolla. I will not swear.

Alonzo. No!—and yet love Cora?

Rolla. What need of oaths since I do love her?

Alonzo. For the satisfaction of my mind.

Rolla. How does your satisfaction concern me?

Alonzo. I entreat this of you!—Do you wish to keep me in incessant torments?—Would you force me to proceed to extremities?—Recollect that cases may occur when the commission of an apparent crime, is in reality to perform an act of virtue.

Rolla. (*Contemptuously.*) Indeed!

Alonzo. And should I ever perceive the slightest ground for suspicion that thou wert capable of betraying Cora—observe, Rolla, though I respect and honor thee, yet I assure thee, both by my God, and thy own, I would take thy life without remorse.

Rolla. I will not swear.

Alonzo. Rolla, I entreat once more!—What am I to

think of this refusal ?—See how I am shaken to my very soul—every limb trembles—my veins swell—I can scarcely breath for anguish. In mercy swear !

Rolla. I will not swear.

Alonzo. (*Drawing his sword in a rage, and pressing upon Rolla.*) Die then !

Juan. (*Catching him hastily by the arm.*) Is reason again gone astray ?—Hold ! hold !—are you a knight ?

Alonzo. Stand off, or my sword shall dispatch thee also ! (*He struggles to break away from Don Juan, while Rolla continues immoveable and unconcerned.*)

Juan. This storm of passion is too mighty for me !—I can restrain him no longer—Rolla, defend thyself !

Rolla. Seek not to restrain him, I die willingly for Cora ! (*During this scene Cora recovers from her swoon, and as she opens her eyes perceives the struggle. She starts up with the wildest anguish, rushes hastily down the hill, and throws herself into Rolla's arms.*)

Cora. Alonzo, what would you do ?

Alonzo. It is for thee !—for thy sake alone !—Should he betray thee, we are lost.

Cora. He betray me !—Rolla, my truest friend, betray me !—He who was ever my defender, my intercessor, while I was yet a child,—who has so many times softened my mother's rage when I had offended her !—Oh Rolla, you must remember it well ?

Rolla. But too well !

Cora. And do you think he would betray me ?

Alonzo. Why then did he refuse the oath I required ?

Cora. Have you cause sufficient to require an oath ?—Look at these eyes !—are they not a stronger security for his faith than any oath ?

Rolla. (*Clasping her to his bosom.*) Now let me die !—Let me, oh ye gods, die this very moment !—I am happy !—I am blessed !—Cora reposes confidence in me, I clasp her in my arms, I hear her voice once more !—Ah, five years have elapsed since I experienced such happiness, since I saw her except at an awful distance.

Cora. (*Earnestly.*) And I rejoice no less to see you again so near me !—In your presence the happy days of my childhood seem to pass anew before my eyes—so many sweet images are present to my recollection—

Alonzo. (*Leaning upon his sword, and betraying emotions of the most poignant jealousy.*) Cora, what torments do you inflict upon me !

Cora. Why are you tormented ?—Oh, you do not know how strong an affection I bear to Rolla !—When a youth he loved me, and we were destined for each other.—Yes, Rolla, is it not true that we were destined for each other ?

Rolla. Oh true, true indeed !—for your virtuous mother—but no more—had she not died so prematurely—who knows——

Cora. Ah, dearest Alonzo, at that time I was continually turning his love into ridicule, because I knew not what it was to love. Forgive me, Rolla, I know it better now ! Oh how often, and how grievously must I have tormented you ?——

Rolla. Grievously !---most grievously !---but let that be forgotten---this moment is so blessed !——

Cora. Hear him, Alonzo, hear what kindness is breathed in every word he utters !---but my mother always told me the same---“ Rolla,” she repeatedly said, “ has one of the best of hearts---love him---marry him,---and I shall die happy.”---But when she died, Rolla was engaged in fighting his sovereign’s battles ; and during his absence a sacred flame was kindled in my bosom. At his return, therefore, I could not love him, my heart was devoted to my God, and I sighed only for the day when I should be wedded to the Sun.

Rolla. But this romantic enthusiasm has at length yielded to nature, and love has found its way into your heart ?

Cora. Yes, Rolla, that once insensible heart is insensible no longer---be you my confident---I love that young man. Our first meeting was in the Temple of the Sun, when I saw him standing by the side of our King. My heart was instantly overpowered with an unaccountable emotion, and the dish that contained the bread of sacrifice, almost fell from my trembling hand. An ardent glance from him soon assured me that my feelings were not unanswered---yet since I was shut up within the boundaries of the Temple, and he could only steal round the outward walls, what hope was there, that we should ever personally know our passion to be mutual ? The gods saw and

pitied our distress. You must well remember that awful day, some months ago, when the hills around burst out with flames of fire——When the ocean raged and the earth trembled——when many places were laid in ruins——when even the Temple of the Sun was menaced with destruction, and the walls by which it is surrounded, were rent asunder. Then, trembling and weeping, we poor afflicted servants of the gods, ran hither and thither——death seemed to reign triumphant in our cells——he seemed still to pursue us, when we fled under the roof of heaven alone, and our shrieks were mingled with the groans of contending nature. Alonzo, ever on the watch among these bushes, soon perceived the breach in the wall, and boldly ventured to ascend it—one stone after another fell beneath his feet——here the earth gaped to swallow him, and there my arm was stretched out to receive him.——Darkness veiled our love from observation, and since that time my Alonzo has frequently found his way over the same ruins.

Rolla. Cora, I tremble for thee !——In what dreadful perils hast thou involved thyself !

Alonzo. Tell Rolla all !——let him know the fatal consequence of *your* weakness and *my* guilt !——Tell him——

Cora. Yes, Rolla, it is true.

Rolla. What !—how !—Oh, thoughtless girl !—And you, Alonzo, were you so ignorant of our customs that—ye gods !—ye gods !—my children, you must fly !—instantly fly !

Juan. But whither ?

Alonzo. Ah, Rolla, save her !

Cora. (*terrified*) Can this really be esteemed a crime here below, when the gods above do not regard it as an offence ?

Rolla. How my whole frame is shaken with horror !—I am at this moment scarcely capable of thought !—Cora, do you love him ?

Cora. As my own soul.

Rolla. And are you certain that in his arms repentance will never corrode your peace, but that you can live and die contentedly his wife ?

Cora. 'Tis all I wish.

Rolla. And do you, Alonzo, feel the value of the sacrifice she would make you ?

Alonzo. I feel it deeply.

Rolla. Then will I save you both.. (*he places himself between them*) Come, hither, and each give me a hand!—Consider me as your brother—as such, Cora, my dearest sister, I unite you to this man. (*placing her hand in Alonzo's*) May the shade of your mother, which hovers over us at this moment, look down with an eye of favor upon your union!—May it be followed by her blessing! If you are happy, I shall be so. (*he turns aside and wipes tears from his eyes.*)

Alonzo and Cora. (*throwing their arms round him*)—Our dearest brother.

Rolla. Yes, your brother!—and as your brother, will I pass the remainder of my days with you. In a sequestered spot, on the other side of the Blue Mountains, lives a friend of mine, an old Cazique, who, under the monarch of Cuzco, rules a mild and gentle race, many of whom served in their sovereign's army during the last war. At that time the son of the Cazique, a youth of the fairest promise, was severely wounded, and fell a prisoner into my hands—by my care and attention, he soon recovered of his wounds, and I restored him, without ransom, to his father. Since that moment the good man has been unbounded in his expressions of gratitude—He will receive us with transport, and in that remote province your love will find a secure asylum. There will I live with you,—tend and educate your children—be cheerful and happy, since Cora will be happy—and at last, amid your brotherly and sisterly tears, quit this world with calmness and serenity, and ascend with pious hope to our Father above.

Cora. Where you will be received by my mother, with inexpressible transports of gratitude!

Alonzo. Noble, generous man!—scarcely dare I raise my eyes towards you!

Juan. (*half aside, endeavoring to conceal a tear*) By all the saints above, if that man be not a christian, I myself will turn heathen!

Rolla. Let us now consult together what further is to be done! Flight is resolved on, but the time and manner of its accomplishment remain to be considered.

Diego. (*Who during this whole scene has been looking about in different places, to see that all was safe, now comes forward hastily*) I hear a rustling noise behind the walls,

and sounds which appear like the whispering of female voices.

Rolla. Hasten, hasten into my cave ! (*As they are going Idali and Amazili appear coming through the breach in the wall, and looking about with great eagerness and curiosity*)

SCENE IV.

Enter IDALI and AMAZILI.

Alonzo. We are too late, they are here already !

Idali. Cora, we were looking for you.

Cora. I am coming.

Rolla. Tarry a moment !—They have seen and heard us—for God's sake ! do not let them escape thus !—we must win them over to our interest.

Juan. That were a task for a minister of state !—If this be accomplished, I shall be persuaded that Rolla is capable of conquering provinces without a stroke of the sword.

Rolla. Nothing more easy !—Flatter them, they are women.

Juan. Lovely maidens, will you not come near ?

Idali. (*to Amazili*) I believe he speaks to us.

Amazili. How he fixes his eyes upon us !-----let us hasten back.

Idali. Come, Cora, the High-Priestess sent us to seek for you.

Alonzo. Pray come nearer pious virgins.

Juan. And receive the homage due to your charms.

Idali. (*to Amazili.*) Shall we run away ?

Amazili. Yes, let us fly. (*Neither of them stir.*)

Cora. I will go with you directly. But why do you stand there so bashfully among the trees ? Come hither, sisters.

Idali. Oh no, not among men.

Juan. Men !—Fair maidens ! how came you to suppose us men ? Three of us are only Spaniards, and the other will readily withdraw, if you wish to avoid his

presence. (*He makes a sign to Rolla, who immediately retires into the entrance of his cave*) Arc you still afraid, sweet maidens ?

Amazili. (*to Idali*) What do you think——shall we venture ?

Idali. Go you first, and I will follow.

Amazili. No, you are the oldest.

Idali. But you got over the wall first.

Amazili. Yes, but you first spied the breach.

Juan. The contest may easily be decided. (*he steps between them, and draws them both after him*) Now you may safely swear, that neither took the first step.

Amazili. Ah, Idali ! he has laid such fast hold of me !

Idali. And of me too.

Juan. Be quiet, dear children, no harm shall happen to you. (*he chucks Idali under the chin*) You are blooming as a rose. (*turning to Amazili*) And you as——as——as——

Diego. (*with great gallantry*) As a sun-flower.

Juan. (*to Idali*) Your eyes are so soft and blue.

Diego. (*to Amazili*) Yours are so very roguish.

Juan. You smile so sweetly.

Diego. The coral of your lips is so alluring.

Juan. This hand is so soft.

Diego. This waist is so slender.

Amazili. (*to Idali*) Shall we run away ?

Idali. I think we may as well stay awhile.

Amazili. But are you certain that you are not men ? we must die if you deceive us.

Cora. Come, sisters, we shall be missed.

Idali. And then the High-Priestess will scold.

Amazili. We ought to be dressing for the festival.

Idali. And there is nobody in the temple——the sacred flame will be extinguished.

Diego. You can easily kindle it again with your bright eyes.

Cora. Tell me, Idali, how happened it that the High-Priestess sent you hither ?

Idali. We repaired to the Temple this morning to take your place, and not finding you there, we went and reported it to the High-Priestess, who immediately sent us to look for you in the garden.

Cora. Did she give you no further orders?

Amazili. Only when we found you, to send you to her.

Juan. And should she ask where you met with Cora, what will you answer?

Idali. That we found her talking with some Spaniards.

Juan. Oh, you must not mention us, sweet girls! for the High-Priestess will be angry at your staying so long, and forbid your meeting us again——and you would like, I hope, to come here sometimes, and amuse us with your conversation.

Diego. (to *Amazili*) I have fallen so desperately in love with you, my little rogue, that I hope you will come and meet me again.

Amazili. (to *Idali*) What do you say, *Idali*?

Idali. I can't tell.

Juan. Say rather that *Cora* had fallen asleep behind one of the pillars in the temple, and in the dusk of morning you did not perceive her.

Diego. Or that she was lying under the shade of the great palm-tree, in the court before the temple.

Amazili. Oh, charming!

Idali. An excellent thought!

Cora. Come, let us hasten back.

Idali. It is indeed time——let us go.

Amazili. Yes, let us go. (neither she nor *Idali* stir.)

Juan. Go, sweet maiden.

Diego. Go, you little rogue.

Idali. Well, good morning——good morning.

Amazili. Farewell—farewell. (they return over the wall.)

Cora. (embracing *Alonzo*) Farewell, *Alonzo*!

Alonzo. Farewell, my beloved—soon my wife——

(Exit. *Cora*.)

SCENE V.

Re-enter *ROLLA*.

Rolla. Well, have you managed them?

Diego. Most completely——We have wound them round our fingers.

Juan. Rolla knows their sex.

Rolla. By report chiefly.

Diego. I begin to like the adventure extremely——my little creature seemed disposed to be very loving.

Juan. The clouds, pregnant with thunder, every moment gather thicker over our heads, and wear a more menacing aspect

Alonzo. (*taking Rolla's hand*) Brother!——dearest brother, aid us!

Rolla. I must reflect on the matter more calmly——Oh, what new vigor have my limbs acquired!——I am become quite another man. No longer are all things indifferent to me, I find something again to interest me in the world, I can again hope and fear, desire and reject. Thanks to thee, Cora, for the mild rain which has thus revived the withered plant. Yes, we will fly!——Flight may be dangerous, but it will be therefore the more grateful——When our pursuers shall be so close upon us, that their cries assail our ears, and their arrows fly around us, then shall I be inspired with new life. When Rolla shall fight for Cora——when he shall brandish his sword in her defence, then will be indeed the moment for displaying all his powers. I was called valiant under the walls of Cuzco, and in the fields of Tumibamba, but then I did not fight for Cora——did not fight under her eye!——in that situation I shall become a god!

Alonzo. (*falling on his neck*) Exalted man!——Deign to give me but one friendly glance as an assurance that you have pardoned the headstrong boy!

Rolla. No, Alonzo, ascribe not to me more merit than I can justly claim. All that I do is for Cora——nothing for you. Were she only to drop a withered flower into the water, and express a wish to have it again, I would instantly plunge into the stream to recover it for her, even at the hazard of my life. 'Tis for her sake alone that I am your friend——for *her* sake that I pardon you.

Alonzo. Yet permit me at least to hope, that I may one day be thought worthy of your friendship, for my own sake.

Rolla. You are beloved by Cora, what more can you

wish ? Oh ! if Cora loved *me*, the gods themselves might seek my friendship in vain !—But we are merely talking when we ought to be in action. Come into my cave, there we shall be secure from listeners, there can arrange the plan of our escape, and carouse together unmolested—for to-day I am resolved to carouse—yes, even to intoxication !—Ah ! I am already intoxicated—intoxicated with joy !—My strength, my faculties, have acquired such additional power, that at this moment I seem able to control the world ! *(He takes Alonzo's hand, and leads him into his cave.)*

Juan. (following them) Happy is it for the king of Quito, that this man is in love. Either to love with unbounded passion, or to precipitate his sovereign from his throne, seems to be the destination of such a mind.

(Exit.)

Diego. Drink and carouse !—I am your man for that—It shall quickly be seen who can empty his glass, to the honour of his girl, most frequently, and with the greatest expedition.

(Exit.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The HIGH-PRIESTESS' Apartment in the House of the Stars. Several Cages with Parrots, Turtle-Doves, and other Birds, are hanging, or standing about the Room.

The HIGH-PRIESTESS is employed in feeding the Birds.

High-Priestess.

THERE, there, little Bibi!—You rogue you would devour every thing!—These girls are gone a long time, I suppose they are prattling together, upon some trifling subject, till they forget how time goes.——Wait a few minutes, Lulu, your turn will come. These tedious creatures put me out of all patience, Heaven knows what they are doing, they are as stupid as oysters, and as slow as tortoises——Come hither, Dudu——take this, and give a bit to your wife——Oh you little ingrate! you can bite, can you——This is too much!—the sun is already risen above the hills, and they are not returned!—the giddy creatures rely too much upon the mildness and gentleness of my heart, don't they Bibi?—I am too ready to overlook a fault, am I not, Lulu? But locking them up for a while without food, will tame them, and make them more tractable, won't it, Dudu?

SCENE II.

Enter IDALI and AMAZILI, in haste, and almost breathless. They both speak together.

Idali and Amazili. Here we are already.

High-Priestess. Softly, softly, children! Poor Bibi, are you frightened? And so you are absolutely here already?

Idali. Oh yes, we have run all the way.

High-Priestess. Whence then, do you come?

Idali. From the garden.
 Amazili. From the temple. } (both speaking together.
 High-Priestess. One of you must tell a falsehood.
 Idali. It is I! } (Extremely terrified, and speak-
 Amazili. It is I! } ing together.)

High-Priestess. How now? One of you have told an untruth again. What is at the bottom of all this?—Idali, do you remain where you are, and you, Amazili, come with me. (She leads her to the other side of the stage, and speaks in a half whisper) Tell me truly, do you come from the temple?

Amazili. Yes...

High-Priestess. Don't remove from that place. (She goes to Idali) Amazili positively asserts that you come from the garden, I can scarcely believe her—tell me the truth.

Idali. Oh, yes, we come from the garden.

High-Priestess. So, so!—Some pretty trick has been playing here, and I must find out the truth as well as I can. Idali, don't stir from your corner—And what is the meaning of this winking, and nodding, and shaking of the head?—Keep your head still, and your eyes upon the ground. (She goes to Amazili) Have you found Cora?

Amazili. Yes...

High-Priestess. Where did you find her?

Amazili. She had fallen asleep under the large palm-tree that stands before the porch of the temple.

High-Priestess. Remain there, and don't take your eyes from the ground. (she goes to Idali) Have you found Cora?

Idali. Yes.

High-Priestess. Where did you find her?

Idali. Sitting behind a pillar in the temple, fast asleep. We might have passed her twenty times without perceiving her.

High-Priestess. Admirable!—Now both of you come hither. (she takes a hand of each, and looks stedfastly, first at the one, then at the other) You have both uttered falsehood. You say that Cora was asleep behind a pillar in the temple, and you, that she was under the palm-tree, before the porch. (Idali and Amazili hem, and cough, and look terrified and embarrassed)—Which am I to believe?

Idali. (to Amazili.) Silly girl, you have forgotten every thing.

Amazili. No, it is you who have forgotten.

Idali. No, indeed it is you.

Amazili. I'm sure I was bid to say under the shade of the great palm-tree.

Idali. I'm sure I was bid to say behind the pillar.

High-Priestess. *I was bid ! and, I was bid !—*What is the meaning of all this ? (*Idali and Amazili hesitate*) If you will not please to recollect yourselves now, I shall soon find a way to assist your memories.

Idali. (to Amizili) This is your fault.

Amazili. No, it is yours.

Idali. I certainly did not mention him first.

High-Priestess. HIM !—Who ?—who ?—Oh, wicked girls ! you have not been among men, I hope ?—The gods defend us from so horrible a misfortune !

Idali and Amazili. Oh no ! no, indeed !

High-Priestess. No ?

Idali. They were not men.

Amazili. Only Spaniards.

High-Priestess. Spaniards !—how ?—what ?—Spaniards ! (*she pauses, and somewhat recovers herself*)—Well, well, if they really were only Spaniards ?—And how many were there ?

Amazili. (Growing pleased and communicative) Three. One for Cora, one for Idali, and one for me. Mine had fine brown hair, and brown eyes too.

Idali. Mine had black curling hair, and such a sweet countenance.

Amazili. But mine was the handsomest.

Idali. No, mine was much handsomer.

High-Priestess. Well, well, this may be settled another time. Now tell me how came these Spaniards in the temple ?

Idali. They were not in the temple.

High-Priestess. What then ? Had they flown over the high walls into the garden ?

Idali. They were not in the garden.

Amazili. But they might have come in as easily as we got out.

High-Priestess. You got out of the garden?—and how did you manage that?

Idali. According to your orders we went to look for Cora. We run hither and thither, and called her by her name, but to no purpose, till at last as we were looking about, and listening, we thought we heard voices on the other side of the wall, just by the harbour where the little stream is lost in the wood. We followed the sound, and crept softly through the thick bushes, till at last we came to a great, great rent in the wall, from the top quite to the bottom, and so broad, that Amazili and I could easily go through it, and we had only to step over a few stones to get quite on the outside.

High-Priestess. And you did step over the stones and get on the outside?

Amazili. Else we should not have found Cora.

High-Priestess. Indeed!—What, she too had stepped over the stones?

Idali. Yes, and was talking with the Spaniards. At first we thought they were men, and were going to run away, but they entreated us very earnestly to stay, and as we found that they really were only Spaniards, we thought there could be no harm in staying.

Amazili. And they wanted us to promise that we would come again.

High-Priestess. Which promise you made?

Idali. We only half promised it.

High-Priestess. But you intend meeting them again?

Amazili. What do you say, Idali?

Idali. Perhaps so, if you are inclined, Amazili.

High-Priestess. Well, well, at present go and send Cora hither—then dress yourselves, prepare the bread of sacrifice, and dispose it in the baskets.

Idali. (*taking Amazili's hand*) Come, sister, I have such an inclination to dance.—

Amazili. And I could laugh and sing. (*Exeunt both.*)

High-Priestess. (*alone*) Dance, laugh and sing, if you please, your simplicity protects you from my anger—but you shall not find the breach in the wall again, be assured. As for this Cora,—has the shameless creature maintained an intercourse with men?—Chaste Oello, look down with compassion upon thy servants, and avert from us this

last of all calamities !——I have long observed, that she hung down her head—that her ruddy cheeks lost their colour—that she appeared abstracted, full of thought, and seemed scarcely to know to whom she was speaking, or to hear when she was addressed—All this indicates no good, does it Dudu ?

SCENE III.

Enter CORA.

High-Priestess. Shameless girl, do you dare to appear in my presence !

Cora. I come from the service of our God.

High-Priestess. Be thankful that his thunder is not entrusted to my hands.

Cora. What do you mean ?—how have I incurred your anger ?

High-Priestess. Do you suppose that I am unacquainted with your licentious conduct ?—that I am ignorant how Cora disgraces these sacred walls, and exposes her own honour, and the honour of her sisters, to censure ?

Cora. I have done nothing wrong.

High-Priestess. Look stedfastly in my face !——you have been in the company of men.

Cora. I have not offended the gods.

High-Priestess. Cora, I command you to look at me !——You are acquainted with a Spaniard ?

Cora. I am innocent.

High-Priestess. This very morning you have seen and conversed with him ?

Cora. The Sun was witness of all my actions.

High-Priestess. Confess your crime.

Cora. I have not been guilty of a crime.

High-Priestess. Oh ! blinded, misguided creature !

Cora. The path I pursue, is that of nature and innocence.

High-Priestess. Obstinate girl !——But remember that you are a priestess of the Sun, and tremble at the

torments to which the severity of our laws consign those who transgress them !

Cora. I shall suffer undeservedly.

High-Priestess. You will not confide in me ?

Cora. No.

High-Priestess. Nor confess your fault ?

Cora. No.

High-Priestess. I admonish you for the last time, *Cora* !——But a few moments remain, in which confession is left to your choice—make your use of them. I know all—I am instructed in every particular. Soon shall I assemble the Virgins in the Temple, and convene thither the Priests, who will judge you, and by whom you will be judged with severity. Death will then be your lot, and worse than death, infamy. At present we are alone—do you persist in silence ?

Cora. Yes.

High-Priestess. (*changing her tone*) Enough, I cannot believe *Cora* to be really guilty. I knew your mother when you were yet a child—we had frequent intercourse with each other—“*My Cora*,” she would often say, “*has a gentle and complying spirit, this engages my tenderest love.*”

Cora. Oh, she was always an affectionate mother. All the happiness of my life was buried in her grave.

High-Priestess. You have doubtless a sacred reverence for her memory ?

Cora. Can that be made a question ! Alas, how many are the tears I have shed for her in secret !

High-Priestess. If such your affection, you surely would not convict her of a falsehood, as she rests in her grave. Will you force me to think that the blindness of maternal love alone ascribed to you this gentle and complying disposition ?—or will you convince me that she was right in her judgment ?

Cora. She was right !

High-Priestess. Prove it to me. The mother’s friend has an undoubted claim upon the daughter’s confidence.

Cora. Ah me !——

High-Priestess. The last words uttered by her palid lips, still vibrate in my ears. “*My child*,” she said,—

"is young and inexperienced, should she ever want maternal counsel, be it received from you!"——She spoke—with her cold hands pressed mine, and expired.——
(Cora betrays symptoms of irresolution, and appears combating with herself. The High-Priestess continues after a pause) And your aged and reverend father, when he gave you into my hands, kissed you, and said "Take her, she is a good girl, and will not occasion you any trouble."——Afterwards when he was about to return home, when he gave you his last blessing, while a tear trembled on his grey eye-lashes, what were his parting words——
 "Cora, honour her as a mother."

Cora. (falling at her feet) I love!——

High-Priestess. (starting with horror) You love?

Cora. I can no longer remain a priestess of the Sun!

High-Priestess. No longer remain a priestess of the Sun?

Cora. But will marry.

High-Priestess. Marry!—you marry!

Cora. The gods have given me a feeling heart.

High-Priestess. To be devoted to their service.

Cora. I was born to become a wife.

High-Priestess. The Sun is your husband.

Cora. To him my prayers and thanks are due!—my heart, my love must be given to man.

High-Priestess. Cora, recollect yourself, you are in a dream.

Cora. I have laid open my whole soul. If the affection you bore the mother be indeed transferred to the daughter, you will be my friend.

High-Priestess. And the person you love is a Spaniard?

Cora. Yes.

High-Priestess. His name?——

Cora. Is Alonzo.

High-Priestess. When and where did you first see him?

Cora. In the Temple, by the side of our king.

High-Priestess. And what miracle brought you to a nearer intercourse?

Cora. The natural miracle which threatened the Temple with destruction, and rent its walls asunder.

High-Priestess. Well, I must not know more, and let what has passed be buried in eternal oblivion. To show you how much I regard your mother's memory, I will preserve this secret inviolate, and you must, by severe repentance, endeavor to avert the anger of the gods. Erase the image of Alonzo from your heart, forget his smooth and deceitful tongue, think of him no more, but attend to your employments and devotions.

Cora. You certainly have never loved?

High-Priestess. No, thanks be to the gods!

Cora. Oh! if you had ever felt but a small portion of what I now feel, you would have known that you enjoy what is no longer in my power!——Erase the image of Alonzo from your heart—think of him no more!—When I awake in the morning, he is the first object of my thoughts, and when I lie down he is still the last. When I kneel in the temple, his name intrudes itself into my prayers—When I look at the image of the sun, I see only him—and when I would turn my thoughts to my God, I cannot detach them from Alonzo.

High-Priestess. These are heavy offences, Cora!——You must fast, pray, humble yourself.

Cora. I can pray for nothing but that the gods may grant me Alonzo. Love is so soft, so exquisite a feeling, that it never can be sinful.

High-Priestess. Sinful!——'Tis to be held in abhorrence!

Cora. Are you entirely free from all emotions of this passion?

High-Priestess. I am wholly devoted to the gods.

Cora. You either deceive yourself, or seek to deceive me—Do I not often see you tenderly nursing and feeding these birds—taking, now this, now that upon your finger, stroking it, kissing it, talking to it?

High-Priestess. Poor little creatures!——This is such an innocent affection.

Cora. My love is equally innocent.

High-Priestess. Love for a man?

Cora. The feeling is still the same!——the heart must love!——a turtle-dove engages your affections——am I to blame if mine are fixed on other objects?

High-Priestess. Do not deceive yourself, Cora. Is it a matter of indifference, whether you employ the sacred

flame only in consuming the sacrifice, or use it to set the temple on fire?

Cora. I do not comprehend your simile, my heart speaks in a plain and simple manner. I always thought that love must be pleasing to the gods—I have made the experiment and the event has justified my opinion. The gods cannot be offended with me—for say, good mother, when Cora serves in the Temple, does a sudden gloom overcast the heavens, does the sun conceal himself behind a cloud?

High-Priestess. No, your guilty course has been pursued only in darkness——the rays of the great light have never witnessed your crimes.

Cora. Yes, they also have witnessed my love. On this very morning I solemnly embraced Alonzo in the presence of the sun himself.

High-Priestess. (*with a start of horror*) Embraced Alonzo!

Cora. Pressed my lips, my breast to his.

High-Priestess. Your lips,—your breast!

Cora. And our god smiled upon us.

High-Priestess. No more, unhappy girl!—Go and conceal yourself before I repent that I made you a promise of secrecy. 'Tis not *your* honour alone that is involved in this affair, 'tis the honour of our whole order——Go, and whether the extinction of your passion be pleasing or displeasing to you, of this be assured that you see Alonzo no more.

Cora. (*resolutely*) I will no longer remain a priestess of the Sun.

High-Priestess. Vain resolution!—Death only can release you from his service.

Cora. But you say that I am criminal—Well, then, I am no longer worthy to serve the Sun. If however I devote to him in my place, an innocent creature, pure and free from sin, will not this be pleasing to him?—shall I not then have discharged my duty, and be released from my oath?

High-Priestess. I do not understand you.

Cora. The innocent creature which I bear within me, shall be devoted to the sun. (*the High-Priestess starts back, attempts to speak, but is unable; she totters, and*

is obliged to support herself against a chair) What is the matter?—have you misunderstood me?—The innocent creature which I bear within me shall be devoted to the sun.

High-Priestess. (running about in a phrenzy) Idali—Amazili—Runa!—ye daughters of the Sun, hasten hither!—Ah, I cannot support myself!—*(she sinks down upon a chair.)*

SCENE IV.

Enter IDALI, AMAZILI, and several other VIGINS OF THE SUN from different Parts.

All talking together. What is the matter?—What has happened?—She is in a swoon!—Cora, tell us what is the matter!—What has thrown her into this agitation?

Cora. (with great composure) I do not know.

High-Priestess. (recovering) Hasten, ye daughters of the sun, shut up the sacrilegious creature in our darkest dungeon, that the rays of our God may not be profaned by falling upon one so contaminated. You Runa, and Odili, must answer with your lives for the prisoner, till she be brought to judgment. The rest of you veil yourselves in the deepest mourning, and follow me to the royal palace. The Sun is incensed against us!—The wrath of the gods has lighted upon us!—heavy sins are to be answered! curses must fall upon Peru, and the avenging arm of the powers above will pursue us into the most secret places!—Hasten! extinguish the sacred light in the temple, tear down the wreaths of flowers, no festival can now be solemnized, this day is changed into a day of mourning!—Let us repair to the foot of the throne to demand vengeance, dreadful vengeance against the criminal. *(she rushes out, a confused noise and murmuring is made by all present, who question Cora.)*

All. What have you done, Cora?—Tell us!—Tell us!—

Cora. I have done nothing wrong. *(Exit, with composure)*

All. (as they follow her) Look well to her!—Take care that she does not escape!—Your lives must answer it!—Away—away!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.

A large Hall in the King's Palace, with Guards ranged on each Side.

Enter the KING'S CHAMBERLAIN.

Chamberlain. (To the Guards) Throw open the doors !
—Let all enter, who come hither on this solemn festival to salute their sovereign the first-born of the sun, and conduct him to the temple. As soon as he shall be arrayed in his Inca's robes he will appear.

SCENE VI.

The doors are thrown open. Enter the HIGH-PRIEST, XAIRA, DON ALONZO, DON JUAN, with a long Train of Priests and Courtiers. Many Compliments are exchanged on all Sides ; they walk about, and all converse in different Groupes. Several of the Courtiers assemble round the CHAMBERLAIN.

Xaira. (To the High-Priest) Why are these strangers admitted here ?

High-Priest. They come to attend the king to the sacrifice.

Xaira. Oh impious, to permit the presence of strangers at the celebration of our solemnities, who perhaps will make them the subject of their mockery.

High-Priest. Mockery !—that were folly—and I can rely upon these brave youths for not being guilty of any folly. Have you forgotten that our king owes his life to this Alonzo—and that the people of Quito are become the terror of their enemies, since he taught them to fight in close ranks.—That he has also instructed us in many useful arts of peace—

Xaira. Mere deception. He has only increased our wants.—We were much happier without him.

High Priest. Discontented man !

Chamberlain. Gentlemen do you know any news to entertain the king ?

One of the Company. None, excepting that old Telasco arrived here yesterday evening from his province.

Another. And has brought his son Zorai to present him to the Inca.

Chamberlain. How long is it since the venerable old man visited the capital?

First Speaker. Two years. He has not been here since he brought his daughter Cora to be consecrated as a Priestess.

Alonzo. (*Starting and speaking aside to Juan*) Velasquez, do you hear that Cora's father is in Quito?

Juan. Yes, I hear it.

Alonzo. And her brother?

Juan. I hear that too.

Alonzo. This alone was wanting to make my misery complete!—How will their unsuspecting looks harrow my conscience. (*Martial instruments are heard behind the scene playing a march*)

All. The king approaches.

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SCENE VII.

Enter ATALIBA with his Train. All present, prostrate themselves before the King.

Ataliba. (*Addressing the High-Priest*) I rejoice, good old man to see how much your strength bears up beneath the weight of years.

High-Priest. Under such a sovereign we defy age.

Ataliba. For what I am, I am indebted solely to you; this I can never forget. (*To Xaira.*) It is a charming day, Xaira, the gods are favourable to us.

Xaira. (*With hesitation*) Yet—inauspicious omens, have disquieted my bosom.

Ataliba. How so?

Xaira. The lamb I was about to sacrifice at midnight, struggled beneath the sacred knife.

Ataliba. Most natural.

Xaira. And the lungs, which, when they tremble and quiver after they are torn out, promise happiness for the ensuing year, lay still and motionless.

Ataliba. I thank you for the information but I desire it

may not spread among the people. (*To the High-Priest, smiling and speaking in a half whisper.*) We have tygers enough to annoy us, why should we tremble before a lamb?

High-Priest. To the people such a lamb is more formidable than a tyger, and the king owes respect to popular faith.

Ataliba. True, good old man, for it was upon that foundation that Manco-Capac erected his dominion.—(*Turning to Alonzo.*) I rejoice, my beloved friend, to see you still contented to live among us.

Alonzo. I cannot be otherwise, royal Inca, while I am entertained thus hospitably.

Ataliba. Which will be ever, while you continue so worthy of our love. (*To Velasquez.*) Well, Don Juan, do the troops you are training make a rapid progress?

Juan. They are brave fellows—they have arms of iron, and hearts of wax,

Ataliba. Oh that we could enjoy continual peace! then should those nervous arms be devoted to agriculture alone. (*Turning to the High-Priest*) Is it not time to repair to the Temple?

High-Priest. We are all ready.

Chamberlain. (*Approaching the king*) Sire, the old Telasco, governor of the castle of Antis, is arrived, and wishes to pay his homage to the first-born of the Sun.

Ataliba. My worthy Telasco!—Let him come in.

Alonzo. (*Aside to Velasquez*) Oh Velasquez!—my heart! my heart!

Juan. Do not betray yourself.

SCENE VIII.

On a Signal from the CHAMBERLAIN, the Guards open the Door, and TELASCO and ZORAI enter.

Ataliba. (*Meeting and embracing Telasco*) Welcome, venerable old man!—What brings you from your enviable solitude into the bustle of a court? (*Calling to the Attendants*) Let a seat be brought.

Telasco. Suffer me to stand, good Inca—that posture best becomes a petitioner.

Ataliba. Has Telasco any request to make?—Speak then.

Telasco. Two years ago I brought my daughter hither, by her own desire, to devote her to the service of the gods. I cannot deny that the parting with her was a severe trial to me : for I had long been accustomed to enjoy her innocent society, and ever since the death of my wife, when I fell into ill health, had been nursed and attended by her with the tenderest care and affection. It may be supposed therefore, that we did not separate without many tears on both sides. My son, at that time a youth, was then my only treasure—he is now grown up to manhood, and as his sister is devoted to the gods, I devote him to the service of his country. To you, great king, I present him—be you his father, when I am gone !—He will conduct himself worthily, I have no fear—he will never forget that the blood of the Incas flows through his veins. Accept my present with favour !—I bring you the greatest treasure I possess upon earth !—I bring you my all !

Atal. He shall be my own son !—Come hither, young man. (*Zorai kneels to him*) Inherit thy father's virtues, and thou shalt be heir to thy father's honours.

Zor. Pardon my silence. Time only can decide on my pretensions to such favour.

Atal. Rise !—Alonzo, I consign him to thy care.—Let him be enrolled among my life-guards, and learn of thee to fight and conquer.

Alon. (*embarrassed*) Oh king ! I will endeavor to gain his confidence.

Tel. (*to Alonzo*) Art thou the man in whom the people bless the saviour of their Inca ? Permit these old arms to embrace thee. (*he embraces Alonzo*) Thy fame has reached the remotest parts of this nation—thy name is repeated with transport by our children's children !—Happy is my son in being placed under such a leader.

Alon. (*extremely embarrassed and affected*) He shall be my brother.

Tel. (*to Ataliba*) Through thee, gracious Inca, my last hour will be made an hour of bliss. Accept my grateful thanks !

(*A solemn march is heard playing at a distance.*)

Atal. Now, my children, let us repair to the temple ! Come, Telasco, walk on my right hand, and should you be fatigued, let me be your support !—Ah, how often have you supported me !

Tel. Blessings on thee, worthy Inca !

(As they are preparing to go, the music, which had continued gradually to advance nearer, suddenly stops)

Atal. *(starting)* What means this ?

Chamberlain. *(rushing in trembling, and almost breathless)* Sire, the High-Priestess of the Sun approaches, with a long train of Priestesses, all clad in mourning, and uttering dreadful lamentations. Their cries pierce the very soul, the people gather round them trembling and looked on with silent awe and terror. *(The whole assembly appear in great confusion—the king alone preserves his composure)*

Atal. Conduct them hither.

Alon. *(aside to Juan)* Oh God, Velasquez, what can this portend ?

Juan. You tremble, and look pale—for shame—rouse yourself—show yourself a man.

SCENE IX.

Enter the HIGH-PRIESTESS, followed by a long train of VIRGINS OF THE SUN. They are clad in thick mourning veils, and march in slow and solemn procession towards the King. An awful silence is observed by the Assembly, who wait the sequel of the scene, with anxious expectation.

H. Priestess. *(throwing back her veil)* Oh woe !—woe !—woe !

Atal. On whom dost thou imprecate woe ?

H. Priestess. The Temple is polluted !—the altars are profaned !—the holy lamp is extinguished !—Oh woe ! woe ! woe !

Atal. Name the criminal, that the gods may be avenged for these heavy offences.

H. Priestess. First born of the Sun, command the stringed instruments, the festal song to cease !—Let the Temple be divested of its ornaments, and the garlands ta-

ken from the beasts prepared for sacrifice !—To-day can no festival be solemnized !——Lamentations be our songs, and mourning-veils our ornaments !——A serpent has with his poison, polluted the house of the Stars !——A Virgin of the Sun has broken her vow of chastity !—*(she pauses a few moments ; the whole assembly shudder ; Alonzo appears like one thunderstruck——At length the H. Priestess proceeds)* Woe ! woe ! upon CORA !

(At the mention of this name, the KING utters a cry of agony—TELASCO, trembling, supports himself upon his staff—ZORAI, full of confusion, conceals his face in his garments——ALONZO is sinking to the ground, but is supported by Velasquez——A confused murmur is heard among the rest of the Assembly.)

H. Priestess. Vengeance ! vengeance ! upon the murderer of virtue ! upon the wretch who could abuse the hospitality of a peaceable people, and violate the sacred asylum of the Wives of the Sun !——Woe ! woe ! upon Alonzo !

(ATALIBA utters a more piercing cry than before——ALONZO stands with downcast eyes, while a death-like paleness overspreads his countenance——The attention of the whole Assembly is immediately turned towards him——TELASCO looks around with a vacant stare.)

H. Priestess. First-born of the Sun !——Image of our God upon earth !——I stand here, and require an awful atonement for this sacrilege !

Atal. *(with deep gloom)* Which thou shalt have.

H. Priestess. Be death and shame the lot of the seducer !——Be death and shame the lot of Cora, and her whole family !

(TELASCO starts, murmurs to himself the word "Shame !" and falls to the ground—ZORAI throws himself by him.)

Atal. All-merciful God ! *(calls to the attendants)*—Come to the assistance of this poor old man. *(Telasco is raised up—the H. Priestess is about to proceed, but the King makes her a sign to be silent)* Enough, ye pious women !——I know my duty, and will perform what is required by the laws of Manco Capac. To question thee, Alonzo, were needless——thy death-like countenance, thy downcast eyes, confess thy fault too plainly, and thou art lost !——Hadst thou excited my provinces to rebel against me, had thy sword deprived me of half my kingdom, I would have given thee my hand, and said,

thou didst save my life, all that I have, I share willingly with thee!——But now the king alone must speak, the friend must be silent——Alonzo, thou art lost!——Unhappy youth, what hast thou done!

Alon. Let me die!——Death is no more than I justly deserve, for repaying with base ingratitude the unmixed happiness I have enjoyed in this kingdom! Yes, let me die, oh king (*falling upon his knees*) But save, save the hapless Cora!——She is innocent!——her seducer only is guilty!

Atal. Rise!——My power has limits, and in no respect is so rigidly circumscribed as in what concerns religion. (*He stands for some moments wrapt in mournful musing, and apparently struggling with himself, then says with averted countenance*) Guards, put him in irons! (*to the H. Priest*) Assemble your priests in the court of the Temple, to judge the culprits according to our holy laws and customs——And ere the Sun sink into the ocean, let me be summoned to confirm the sentence. (*Going.*)

Xaira. Sire, it is necessary the father and brother should also be put in irons.

Atal. Poor old man!——he will not run away from you!

Xaira. The brother at least.

Atal. Well, if it must be! (*Zorai is put in irons*)——Oh, what misery is it to be king, when it is necessary to punish! (*Exit.*)

H. Priestess. (*to the H. Priest*) Hasten, thou first servant of our gods, hasten to avenge thy masters, that this very evening the last rays of the declining sun may beam upon the grave which encloses Cora——Go, ye daughters of the sun, bow yourselves down in prayer, wash the altar with your tears, and conceal your blushing cheeks beneath seven-fold veils, till the disgrace, that profligate stranger, has brought upon our order, be wholly effaced. (*exit, followed by the Virgins of the sun*).

H. Priest. (*aside*) Poor Rolla. (*Exit.*)

Xaira. (*to some of the other priests*) Go out at the northern gate, to that waste and desolate spot which is distinguished by numerous heaps of stones——there prepare a grave.

Tel. And let me be the first laid within it!

(*Exeunt priests.*)

Xaira. (*to the guards*) Lead the prisoners away.

Alon. (to *Juan*) Farewell, Velasquez, when you return to our native country, bear my tenderest greetings to my poor mother—but be careful to conceal from her my unhappy story.

Tel. (as he is seized by the guards) Whither would you drag me, old as I am?

Alon. Oh, Velasquez, this old man—this unfortunate old man.

Tel. Give me my daughter—restore me my daughter!

Xaira. Away with them all.

Tel. (as he is led off) Give me my daughter—Oh! restore my daughter to me? (Exeunt omnes.)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A barren spot on the outside of the Walls of the Temple.

Four PRIESTS are employed in making a Grave—several other PRIESTS are dispersed about. While they sing the first Chorus, ROLLA appears upon the Stage.

(Solemn Chorus of Priests.)

HASTE!—dig with eager hands a grave,
Our guiltless heads from death to save?
A grave, to turn from us aside
The darts destruction's dæmon's guide!
For hark!—both justice and compassion cry,
“To save the guiltless—let the guilty die!”

Rolla. (starting) What do I hear?—Say!—What is the meaning of this?

(Chorus of Priests.)

Haste!—dig a grave t'avenge the gods!
A grave, that in death's dark abodes,
Lost Cora's crime, of deepest die,
May soon forever buried lie!
Rolla. Cora's crime!—speak!—answer me?

A Priest. Away from this spot!—It is cursed for Cora's sake.

Rol. Curses upon thyself, thou damned babbler!—But say!—Why these solemn preparations?—For what miserable victim is this grave designed?

(Chorus of Priests.)

Brethren!—the grave's prepar'd!—away!
Bring Cora hither!—hence!—obey!—
That perishing in earth's dark womb
Which must her living form entomb,
She a sin-offering may become, for sin,
And by her sufferings heaven's compassion win.—

Rol. Ye gods!—what sounds are these!—they fall like a mountain upon my breast! (*The priests collect their tools, and prepare to depart.*) Speak, ye flinty-hearted men!—speak!—speak!—'tis Rolla entreats you!—Rolla!—One not accustomed to entreat, yet implores you to tell him the meaning of what he sees!—What has happened here?—for what purpose is this grave prepared?—and why do you sing that ill-omened song? (*The Priests are going, Rolla stamps on the ground.*) Stop, and speak, or dread the violence you will provoke! (*Exeunt the priests, Rolla is following them.*)

SCENE II,

DIEGO enters in great haste, and extreme agitation.
ROLLA stops on seeing him.

Rol. Ha!—Surely I recollect thee!—Wert not thou also present at my late interview with Alonzo?—Tell me then what has happened since he departed hence?—speak!—instantly speak?

Die. See, I tremble in every limb. My poor unfortunate master!—Ah, he languishes in chains?

Rol. And Cora?—Cora?

Die. Doubtless shares his fate.—Don Juan knows more, for he was present during the whole scene.

Rol. Don Juan!—I thank you for mentioning his name!—Where is he?—hasten, hasten to seek him!—Conduct him hither instantly!—I will wait here to receive him.—Begone!—the moments are precious! (*Exit Diego.*) My agony is intolerable!—I am impatient, yet dread, to know all!—I can scarcely breath for anguish!—Uncle, uncle, where are you? (*Going.*)

SCENE III.

Enter the HIGH-PRIEST.

Rol. Ha!---here he is!---Oh tell me instantly! is this true or false?

H. Priest. Though I can scarcely understand thy words, I understand those wild looks but too well!—Alas! it is true!

Rol. (*Pointing to the grave.*) And here?

H. Priest. (*With a deep sigh, and turning away his face.*) Yes!

Rol. Tremble then, ye mighty rocks!—Groan! groan! ye hills!—thou fire, burst forth in the valleys and consume the fruits of the soil!—let the plains be no longer crowned with verdure, but the whole earth appear as one vast scene of conflagration!—Rise ye terrors of nature, ye storms and whirlwinds, that I may breath more freely amid your conflicts,—that the voice of my agony may contend with your roarings?—that my arm may slay more rapidly than the lightning itself!

H. Priest. Rolla, for the sake of all the gods!—

Rol. No, she shall not die!—sooner shall the sacred lamp be extinguished, and the temple itself become a desert!—Believe me, uncle, she shall not die—you may tell me that the grave is already prepared—that her fate is certain!—Yes, the grave is prepared, but Rolla still lives!

H. Priest. How dreadful are your words.

Rol. Sooner shall it be Rolla's grave!—sooner shall he be stretched a corpse upon the earth!—Yet let him not even then be trusted hastily!—see that every spark of life be gone, if only one be left, it will burst into a flame, and

consume the persecutors of Cora. Oh, while this hand can wield a sword, let no one venture to touch Cora!---the blood of him who harbours such a thought, shall answer for his rashness!---the priests---the king---even thou thyself-----

H. Priest. Madman, rage on!---dare in thy phrenzy to raise thine arm against the gods!-----

Rol. Against the gods!—No, the gods are on my side, their lightning is in my hand their shield before my breast! ---Short-sighted mortals!---What are the brightest, warmest rays of our god but pure effusions of that benign love which alike unfolds the rose-bud, and expands the human heart. Woe to the miserable wretch who remains insensible to its genial influence, and pining in a cold damp corner of the earth, lives the life of a senseless oyster!---Cora even excels her former self, since she has yielded to the impulse of love---and how could she fail to do so, for the gods would never leave their master-piece unfinished, and what is the heart without love, but a lamp without light, an eye without the power of vision?-----These are things, uncle, which however *you* cannot understand.

H. Priest. You do me injustice, Rolla.

Rol. Injustice!---You cannot have been yourself susceptible of the exquisite, the heavenly feeling of love, when your lips condemned Cora.

H. Priest. You are right now---it was my *lips* condemned her.

Rol. But not your heart?

H. Priest. Not my heart.

Rol. Come then to my arms---I rejoice to find that you are a man!---But why stand here so cold and inactive?---fly and save her!

H. Priest. That is impossible.

Rol. Courage, dear uncle, courage!---Your grey hairs, your mild eloquence, my sword, and the arm of God!---all these united---Yes, yes, we will save her!

H. Priest. Alas, young man, zeal blinds thee to the steep rocks which lie in our way.

Rol. I feel sufficient energy to surmount them.

H. Priest. Ancient popular opinions---the customs of whole centuries-----

Rol. Nature is older than these.

H. Priest. But not more powerful.

Rol. Mere evasion !

H. Priest. Could I, by sacrificing the few short years remaining of my life, redeem the hapless Cora's, I would instantly with firm and resolute step descend into this vault.

Rol. Babble !

H. Priest. Are these tears also babble ?

Rol. Hypocrisy !—do not talk, but act.

H. Priest. What can I do ?

Rol. (*Raising his hands towards Heaven.*) Oh Father above, do thou then interpose !—suffer not the most perfect work upon which thy rays ever shone to be destroyed !—but save her, to the confusion of these unfeeling priests !—Oh, how could I expect to find sensibility within that bosom !—the heart that beats beneath those garments never can have any feeling, except for vain and senseless customs—it dissembles towards its god, and is blood-thirsty as a tyger's.

H. Priest. Oh Rolla, you know not how much you wrong me !

Rol. Carefully instructed by your fathers and mothers to tear up every flower around you—to ring the neck of every bird you can catch—your hearts are from your infancy steeled against humanity, while he who can do these things with most composure, bears in his bosom the germs of a future High-Priest.

H. Priest. This from you, Rolla ?

Rol. Beloved and pampered self is the sole object of your attention !—Beauty is to you as a blunted arrow—and love appears an absurd romance. A shake of the head is the only tribute you can afford to the sufferings of a brother, nor does the tear of sympathy ever *start* into your eyes, it only quivers there by compulsion. No emotion would assail your breast, though the world itself were laid in ruins, provided *you* were spared and could live in ease and affluence.

H. Priest. Rolla, you torture me—you break my heart !—I must speak out and shame you.

Rol. Yes, speak !—that also you can do *sometimes*—not *always*.

H. Priest. Learn to be silent when an old man would

be heard, and if you cannot respect my age, at least respect my misfortunes. Is the station in which I am placed, my own free choice?—are not the nearest relations of the king priests by birth?—am I to blame because the caprice of chance destined me to the altar, to immolate turtle-doves, to draw omens from the entrails of lambs, and to interpret dreams?—Oh had you known me in my youth, you would have seen me full of ardour and energy,—more eager to brandish the sword, than to wield the knife of sacrifice!—Believe me, few persons in the world are placed in the situations for which they are most suited, least of all those who hold offices by descent.

Rol. (*In a cold and constrained manner.*) If I have said too much, pardon me. Overpowered as I am with rage and anguish, scarcely do I know myself.

H. Priest. Had it been equally possible to throw aside this dignity with which I am reproached, as to cast off a tight and uneasy garment, I had spurned it a thousand and a thousand times, for it has occasioned me forty years of the bitterest suffering. Rolla, Rolla, I cannot endure the chilling frown upon thy countenance, the eye of contempt with which I am regarded!—Thou only being on whom my heart still hangs!—whose affections I still wish to attract!—listen to my tragic story—alas, too nearly resembling thine own!—My sorrows, like thine, proceeded from the heart—my sufferings arose from an ill-fated passion—I too once loved a Virgin of the Sun!

Rol. How!!!

H. Priest. By virtue of my office as High-Priest, I had at all times free access to the house of the Stars. Daily did my eyes rove about among the expanding blossoms there confined, and I was pleased with contemplating their varied charms, though this was long a mere amusement to the eye, my heart took no share in the glances I cast around me. At length I beheld Zulma as a meteor among meteors—beheld her shining in the midst of her sisters a brilliant image of the god she served. I saw her often, and each time but wished more ardently to see her again; yet I continued insensible to the danger of my situation, till accident one day led me into a strict examination of my heart, when I was terrified at the result. My conduct was instantly changed, I was no longer unrestrained in

Zulma's presence, I scarcely dared to raise my eyes to hers, and my whole frame trembled as I approached her. I was soon convinced that her heart beat responsively to mine, since, as if too sensible of my meaning, she immediately began to avoid me. I saw that the effort was painful, that love and duty were at war within her bosom, and desirous to render the conflict less severe, I determined equally to avoid her. Many months lingered on in this miserable situation, while both endured the keenest torments of hopeless passion—our cheeks grew pale—our eyes became hollow and sunk—despair reigned in every feature—till at length Zulma's weaker frame could no longer support such complicated sorrow---she was attacked with a violent illness, and lay at the point of death---while I——Rolla, you seem affected !

Rol. (Holding out his hand to him with averted eyes.) Oh, how unjust have I been !---I am ashamed !---pardon me !---and---proceed, uncle---tell me she died !

H. Priest. I hastened to her assistance---day and night I climbed the most rugged rocks, or ranged the forests, to seek medicinal herbs for her restoration. I summoned together the oldest priests in the kingdom who were celebrated for their skill in the medical science, and at length, by our unwearied exertions, the lovely Zulma was saved. She sunk in my arms overpowered with gratitude---not a word was spoken by either, we explained ourselves only by the expressive language of tears——(*He appears extremely affected.*) Oh, Rolla ! I am now grown old, yet see how the recollection still shakes me.

Rol. (Clasping his hand eagerly.) Beloved, excellent uncle !

H. Priest. Stop and hear the conclusion of my story !---The flame long smothering in both our hearts, now burst out with uncontrollable wildness—the voices of reason and duty were listened to no longer---passion had gained the sole ascendancy in our bosoms---and——(*Rolla starts, and fixes his eyes on the High-Priest, who spreads out his arms towards him.*) Rolla, you are my son !

Rol. (With eager emotion.) Old man, you mock me !

H. Priest. You are indeed my son.

Rol. (Throws himself into the High-Priest's arms---after a few moments, he breaks from him again hastily.) And my mother ?——

H. Priest. She looks down upon us from above, and blesses this scene ! (*Rolla stands with his arms folded, his head sunk upon his bosom, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, endeavoring to restrain his tears*) Think then, how my paternal heart has been tortured by thy bitter revilings !—Understand why I have always clung to thee with such ardent fondness—Why I have followed thee every where, and interested myself so eagerly in thy fate—The anxiety I expressed when I saw thee depart to head the armies of thy sovereign, is now solved—solved equally are the transports that overpowered me when I beheld thee return as a victor.

Rolla. (*falling on his neck*) Have I then ever communicated the throb of transport to any human breast ?—My father !—Oh, this name is so new to my tongue !—filial feelings are so new to my heart !—How often, when at the head of the army I have knelt to receive thy priestly blessing, have I felt thy hand tremble as it was laid upon me !—Oh, why did I not guess the cause of such agitation !—Why did I not know that it was a father's blessing I knelt to receive !—My father !—my father !—why hast thou concealed thyself so long from thy son ?—why didst thou not sooner communicate joy to a bosom where it has hitherto been a stranger ?

H. Priest. Was it possible to trust the wildness and ardour of thy youth ?

Rolla. But all is not yet clear to me. Oh, unveil the sequel of your story !—Tell me—could you escape discovery.

H. Priest. What would have been impossible to another, was possible to me from my situation as High-Priest. Our hapless adventure was never known, and as soon as you were born, I sent you to the frontiers of the kingdom, among the people of Ibara, where my brother was governor. You were educated as his son, but as he died while you were still a child, his death furnished me with a pretence for removing you to Quito, that I, as a near relation, might take you under my protection. I then paid as much attention to your education myself, as was possible, without exciting suspicion. Your mother was taken from me some months before your arrival, and for

a long series of years I have dragged about a miserable existence——

Rol. Miserable !—when you had a son !—I have indeed hitherto considered my existence as miserable, because I thought myself single and solitary in the world, but never shall I complain of solitude again, now I know I have a father living——a father who loves me, whose heart will sympathise with mine. Yes, I am reconciled to the world !—It is true my father, that neither of us can be perfectly happy, yet a life supportable enough, nay, mingled with real enjoyment, I dare promise you. Hear what golden visions my fancy has formed !——Cora and Alonzo shall fly, we will accompany them, and I will conduct you to one who, for my sake, will be a friend to us all. There we will live—there pass the remainder of our days quietly, contentedly, and free from cares. And, my father, when I witness Cora's and Alonzo's caresses, and the transports they mutually experience——if sometimes pierced to the heart with the idea that Alonzo's happiness might have been mine, I cannot bear to be a spectator of the scene any longer, I will make you a signal to leave the lovers alone. Then we will retire under the shade of some neighboring tree, and you shall soothe my tortured breast, by talking to me of my mother.

H. Priest. You do not consider, my son, that flight is impossible. Cora and Alonzo are both in chains, and both vigilantly guarded, nor will many hours elapse before sentence is passed upon them by the assembled priests. Deceive not yourself with vain hopes !——Cora is irretrievably lost.

Rol. Oh, do not tell me so !——I cannot bear to hear it——She must, she must be saved.——Are you not High-Priest ? the first among her judges ?

H. Priest. What can the voice of one avail against so many ?——Against the storm of Xaira's zeal ?——We may cry to the roaring winds till we are hoarse, yet we cannot hinder them from tearing up the young trees by the roots.

Rol. You will at least have done your part——God and my sword shall achieve the rest. Think, my father, when Cora shall meet your Zulma in the regions of peace,

and tell her I am a Virgin of the Sun, condemned to death because I loved——

H. Priest. No more !——All that lies within my power shall be done. I will harangue, entreat, exert every effort the infirmities of age will permit——Alas, the hour of judgment approaches.

Rol. Oh, fail not in your word——Do all that you can for Cora, and remember that my life hangs upon hers : But should your endeavors prove vain, you shall find that in the mean time I have not been idle.

H. Priest. (*taking his hand mournfully*) May we meet again, happier than we now part. Farewell——

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

ROLLA alone. He pauses and looks after the High-Priest ; then strikes his hands on his forehead.

Oh, my father, you know not what thoughts are brooding here !—A matter of this importance must not rest upon the chance of your eloquence alone—force !—force !—that is the only effectual method of persuasion——Where can Velasquez be ?—I would fain clasp him in my arms, and endeavor to communicate to his breast, a portion of that ardour which glows in mine. Yes, I will save her !—I must save her—My mother was a Virgin of the Sun, and to rescue Cora, is a sacrifice due to her memory. Thus it is that the gods wonderfully entwine together every link in the chain of fate—Ye powers of heaven—you cannot be arraigned if Rolla should die poor in heroic deeds, since you have not withheld glorious opportunities for their performance—To give freedom to her he loves, and to present a grateful offering to his mother's memory, are objects of such grandeur, that a bosom in which they could not raise a flame, must be moulded from the eternal snow on the summits of the Cordilleras.

SCENE V.

Enter DON JUAN.

Rol. Welcome, Velasquez——I have waited for you here—I have occasion for your assistance.

Juan. In what way ?

Rol. Have you sufficient magnanimity to hazard your life for a friend ?

Juan. Most certainly, if it can be of any avail.

Rol. Then give me your hand.

Juan. Take it.

Rol. Cora and Alonzo are lost.

Juan. Alas !

Rol. We must save them.

Juan. If it be possible.

Rol. Only strike a bold stroke.

Juan. With all my heart—provided it be not a criminal one.

Rol. Criminal!—ha ! you have touched me indeed !
—Yes, I am afraid it too nearly resembles a crime !

Juan. Then seek some other assistant in the attempt.

Rol. Yet state the question thus.—Say, which is most criminal, to institute, or to abolish, an inhuman law ?

Juan. The latter is an act of virtue.

Rol. Which we will practice.

Juan. That is not in our power, it can be done by the king alone.

Rol. Let us then counsel the king.

Juan. To that I have no objection.

Rol. But with arms in our hands.

Juan. Such counsel were rebellion.

Rol. What signifies a name when good is to be effected ?

Juan. Consider how much I am indebted to Ataliba, he has received me with hospitality, has been my benefactor.

Rol. Your friend is in danger.

Juan. I will not commit a crime even to save him.

Rol. How, if I engage my honour, that not a hair of the king's head, or the heads of any of his servants, shall be injured,—that we will conquer by fear alone ?—You know that I was once general of the army—by that army I am still beloved, for the brave fellows have not forgotten how often they triumphed under my command, nor that when we were in the field together the lowest among them was treated as my brother. You also, Velasquez have the conduct of a valiant band. On the least signal given,

all who have born arms under my standard, will assemble round me—we will ask nothing for ourselves,—sacred shall be the throne—sacred the life and property of every individual—nothing shall be required but freedom for Cora and Alonzo.

Juan. Noble Rolla, you are blinded by love. Search your heart, you will there detect, probably for the first time in your life, evil designs.

Rol. I have no ears to listen to your morality. Virtue is but an empty name, if it has never been opposed by passion.

Juan. And then the stronger the opposition the more noble is the victory.

Rol. It may be so, yet I can feel nothing but Cora's danger,—I can hear nothing but Cora's voice crying for help!—Look, here is Cora's grave!—Icy-hearted man, behold Cora's grave!—Yet why waste time thus ineffectually?—what does Cora concern you?—Well then, (*He seizes Juan's hand in haste and agitation*) come with me, I will lead you to the pile prepared for your friend!—If at the sight of so dreadful an object your heart can suffer your head to reason?—If on that spot I cannot inspire you with rage and anguish equal to my own? then farewell—I must resign you wholly to your own apathy, and fly to my mother's grave—there, as I behold the wind waving the blades of grass, and think whose form is mouldering beneath, all your precepts will in a moment be dispersed, and my soul be armed with new resolution. Come!—away!

(*Exeunt, drawing Juan after him.*)

SCENE IV.

The Court before the Temple.

XAIRA in conversation with other PRIESTS.

Xaira. He stays a long time.

A Priest. Very long.

Another. The time is almost elapsed.

A third. 'Tis now past noon.

Xaira. What could the king want with him ?

A Priest. That the messenger knew not.

Another. He was only sent to require the High-Priest's presence in the palace before sentence should be passed on Cora.

Xaira. 'Tis very extraordinary.

A Priest. The messenger was in great haste.

Xaira. Probably the king wished to talk with him about the sentence—perhaps to consult with him on the possibility of mitigating the punishment. Ah, my friends, I fear that this Inca is not eager in promoting the vengeance due to our offended gods. Did you not remark with what reluctance he consented to Zorai's being put in irons? with what compassion he looked upon the stranger?—nay, that even degraded his dignity, so far as to speak to him!—His father was a very different man!

A Priest. He was indeed.

Another. He never omitted attendance at any sacrifice.

A third. And trembled whenever he entered the Temple.

Xaira. Nor ever failed in showing due respect to our sacred office.

A Priest. And our near intercourse with the gods.

Xaira. He cast down his eyes with awe, where his son looks up and smiles with thoughtless levity—exacted the strictest justice, where his son would show mercy. But who is to be blamed for this?—Who, but his tutor?—the man to whom his education was entrusted!—in short, the High-Priest—I will not say more now, this is neither the place nor the time for long harangues—however, I know his principles.——Take heed!——Be on your guard!——

A Priest. (interrupting him) He comes.

Xaira. At last.

SCENE VII.

Enter the HIGH-PRIEST.

Xaira. We have expected you impatiently.

H. Priest. I was summoned to attend the Inca.

Xaira. Is the subject of your interview a secret ?

H. Priest. By no means. Ataliba requires of the judges of Cora and Alonzo, that they strictly examine whether both be equally guilty, or whether the one has not seduced the other—has not thrown out improper lures to lead astray the imagination.

Xaira. Well, and supposing this should be the case—

H. Priest. Then he ordains that the seducer only shall suffer, the seduced be released.

Xaira. Do I hear rightly ?—Could the king say this ? and dares the High-Priest of the Sun repeat it after him ?

H. Priest. Why should he not ?

Xaira. “ *The transgressors of the law shall die* ”—Thus spake our God himself.

H. Priest. Did you hear the god say this ?—or was it not rather spoken by the first Inca, as the ordinance of our God ?

Xaira. 'Tis the same thing.

H. Priest. That I readily allow—The Inca is the image of God upon earth, and the interpreter of his will—but the last Inca equally so with the first. The severe laws which necessity might compel our legislator to institute among a wild and uncivilized people, may be ameliorated at the discretion of his descendants.

Xaira. (*sarcastically*) Why then not abolish them entirely ?

H. Priest. The king is strongly inclined to do so.—Yet he still thinks that the repose of his people claims an example.

Xaira. One example only ?—And on which then shall the sentence fall ?—He says that the guilty only shall die—but what earthly wisdom shall decide which is the guilty ?—Will not both assert their innocence ?—Will not each endeavour to throw the blame of seduction upon the other ?

H. Priest. 'Tis possible.

Xaira. What then is to direct our judgment ?

H. Priest. Of that hereafter.—At present, duty requires that we obey the Inca's mandate. Let Cora and Alonzo be brought hither. (*Exit one of the Priests.*)

Xaira. No, I will not violate my principle even to

gratify the Inca !—Both are guilty, and whether seducing or seduced, is to me indifferent. To his own face, I will tell the king the same—I will sound it in the ears of the people—and if Ataliba no longer trembles before the gods, he shall at least tremble before his own subjects.

H. Priest. Conscience is his law, and it ought equally to be ours. We are to judge Cora and Alonzo, but let us not forget that we ourselves are one day to be judged by a superior power. Now take your places.

SCENE VIII.

The HIGH-PRIEST stands in the centre, with XAIRA at his right hand, and the rest of the PRIESTS ranged in a semi-circle round the stage. CORA and ALONZO both in chains, are brought in on different sides—CORA is divested of the Sun upon her breast, and the flame-coloured girdle.

Cora. My Alonzo !

Alon. Oh God !—Cora in chains !

Cora. Mourn not my fate !—I shall die with you !

Alon. With your murderer.

Xaira. Silence !

H. Priest. (with mild solemnity) We, the servants of the gods, appointed to execute their holy will, are here assembled to pass judgment upon Cora, the daughter of Telasco, and Alonzo, the stranger, Oh thou, our Father above, who surveyest the whole world with one glance, diffuse thy rays into our hearts !—thou hast appointed us to decide upon the honour and shame, upon life and death !—let thy wisdom then enlighten our minds, that no partiality may bias them, that they may alike be free from weakness and revenge. (he kneels, accompanied by all the other Priests) We swear, oh, Sun, to judge according to thy laws communicated by Manco Capac—We swear to show mercy, if the profanation of thy temple will permit mercy to be shown—or if strict justice be required to exact strict justice ;—We swear finally, so to conduct ourselves, that should we be called into thy pre-

sence to-morrow, we may not be ashamed of rendering a faithful account of this awful hour!

All the Priests. We swear this, oh Sun! (*They rise.*)

H. Priest. Cora, have you broken thy vow?

Cora. I have.

H. Priest. Do you know this young man?

Cora. He is my husband.

H. Priest. Alonzo, do you know this woman?

Alon. She is my wife.

Xaira. You are both guilty—both must die.

H. Priest. Before we pass sentence upon you, an important duty remains to be discharged. In the name of our king, I am to announce mercy to the party, who was solely the victim of seduction. Ataliba, the first born of the Sun, under whose dominion the kingdom of Quito flourishes, requires a free and candid confession, which of you was the seducer, and which the seduced?

Cora. It was I seduced him. } (*Both speaking together.*)

Alon. It was I seduced her. }

Cora. Do not believe him, he speaks falsely.

Alon. Do not believe her, she would deceive you.

Cora. I alone am guilty.

Alon. On me must your sentence be pronounced.

Cora. Release him, he is innocent.

Alon. Shall the weakness of women be punished—No! let the man make atonement.

Cora. Oh, no!—for the love of heaven! (*The High-Priest turns away his face to conceal his emotions*)

Xaira. Silence!—Who can extract the truth, amid this confusion? Let one only speak.

H. Priest. Cora, begin!—Alonzo, do you remain silent!

Cora. The first time I saw this young man was in the Temple. I instantly employed every artifice to attract his attention. I made the longest pause where he was standing, and contrived various means to continue near him, I drew aside my veil whenever I passed him, and endeavored, by expressive glances, to excite his passions.

Alon. 'Tis false!—Her eyes were always cast downwards.

Xairo. Silence, stranger! till you are required to speak!

Cora. My advances inspired him with boldness—he sprang over the ruins of our sacred walls, yet scarcely had he done so, when, affrighted at his own rashness, he was about to retreat without seeing me. But as I was walking at a distance I espied him—I called—I made signs to him—I ought to have fled——Intercourse with him was forbidden to me——intercourse with me was forbidden to him. He stood trembling and irresolute, while I ran towards him, threw my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips to his. Still he was anxious to depart, but I detained him——he would not have returned; but I entreated him——he described to me the danger of my situation, but I refused to listen to him——On me, on me, pass sentence, holy judges,———I am the seducer.

Alon. Nature herself convicts you of falshood.—Modesty is the sister of beauty—the man declares love, the woman only returns it. Who then can believe your story?—No, ye priests!—when I first saw her in the temple, I threw forbidden glances upon her, and disturbed the sweet serenity of her mind. Disregarding the laws both of God and man, with thoughtless confidence I overleaped the sacred walls, and when at sight of me she started back and would have fled, I cast myself at her feet, and holding her by her garments, forcibly detained her, to poison her mind with flattery and deceit. But why urge all this?—Ye judges, ye know the character of man, and must be assured by your own feelings, that I was the seducer. Pronounce your sentence then on me!

Cora. Recollect that he saved the Inca's life!—Spare him!—he is guiltless!

Alon. She raves!—she knows not what she says!—I alone am guilty.

Cora. Can you have a more convincing proof that I am the sole criminal, when you see me wholly unconcerned—unmoved by any emotions of repentance, while this stranger is bowed down with remorse. I glory in my guilt, and here in the presence of the gods, in the presence of all these spectators, do I embrace him as my husband! (*She rushes up to Alonzo, and clasps him in her arms.*)

Now observe his tremor—he breaks from me, while I would still hang about him!—Can you then doubt any longer?—’Tis I,—I only am guilty.

Alon. Cora! Cora! Think what you are doing!

Cora. Hear him, how he reproves, how he admonishes me!—Thus has he ever done, yet I would not listen to him, but regardless of his admonitions drew him with me into this abyss of misery.

Xaira. Shameless woman?—Tear her from him!

Cora. (*Returning to her former station.*) Now pronounce sentence.

Xaira. I shudder.

H. Priest. Lead her away.

Alon. (*Spreading out his arms towards Cora.*) Farewell!

Cora. We shall soon meet again.

Xaira. In the hour of death.

Cora. When a mightier power begins to spin the web of a more blest existence!

Xaira. Lead her away.

Alon. Farewell.

Cora. We part on this side of the grave with bitter tears, to meet with smiles in the realms above. *Cora and Alonzo are guarded out on different sides.*)

Xaira. Need we any farther proof?—my voice is for death!—death to both!

H. Priest. (*Addressing the assembly with a mournful voice.*) Follow me into the temple, and let us sacrifice to the gods. Meantime, weigh well in your hearts what you have seen and heard, and then as mortals, let us proceed to pass our judgment upon mortals. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The inside of the Temple of the Sun—at the back, the Image of the Sun upon an Altar raised some Steps above the ground.

The HIGH-PRIEST, XAIRA, and several other PRIESTS, the latter of whom are occupied in the back ground in burning Incense, and preparing the Sacrifices. The HIGH-PRIEST advances to the front of the Stage with XAIRA.

High-Priest.

YET one word more, Xaira, ere by pronouncing a hasty sentence, we profane the sacred name we bear. Are we not ministers of the divine favour?

Xaira. And of the divine vengeance.

H. Priest. Vengeance!—Can we suppose that the merciful God seeks vengeance on his creatures?—No, if this principle has been encouraged to awe the vulgar, we who are initiated into the mysteries of a purer doctrine, may speak to each other without reserve.

Xaira. For what purpose?—and why at this moment?

H. Priest. Because an error committed at this moment, may bring ages of misery on both.

Xaira. My conduct proceeds from conviction.

H. Priest. That cannot be. God created man weak and sinful, a truth from which your conviction should be drawn as well as mine. This earth is imperfect, so is every thing that lives and moves in it, and will not the God who endures the tyger when he mangles the harmless lamb, look down with an eye of forbearance on a frail mortal, when he obeys the voice of nature.

Xaira. But we men slay the tyger, and we do right,—we punish the weakness of mortals, and we do right.

H. Priest. Yes, if his weakness should produce disorder in the state.

Xaira. And is not that the case with the affair in question ?

H. Priest. No !

Xaira, No ?

H. Priest. You have yourself only spoken of avenging the gods.

Xaira. And would you sanction the licentious conduct that must ensue, should indulgence be shewn in the present instance !

H. Priest. At the source of a clear stream, we do not think of the mud by which it may be contaminated in its course. I entreat you, let us be true to our vocation, let us resemble the gods whom we serve, whose rays diffuse light and heat over all !—let us acquit Cora !—It will then lie in the king's bosom to confirm or reverse our sentence—and should it be reversed, we shall at least have done our duty, in shewing a disposition to clemency, while the hapless victim will breathe her last sighs in gratitude for our intended mercy.

Xaira. What would you require of me ?—You speak as if the decision of this point rested upon me alone. Are not you High-Priest ?—do not the duties of your office demand that you lay the case before the whole assembly of the Priests, in which I have but a single voice.

H. Priest. You know well, that in representing this affair to the assembly, I am forbidden by our laws to employ any persuasions of eloquence,—what I am to say, must be expressed in the fewest and the simplest words, and I am thus precluded from the power of influencing the auditors. You, it is true, have only one voice, but you are the oldest of our order, next to me, and successor to the high-priesthood at my death. To you therefore all the young Priests look up, and will follow which way soever they shall see you inclined.

Xaria. This case may be rightly stated as to what concerns yourself ; but it is otherwise with the Inca, who has power to grant a pardon.

H. Priest. But when has this power been exercised ?—Has not the sentence of the Priests been hitherto uniformly confirmed by the Inca ?—and will Ataliba, think you, venture to deviate from the practice of his ancestors ?

Xaira. No more !——'Tis equally inconsistent with your duty to extort a sentence from me, as with mine to listen to your entreaties. (*turns away from him.*)

H. Priest. Well then, their blood be upon thee !

Xaira. (*coldly*) Yes, their blood be upon me !

H. Priest. Hither, ye Priests ! (*the Priests assemble round him*) I already read in their gloomy countenances the sentence I am to expect ! (*Aside, after a few moments pause, in which he endeavors to assume resolution, he proceeds*) You know the criminals and the crime——we wait your decision.

Xaira. What say the laws ? (*the H. Priest remains silent*) I ask you, what say the laws ?

H. Priest. (*after a conflict with himself, with a suffocated voice*) Death ! !

Xaira. (*solemnly and audibly*) The laws pronounce sentence of death upon Cora and Alonzo.

All. Death !

H. Priest. (*after a pause, and in a tone of resolution*) I cannot give my sanction to this sentence——my opinion inclines to mercy——I feel myself a mortal liable to error. Search your bosoms, my brethren, prove well your hearts, and if they in a low and gentle voice whisper mercy,——then join with me and cry aloud mercy !——mercy !

Xaira. What say the laws ?——Death to Cora and Alonzo.

All. Death !

H. Priest. Then be it so !——Oh thou unknown God, look down upon us, observe that none of this blood stains my hands !——Bring hither the unfortunate victims of your blind zeal. (*exeunt two priests on different sides*) The rest of you lay the sword and a fresh branch of palm upon the altar. (*They do as he directs*) Now, *Xaira*, follow me to the king. (*Exit, accompanied by Xaira.*)

SCENE II.

*CORA and ALONZO are brought in on different sides—
During this and the following scene, the priests walk
backwards and forwards, and are busied about the altar.
ALONZO appears sooner than CORA.*

Alon. I am struck with awe !——'Tis true that this is but an idol's Temple, yet God is every where, even in this place, where he is adored in the image of what he himself created. And this temple I have profaned !—I am brought hither as the murderer of an artless woman—as the murderer of a venerable old man who never wronged me—as the murderer of a gallant youth, one of the destined supports of his country—as one who has disturbed the peace of a liberal nation, among whom he was received with unbounded hospitality !—Oh, earth ! earth ! open wide, and swallow at once this monster with all his crimes !—may no grass ever grow upon his grave !—may it never be moistened with the dew of Heaven ! May no wanderer ever repose his wearied limbs upon the sods, and may they never be trodden by the innocent feet of children, in their harmless sports. (*Cora enters*) Ah, Cora, how blest did the sight of thee once make me !—how miserable does it make me now !

Cora. Alonzo, this comes not from your heart !—Have you not often declared, that if you could not live with Cora, you would die with her ?—and Cora has always thought the same respecting Alonzo. Yes, we will die together, that we may live together hereafter !

Alon. Oh, that hereafter !—'Tis the haven of rest to the virtuous, but for me—an evil conscience accompanies me to the grave.

Cora. Do not think so !—We have neither of us done wrong !—We loved each other—we could not avoid loving !—For, say, was it in the power of either to repress our mutual feelings ?—Can either of us then be criminal ? Chance, or perhaps our God himself, first brought us together——All is of his appointment, and I am resigned to my fate. Even man is kind to us, since he forwards our

union.—As a Virgin of the Sun, I could not have become your wife, but in death we shall be united. Resume your fortitude then, oh, Alonzo ! —How often have I sprung with you over the rugged stones at the breach ? Death is no more than a spring over a few rugged stones, and these once passed, we shall find love and freedom waiting to receive us on the other side.

Alon. Amiable creature ! —Thy guiltless soul can look with composure both towards the past and future— But for me—

Cora. How, if I can prove that you may more justly look with composure towards futurity, than Cora ? —Your mother is far hence, and should she hear of you no more, will believe that your days are ended by shipwreck, sickness, or some common disaster, and this will console her for your loss, while her maternal fancy will see in her son nothing but what was fair and good, will frequently recur with transport to the noble actions he has performed, and form to itself a thousand charming images of what he would have achieved had his life been spared.—But I !—I have a father !—At present, indeed, in a remote province, but who will soon learn for what offence, and in what manner, his daughter died. That thought alone makes death dreadful to me !—He is so good, so venerable, and loves me so tenderly !—Were he to witness this scene, it would break his heart.

Alon. (*aside*) Oh heaven, then she knows not—

Cora. Within the last hour I fell upon my knees and prayed most fervently, that some calm and easy death might snatch my father from the world, before his daughter's fate could reach his ears. Suddenly a sweet serenity was diffused over my soul, as if the mild rays of a new sun had fallen upon me, and I hoped it was an assurance that my prayer was heard. My last remaining wish is that what I must suffer may be over quickly, lest solemn and protracted preparations should excite my rebel senses to mutiny, and shake my fortitude.

Alon. Oh, 'tis the thought of what you have already endured, and must still endure, that alone oppresses my soul.

Cora. Let not my sufferings oppress you ! —believe me, I am resigned.

SCENE III.

Enter TELASCO, with ZORAI in chains.

Cora. (uttering a loud and piercing shriek) Ha! I am heard!—Behold my father's spirit!—Yet his features are full of indignation!—his countenance is terrible!—Alonzo, waken me from this dream!

Alon. Would to God it were only your father's shade!—but alas! 'tis he himself!—Oh, hour of horror!

Cora. (casting a look of awe towards Telasco) My father!

Tel. (to Zorai) Why was I brought hither at this moment?—Do not the important services I have rendered my native country, through so long a course of years, give me a just claim to some forbearance? Go and demand of the priests, if I must be compelled to stay with her—I will, meanwhile, support myself against this pillar.

Cora. (approaching him with trembling steps) My father!

Tel. (with agony) Save me, Zorai!—save me!

Zorai. (thrusting Cora away) Hence, serpent!—spare the old man at least in his last moments. *(Telasco turns away his face)*

Cora. (falling upon her knees, and clasping her hands in agony) Brother!

Zorai. I thy brother!—Alas, yes!—these chains speak too plainly that I am thy brother.

Cora. Father!

Tel. (with still averted eyes) Who calls me by that name? I do not know that voice!

Cora. Father! brother!—Oh, these are the only agonies of death: *(wringing her hands.)*

Telasco. (Turning his eyes towards Cora) Oh Zorai, my paternal feelings will not be suppressed!—It is the voice of her mother!—Cora!—Cora—I have passed through life with honour, and now you cover my grave with shame!—Away, away! nor hope to experience my compassion!—Do you deserve it?—Did I constrain you

to devote your service to the sun!—Did I not, on the contrary, frequently admonish you to consider well what you intended? Did I not represent to you, that the world afforded many pleasures of which you were then ignorant—which you would first think desirable when their enjoyment would be criminal, and when the impossibility of their attainment would render your life miserable?—Even on the very last evening before your irrevocable oath was taken—(God only knows how I assumed courage for the task)—did I not again entreat you to reflect upon these things while it was yet possible to retract?—Dark and gloomy then appeared the future to my soul, as the ocean on a cloudy day. Even you wept—you, Cora, you wept—your heart was overpowered—It was the warning voice of a guardian spirit within you, but you resisted the impulse, adhered to your enthusiastic resolution, and would think of nothing but a nearer intercourse with the gods!—Behold us now standing here——I a poor old man with my grey hairs, mourning the honour of my house destroyed forever——this youth, full of energy and love for his native country, cut off even in the prime of life, guiltless himself, yet involved in your destiny——both, both, murdered by the hand of a daughter—of a sister—and worse than murdered—hurled to the grave with shame as our companion! Oh that I should have lived to see this day!——Blest, blest, was thy mother's lot, that she died before the dawn of so fatal a morning! (*Cora, overpowered with her father's reproaches, sinks to the ground with a sigh—Telasco exclaims with an emotion of tenderness*) Zorai; support her!

Zorai. (*Raising up his sister, in which Alonzo makes an effort to assist, but is thrust back by him.*) Hence, thou murderer of innocence!—Oh that a hero should thus sink to nothing when we behold him near!—How did I reverence this man at a distance!—how admire him when I listened to the detail of his noble actions!—I felt my young heart elevated, and wished for nothing so ardently as that I were myself in his place!—Fool that I was!—His heroism was the effect of chance, not principle!—he is still but a man, and weak as the rest of mankind!—Look here, and exult at this scene, it is thy work, and

thou mayest thank these chains, that even in the midst of the temple, and in the presence of our God himself, thou art not made the victim of my vengeance.

Alonzo. Did you know how my heart is tortured!—how inexpressibly I love? you would be more compassionate to my sorrows!

Telasco. Say no more my son!—his fate is much more deplorable than ours!—we have one treasure left, which we shall carry to another world, a pure conscience—that treasure he has lost—he is poorer than ourselves.

Cora. Oh, my father do not let me die in despair!—Can you refuse me your blessing in the hour of death!—*(She falls at his feet)* I will cling round your knees, my anguish shall move you!—have pity on your kneeling daughter!—bless me, my father!—forgive me, my brother! *(Telasco and Zorai appear much affected)* See how I humble myself, how I twine myself about you—Oh, my agony is inconceivable!—Have compassion upon me, or my heart will break!

Telasco. Son! son!—let us not aggravate the bitter stroke of death—the wretched easily forgive!—Raise her up to my arms. *(Zorai raises up his sister, Telasco clasps her to his breast)* Die in peace?—I forgive thee!

Cora. *(In a faint voice)* My brother!

Telasco. Yes, yes, Zorai!—no resentment!—forgive the penitent!—call her sister!

Zorai. *(Embracing her)* Unhappy—sister?

Cora. Ye gods, I thank you!—the bitterness of death is past.

Alonzo. Your hearts are softened!—Might Alonzo venture!—Zorai, you call me a weak man. Yes, I am weak, but not a villain!—Misery soon unites the sufferers to each other—let us not die in enmity.

Telasco. Stranger I harbour no resentment against you!—Can I leave the world in a better state of mind, than in speaking pardon to those by whom I have been injured.—Have you any parents living?

Alonzo. An aged mother.

Telasco. For her sake come hither, that I may bless thee in her place *(He embraces him)*

Alonzo. From what a grievous burden is my heart relieved!—And you too Zorai! *Offering him his hand)*

Zorai. Away! I admire my father's conduct—but I cannot follow his example.

Alonzo. Not to give peace to a dying man.

Telasco. I cannot!—Would you have me dissemble reconciliation?—You are hateful to me!—leave me!—I will endeavour to subdue this bitter feeling—and should I succeed, I will reach out my hand as our last moments approach, and you will understand my meaning.

Alonzo. Accept my thanks even for this concession.—I acknowledge that it be more than I deserve. *Cora leans against a pillar, and endeavours to recover herself*

SCENE IV.

Enter the HIGH-PRIEST, XAIRA, and several other PRIESTS,

Xaira. The king approaches!

The Priests range themselves on the steps of the altar; CORA, TELASCO, and ZORAI, remain in the front of the stage on one side—ALONZO stands opposite to them. ATALIBA, attended by his suite, enters with slow and solemn steps, and with a countenance marked with deep anxiety: he kneels before the Image of the Sun, and remains for some time in an attitude of devotion, while a solemn silence is observed by all present. When his prayer is finished, he rises, and turns towards ALONZO, to whom he speaks hastily, and in a low voice.)

Ataliba. Save yourself, Alonzo!—Urge that you are a foreigner, and were unacquainted with our laws and customs!—urge your services to the state, to me, to the people!—urge, in short, whatever your danger may suggest!—Your judge is your friend, let it be possible for him to shew mercy without incurring the suspicion of partiality. *(Alonzo bows silently, with a countenance expressive of ardent gratitude. Ataliba turns to Telasco)* Good old man, you are free!—He who has hazarded his life a thousand times in the service of his native country, has sacrificed it already to the gods. I dare not proceed against you!

Telasco. How, Inca!—Can you be so cruel as to deprive the aged tree of its branches, and yet leave the trunk standing?

Ataliba. (*To Zorai*) Young man, you are also free! (*Turning to the assembly*) For it is the will of my father, that henceforward the guilty only shall suffer. (*A murmuring is heard among the Priests—Ataliba casts a look of displeasure upon them, and again addresses Zorai*) Comfort your aged father, nurse him and attend upon him as long as he lives, then come to me, as to your elder brother. (*Zorai attempts to throw himself at the king's feet, who prevents him, and turns to Cora*) For you, Cora.—I can do nothing.

Cora. Oh, you have done all I could wish!—more than I dared to hope.

Ataliba. Your offence comes immediately within the laws, and to the laws the king himself is subject. (*He ascends to the upper step of the altar, prostrates himself once more before the Image of the Sun, and then turns towards the assembly*) High-Priest, execute your office!

H. Priest. Pardon me, good Inca!—spare my age!—my infirm state of health!—my throbbing heart!—Permit Xaira on this occasion to take my place!

Ataliba. Be it as you desire!

Xaira. (*Approaching him with solemnity*) First born of the Sun, a virgin, devoted to the gods, has broken her sacred vow!—Cora, come forward!—A stranger who sojourns in this land is the associate of her crime!—Alonzo, come forward!—We, the priests of the incensed gods, and servants of the Temple which has been profaned, faithful to the ordinances of thy great ancestor, have sat in judgment upon their crime, and pronounced sentence upon both—This sentence is DEATH!!!

Ataliba. (*After a pause, addressing Cora and Alonzo*) Have you any thing to say in your defence? (*Cora and Alonzo remain silent*) I ask you, Cora, and you, Alonzo, if you have any thing to urge in your defence?

Cora. Nothing

Alon. Nothing.

Atal. How, Alonzo, have you nothing to urge in extenuation of your conduct?

Alon. Nothing.

Atal. Do not speak rashly———I give you time for recollection———Consider well,——STRANGER.

Alon. I have deserved death, and submit to it willingly.

Atal. Once more I admonish you to consider well what you are about——A few moments longer and it will be too late. Oh, ye assembled judges, know that I regard it as a sacred duty to grant this indulgence, since this man is a stranger, and could not be impressed with that sacred reverence for our faith, which the wisdom of our priests instils from their earliest infancy into the breast of every Peruvian. Unacquainted with our laws, he could not see with our eyes, could not know the magnitude of his transgression. Once more, Alonzo, you are at liberty to speak. Our gods are just, reasonable, merciful !

Alon. I have deserved death.

Atal. Is that your last word ?

Alon. My last.

Atal. (*rests his elbow upon the altar, and conceals his face in his hands for some moments, then, recovering himself, proceeds*) Priests perform your duty !

(*Two priests ascend to the altar, one on each side of the king. One takes the sword, the other the palm-branch from the altar, which, on descending again, they deliver to Xaira.*)

Xaira. (*presenting the sword to the king*) First born of the Sun, receive from my hands the symbol of justice ! (*presenting the palm branch*) First born of the Sun, receive from my hands the symbol of mercy !—The gods direct your judgment !

Atal. (*kneels*) Oh God, thou seest how my heart is racked at this awful hour !—Grant that I may never again be compelled to the performance of so mournful a duty ! Ye shades of my forefathers, hover over me !—let me be enlightened by your wisdom, and since I exact no more than justice demands, let my soul find rest in that reflection.

(*The king rises ; CORA, ALONZO, TELASCO, and ZORAI kneel, with their heads bowed down——After a few minutes struggle with himself, he raises the sword, and is about to speak.*)

SCENE V.

Enter the CHAMBERLAIN in great haste, and with a strong impression of terror upon his countenance.

Cham. Pardon, royal Inca, that I must be the messenger of evil tidings. The flame of insurrection rages among the people—they run wildly hither and thither about the streets—the troops assemble on all sides, crying, to arms ! to arms !—Drums beat, trumpets sound, weapons clash, and a forest of lances are collected together.—— No answer is to be obtained to a single question ; all that is to be heard, is the name of Rolla, shouted by ten thousand voices. The troop belonging to the foreigner Velasquez, was drawn up in the meadow—I saw him run hastily from one soldier to another—and could plainly perceive by his gestures, that he entreated, threatened, expostulated, and employed every effort to restrain them within their duty, but all in vain, all by turns deserted to Rolla. (*The whole assembly, except the king, manifest great consternation and alarm.*)

Atal. What can this mean ?—Rolla, did you say, at the head of the army ?—That cannot be insurrection—Rolla's name can never be united with insurrection—this must be a mistake.——Did you see him yourself ?

Cham. Only at a distance. The officers had made a little circle round him, he harangued them eagerly, and with a loud voice—his eyes flashed fire, which seemed to communicate to those about him, who frequently interrupted his harangue with impetuous shouts, then brandishing their swords and shaking their lances, they began to throng towards the temple, the whole multitude following them, while I hastened on before, to prepare you for their reception.

Atal. (*without changing countenance*) Well, all will soon be explained ! (*he looks around*) I see terror portrayed on every countenance—Why are you dismayed ? He who only studies to promote his people's happiness, has no reason to fear his people—in that conviction my heart finds repose. Let them come. (*A noise is heard behind the scenes*)

All present cry with confusion. They come ! they are here already !

SCENE VI.

ROLLA rushes in with a drawn sword in his right hand, a javelin in his left, and a bow and a quiver at his back. He is followed by a considerable number of Officers and soldiers.

Rol. Be guided by me, my friends.

Xaira. A profanation of the Temple !

Rol. You have profaned it by a sanguinary sentence.

Xaira (to the assembled Priests) Avenge your gods !
(*A confused murmuring is heard among them*)

Atal. (to Xaira) Silence ! (*He makes a motion with his hand, signifying that he is about to speak, and a general silence is observed. He then turns to Rolla and addresses him*)
Who are you ?

Rol. Do you not know me ?

Atal. I had once a chieftain, who much resembled you in features—his name was Rolla, and he was a noble-minded man——But who are you ?

Rol. No mockery, Inca—for the love of God, no mockery—Yet you may beright—I am no longer Rolla—I no longer know myself—A storm drives me on—a rapid stream hurries me forwards—but have compassion upon me—I honour you, Inca—I love and honour you truly.

Atal. You honour me ?—Once indeed I indulged in such glorious visions, I said within myself, as long as I have Rolla for a chieftain, the monarch of Cuzco may rage, may try to seduce my provinces from their obedience, yet Rolla's heroic courage is a tree, under whose shade I shall always repose in peace.

Rol. But answer me, I entreat ?—Is the tree under whose shade you repose, responsible if a whirlwind come, tear it up by the roots, and throw it down upon you ?

Atal. What whirlwind is tearing you ?—what is it you desire ?—speak, and thank your former services, that you are now indulged with the liberty of speaking. I have never sufficiently rewarded your heroic achievements—I do it now in granting this permission.

Rol. I have only a plain story to urge—let it suffice for my vindication, if you partake more of the human, than of the divine nature—I love to excess—While I was still a boy, this passion stole into my heart so sweetly, so pleasantly, so devoid of all uncasiness, that I felt de-

light in cherishing and indulging it. Love was at that time like a serenity to my soul, and remained so, till the period of youth intervened, when my passion became a raging storm, when nothing could restrain the impetuosity of my feelings. To love and be beloved, were the highest objects to which I aspired—I thought of nothing but enjoying my sweet intoxication in Cora's arms, regardless alike of honour and of the services due to my country, and to the noble race of our Incas, of which tree I am a branch. My good uncle sought to stem this torrent, or to turn it into another channel, and sent me to serve my king in battle, trusting that the fever, which burned within me, might thus in time be wholly exhausted. But vain was the hope, that in urging my steps to climb the lofty heights of honour, I might be enabled, when I had gained their summit, to look down with calmness on the passion I had left below. This passion would not be shaken off—It accompanied me up the steep, and by that alone were all my heroic actions prompted.—Yes, Inca, whatever great or good actions I have performed in your service, is to be ascribed solely to love—It was my companion in the field of battle, and in my most adventurous moments, I thought not of my king nor his throne, nor of the welfare of my country—I only thought of Cora—that I should become the object of Cora's admiration. You owe nothing to me; all to my love for that matchless woman, and that love you must this day pardon. I am past the days of youth indeed, but my heart remains the same—it retains all the impetuosity of my earlier years—I still cherish the lovely visions of childhood---my passion is become like a tree, whose root is so deeply entwined with my life, that the one cannot be plucked up without destroying the other. Oh, Inca, shew that you have the feelings of a man—extend your mercy to Cora—on my knees I entreat for her life (*he kneels*) Since she has called the forsaken Rolla, brother, he is become proud, yet he still condescends on his knees, to beg his sister's life.

Atal. (*endeavoring to conceal his emotions and preserve his dignity*) Rise.

Rol. Mercy!

Atal. Rise!—lay thy arms at my feet, dismiss thy followers, and then wait silently, and submissively, the judgment of thy king.

Rol. Mercy!—Mercy!—Uncle, Sister, aid me to entreat!—I have been so little accustomed to intreaty, that I scarcely know in what garb it should be clothed.

Atal. A petitioner in arms!—would you mock your sovereign?

Rol. (*Rising up*) Oh no!—but you require impossibilities—you expect a man in a burning fever to sleep. Can Rolla behold Cora in chains, and lay down his arms?—by Heaven that cannot be!

Ataliba. I command you to deposit them at my feet.

Rol. Pronounce her pardon Inca!—declare her absolved from her detested vow and you shall instantly be obeyed.

Atal. No conditions—your arms must instantly be resigned.

Rol. Impossible!—Come to my heart, Cora!—be my breast your shield, and let my sword hew asunder those chains!

Ataliba. Rebel, do whatever you please,—whatever the gods will permit—but know that Ataliba will not pronounce sentence till he beholds you kneeling disarmed at his feet. Never shall it be said, that you *extorted* mercy from the king. (*In a pathetic tone*) Ye people of Quito, listen to the voice of your sovereign!—I stand here at this moment, in the temple, in the presence of our God himself!—For seven years have I now reigned over you, I ask if any one can charge me with a wilful injustice?—if any can, let him speak! Has any one been dismissed from before my throne without assistance, where assistance was possible?—if any has let him speak!—I have conquered other countries, I can triumph over other kings, but that is little.—When a few years ago the anger of the gods cursed the country with unfruitfulness, I threw open the doors of my full barns, fed the hungry, and revived the sick, while many a night I lay sleepless on my own bed, because your misery oppressed my soul, and I had not power to relieve all. Ye people of Quito your present conduct is undeserved by me!—Seize that man, chain him, or I lay down my sceptre at this moment. (*A confused murmuring is heard among the crowd.*)

Rol. (*Turning to his followers*) You seize me!—you put me in chains?—which among you will do this?

—You perhaps my old companion in battle, with whom I once shared my last morsel when famine stared us in the face?—or you whose life I have saved in the field of Tumibamba?—or you, whose son I rescued from the enemy's hands, even at the moment when the lance was pointed against his breast?—Which among you will seize me?—Speak?

H. Priest. Rolla, my adopted son, how am I bowed down by this scene. Would you see me, miserable old man, that I am, prostrate at your feet?

Rol. Forbear!—I honour you as a father, but do not spread out your hands to the stormy winds—it is in vain! *(The High-Priest is about to proceed in his entreaties, but Rolla prevents him impatiently)* Uncle, no more!—the lots are cast, and whatever may be the consequence I am resolved to save Cora.

Cora. *(Goes up to Rolla, embraces and kisses him)* Brother take this kiss from your sister, and let these tears speak my gratitude for love so ardent. Your soul is truly noble,—this day for the first time in my life, have I really known you. But one so great, so good, must be his sovereign's friend. Cora has been guilty of a crime, and would you seek to shelter her by the commission of another? Oh, what an added weight of remorse would that reflection heap upon my already overburdened conscience?—No, Rolla, do not act thus beneath yourself!—do not seek to snatch the reins from the hands of God, who assuredly directs my fate!—Suffer me to die!—I have received my father's and my brother's forgiveness, Alonzo dies with me, and I die contentedly. Our spirits shall hover around you, and will rejoice when they behold you true to your king, and devoting all your powers to the service of your country—Resolve to endure the remainder of your life without me!—it is my last request, and I know that Rolla will yield to Cora's entreaty—Then will she have performed a good action at her departure from the world, and will be indebted to her brother for that grateful reflection. Yes, Rolla, I see the clouds upon your brow dispersing, I see the tears start upon your eyes—do not repress them—give them free scope—they are no disgrace even to the eyes of a warrior.—And now, my brother, give me your sword, your javelin!—*(She takes his sword and javelin gently out of his hands, and lays them at Ata-*

liba's feet) Behold now a hero indeed!—With those tears that are trembling on his cheeks, has he washed away this trifling stain upon his fame and virtue—now Rolla, I am indeed proud of your love!—One only effort still remains, throw yourself at the feet of our good king—kneel to him, and let virtue remain sole victor!—*(She draws him gently towards Ataliba, at whose feet she throws herself.—Rolla, after a few moments struggle with himself, kneels by her.—Cora addresses the king)* Sovereign of Quito, I bring you back your hero!—pardon him!—he deserves pardon! *(She rises and returns to her former station.)* Now Inca proceed to judgment! *(Rolla remains kneeling before the king)*

Tel. (embracing Cora) My daughter—for as such I may now embrace thee without shame.

Atal. Does Rolla submit to his king?

Rol. Entirely,

Ataliba. Your life is forfeited.

Rol. I acknowledge it!

Atal. You have my free pardon.

Rol. (Raising up his eyes to the king with haste and anxiety) And Cora?

Ataliba. You are pardoned.

Rolla. (Casting his eyes again to the ground.) Oh God!

Ataliba. Rise!

Rol. No, let me hear the sentence upon my knees, for in pronouncing Cora's doom you pronounce mine.

Atal. Well then! *(He takes again into his hands the sword and palm-branch, which at the beginning of the tumult he had laid upon the altar.)*

H. Priest. (Throwing himself suddenly at the king's feet) Oh Inca, pardon them!

Atal. (Raising him up with mildness) Do you also ask this, my father?—have the gods manifested their will to you?

H. Priest. Mercy, is the will of the gods!—Those rude times when your illustrious ancestor first established the worship of the sun are no more. Naked as the beasts of the forest, our race then lived under the open canopy of Heaven alone, while their women were considered like the dates upon the palm-tree, as fruit which every one might pluck according to his fancy. At that time they had no subsistence but what they could snatch precari-

ously from day to day—they were without religion, without laws, without property. Then Manco-Capac, endowed with supernatural powers, appeared among them—he built a temple of the sun, and consecrated virgins to his service, instituting the vow of chastity, because vice reigned so triumphantly throughout the kingdom, and reason was so much in its infancy, that the temple had else on the solemn days of festival become a theatre of debauchery. But a long series of years has changed a forced obedience to the laws of order, into an inward feeling of their beauty, and where this rules, compulsive institutions are no longer necessary. Therefore, Inca, I stand here in the name of the gods, and call upon you, as the benefactor of your people, to crown all your noble deeds with a sacrifice due to reason, and through her to the gods themselves. Shrink not from the trial!—be eager to do what is right, and if any thing still be wanting to your conviction, let the supplication of an old man move you!—the supplication of one by whom you were educated, who loves you as his own son, who has anxiously watched your infant slumbers, and who now asks this mercy as the recompence of all his cares! (*He takes the fillet from his head and shows his grey hairs.*) Grant this request, oh Inca, for the sake of these grey hairs, become thus silvery in your service!

Atal. Enough!—Come forward, Cora!—and you Alonzo!

H. Priest. Ye gods, direct his noble heart!

(*CORA, and ALONZO come forward trembling.*)

Telasco, (To Zorai) Support me, my son,—support me!

(*ATALIBA after a solemn pause, with his right hand strikes the sword against the ground and breaks it, then with his left presents the palm-branch to CORA.*)

Ataliba. Be the law abolished, and Cora released!

(*CORA sinks down in a swoon—ALONZO throws himself by her—ROLLA springs up and presses the king wildly to his breast.—The HIGH-PRIEST raises his hands gratefully towards Heaven—TELASCO supported by ZORAI totters towards his daughter,—The people shout repeatedly.*)

All. Long live the Inca!!

(*The curtain falls.*)

FINIS.

Original
Power is

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